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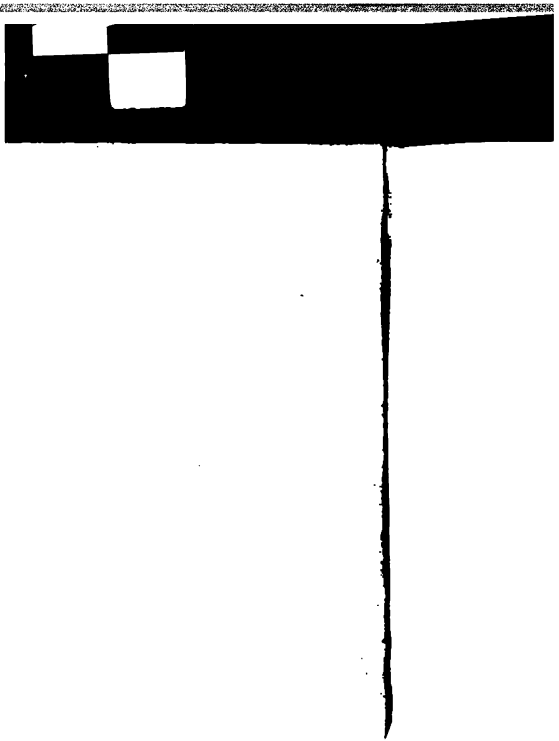
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ST. RONAN'S WE

V.
Novels
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ST.



THE HANDY VOLUME

ST. RON
WELL

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT



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1877.

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ST. RONAN'S BELL.

CHAP. I.

But to make up my tale,
She breweth good ale,
And thereof maketh sale.—SKELTON.

ALTHOUGH few, if any, of the countries of Europe have increased so rapidly in wealth and cultivation as Scotland during the last half-century, Sultan Mahmoud's owls might nevertheless have found in Caledonia, at any term within that flourishing period, their dowery of ruined villages. Accident or local advantages have, in many instances, transferred the inhabitants of ancient hamlets, from the situations which their predecessors chose, with more respect to security than convenience, to those in which their increasing industry and commerce could more easily expand itself; and hence places which stand distinguished in Scottish history, and which figure in David M'Pherson's excellent historical map, can now only be discerned from the wild moor by the verdure which clothes their site, or, at best, by a few scattered ruins, resembling pinfolds, which mark the spot of their former existence.

The little village of St. Ronan's, though it had not yet fallen into the state of entire oblivion we have described, was, about twenty years since, fast verging towards it. The situation had something in it so romantic, that it provoked the pencil of every passing tourist; and we will endeavour, therefore, to describe it

in language which can scarcely be less intelligible than some of their sketches, avoiding, however, for reasons which seem to us of weight, to give any more exact indication of the site, than that it is on the southern side of the Forth, and not above thirty miles distant from the English frontier.

A river of considerable magnitude pours its streams through a narrow vale, varying in breadth from two miles to a fourth of that distance, and which, being composed of rich alluvial soil, is, and has long been, enclosed, tolerably well inhabited, and cultivated with all the skill of Scottish agriculture. Either side of this valley is bounded by a chain of hills, which, on the right in particular, may be almost termed mountains. Little brooks arising in these ridges, and finding their way to the river, offer each its own little vale to the industry of the cultivator. Some of them bear fine large trees, which have as yet escaped the axe, and upon the sides of most there are scattered patches and fringes of natural copsewood, above and around which the banks of the stream arise, somewhat desolate in the colder months, but in summer glowing with dark purple heath, or with the golden lustre of the broom and gorse. This is a sort of scenery peculiar to those countries, which abound, like Scotland, in hills and in streams, and where the traveller is ever and anon discovering, in some intricate and unexpected recess, a simple and silvan beauty, which pleases him the more, that it seems to be peculiarly his own property the first discoverer.

In one of these recesses, and so near its opening command the prospect of the river, the broader v and the opposite chain of hills, stood, and, neglect and desertion have completed their wo stands, the ancient and decayed village of St. R The site was singularly picturesque, as the su *street of the village ran up* a very steep hill, on

which were clustered, as it were upon little terraces; the cottages which composed the place, seeming, as in the Swiss towns on the Alps, to rise above each other towards the ruins of an old castle, which continued to occupy the crest of the eminence, and the strength of which had doubtless led the neighbourhood to assemble under its walls for protection. It must, indeed, have been a place of formidable defence, for, on the side opposite to the town, its walls rose straight up from the verge of a tremendous and rocky precipice, whose base was washed by St. Ronan's Burn, as the brook was entitled. On the southern side, where the declivity was less precipitous, the ground had been carefully levelled into successive terraces, which ascended to the summit of the hill, and were, or rather had been, connected by staircases of stone, rudely ornamented. In peaceful periods these terraces had been occupied by the gardens of the Castle, and in times of siege they added to its security, for each commanded the one immediately below it, so that they could be separately and successively defended, and all were exposed to the fire from the place itself—a massive square tower of the largest size, surrounded, as usual, by lower buildings, and a high embattled wall. On the northern side arose a considerable mountain, of which the descent that lay between the eminence on which the Castle was situated seemed a detached portion, and which had been improved and deepened by three successive huge trenches. Another very deep trench was drawn in front of the main entrance from the east, where the principal gateway formed the termination of the street, which, as we have noticed, ascended from the village, and this last defence completed the fortifications of the tower.

In the ancient gardens of the Castle, and upon all sides of it excepting the western, which was precipitous, large old trees had found root, mantling the rocks



the ancient and ruinous walls with their d and increasing the effect of the shattere towered up from the centre.

Seated on the threshold of this ancien the "proud porter" had in former days ' self," a stranger had a complete and comn of the decayed village, the houses of which, imagination, might seem as if they had b arrested in hurrying down the precipitc fixed as if by magic in the whimsical arrang they now presented. It was like a sudden of Amphion's country-dances, when the hut to form the future Thebes were jigging it But, with such an observer, the melanchol the desolate appearance of the village soon the lighter frolics of the imagination. O structed on the humble plan used in the Scotch cottages about a century ago, the gr them had been long deserted; and their blackened gables, and ruinous walls, showed triumph over Poverty. On some huts the nished with soot, were still standing, in whc like skeletons, and a few, wholly or partially thatch, seemed still inhabited, though scarc for the smoke of the peat-fires, which humble meal of the indwellers, stole upwar from the chimneys, its regular vent, but other crevices in the roofs. Nature, in the always changing, but renewing as she c supplying, by the power of vegetation, th decaying marks of human labour. Sm which had been formerly planted around t dens, had now waxed into huge and high the fruit-trees had extended their branch verges of the little yards, and the hedges into *huge and irregular* bushes; while

dk, and nettles, and hemlock, hidi
are busily converting the whole
nto a picturesque forest bank.

Two houses in St. Ronan's were sti
decent repair; places essential—the
weal of the inhabitants, the other to
of travellers. These were the clerg
the village inn. Of the former we
it formed no exception to the gen
the landed proprietors of Scotland
lodging their clergy, not only in the
ugliest and most inconvenient house
masonry can contrive. It had th
chimneys—two, namely,—rising like
end, which answered the purpose f
designed as ill as usual. It had all
and inlets to the fury of the elem
form the subject of the complaints o
bent to his brethren of the Presbyt
plete the picture, the clergyman bei
pigs had unmolested admission t
courtyard, broken windows were re
paper, and the disordered and squali
low farm-house, occupied by a bar
honoured the dwelling of one, who,
character, was a scholar and a gentle
of a humorist.

Beside the manse stood the kirk
little old mansion with a clay floor, ar
wretched pews, originally of carved
clouted with white fir-deal. But t
the church was elegant in the outline
in Catholic times, when we cannot d
ecclesiastical architecture that grac
Protestants, we refuse to their d
hardly raised its grey and vaulted r

bling hills of mortality by which it was surrounded, and was indeed so small in size, and so much lowered in height by the graves on the outside, which ascended half-way up the low Saxon windows, that it might itself have appeared only a funeral vault, or mausoleum of larger size. Its little square tower, with the ancient belfry, alone distinguished it from such a monument. But when the grey-headed beadle turned the keys with his shaking hand, the antiquary was admitted into an ancient building, which, from the style of its architecture, and some monuments of the Mowbrays of St. Ronan's, which the old man was accustomed to point out, was generally conjectured to be as early as the thirteenth century.

These Mowbrays of St. Ronan's seem to have been at one time a very powerful family. They were allied to and friends of the house of Douglas, at the time when the overgrown power of that heroic race made the Stuarts tremble on the Scottish throne. It followed that, when, as our old *naïf* historian expresses it, "no one dared to strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas's man, for if he did, he was sure to come by the waur," the family of St. Ronan's shared their prosperity, and became lords of almost the whole of the valley of which their mansion commanded the prospect. But upon the turning of the tide, in the reign of James they became despoiled of the greater part of their acquisitions, and succeeding events reduced their importance still farther. Nevertheless, they were, in the of the seventeenth century, still a family of consequence; and Sir Reginald Mowbray, after the battle of Dunbar, distinguished himself by the defence of the Castle against the arms of Cromwell. *incensed at the opposition* which he had *encountered in an obscure* corner, caused *be dismantled and blown* up with gunpowder. *After this catastrophe,* the old Castle was

but Sir Reginald, when, like Allan Ramsay's Sir William Worthy, he returned after the Revolution, built himself a house in the fashion of that later age, which he prudently suited in size to the diminished fortunes of his family. It was situated about the middle of the village, whose vicinity was not in those days judged any inconvenience, upon a spot of ground more level than was presented by the rest of the acclivity, where, as we said before, the houses were notched as it were into the side of the steep bank, with little more level ground about them than the spot occupied by their site. But the Laird's house had a court in front and a small garden behind, connected with another garden, which, occupying three terraces, descended, in emulation of the orchards of the old Castle, almost to the banks of the stream.

The family continued to inhabit this new messuage until about fifty years before the commencement of our history, when it was much damaged by a casual fire; and the Laird of the day, having just succeeded to a more pleasant and commodious dwelling at the distance of about three miles from the village, determined to abandon the habitation of his ancestors. As he cut down at the same time an ancient rookery (perhaps to defray the expenses of the migration), it became a common remark among the country folk, that the decay of St. Ronan's began when Laird Lawrence and the crows flew off.

The deserted mansion, however, was not consigned to owls and birds of the desert; on the contrary, for many years it witnessed more fun and festivity than when it had been the sombre abode of a grave Scottish Baron of "auld lang syne." In short, it was converted into an inn, and marked by a huge sign, representing on the one side St. Ronan catching hold of the devil's game-leg with *his Episcopal* crook, as the story may be read in his *veracious legend*, and on the other the Mowbray arms.

when touched by a little pecuniary necessity; the Laird of St. Ronan's had disposed of piecemeal, as the readiest way to portion off a daughter, procure a commission for the younger son, and the like emergencies. So that Meg Dods, when she succeeded to her parents, was a considerable heiress, and, as such, had the honour of refusing three topping farmers, two bonnet-lairds, and a horse couper, who successively made proposals to her.

Many bets were laid on the horse-couper's success but the knowing ones were taken in. Determined to be the fore-horse herself, Meg would admit no helpmate might soon assert the rights of a master; and single blessedness, and with the despotism of C herself, she ruled all matters with a high han over her men-servants and maid-servants, l stranger within her gates, who, if he ventur Meg's sovereign will and pleasure, or d either fare or accommodation different fr she chose to provide for him, was instan that answer which Erasmus tells us si plaints in the German inns of his tim hospitium, or, as Meg expressed it, "

...was a se...
...could not be ter...
use subject.
exercised upon the whole f...

The vaults of the old Laird's cellar hac
his own day, been replenished with more ex
the only difficulty was to prevail on Meg to
precise liquor you chose;—to which it ma
that she often became restive when she thou
pany had had "as much as did them good,"
to furnish any more supplies. Then her kitch
pride and glory; she looked to the dressing of
herself, and there were some with which she su
one to interfere. Such were the cock-a-leeky,
savoury minced collops, which rivalled in their
the veal cutlets of our old friend Mrs. Hall, a
bridge. Meg's table-linen, bed-linen, and so for
always home-made, of the best quality, and in t
order; and a weary day was that to the cham
which her lynx eye discovered an
cleanliness which she
idering M...

breakfast, three shillings for dinner, including a pint of old port, eighteen-pence for a snug supper—such were the charges of the inn at St. Ronan's, under this landlady of the olden world, even after the nineteenth century had commenced; and they were ever tendered with the pious recollection, that her good father never charged half so much, but these weary times rendered it impossible for her to make the lawing less.*

Notwithstanding all these excellent and rare properties, the inn at St. Ronan's shared the decay of the village to which it belonged. This was owing to various circumstances. The high-road had been turned aside from the place, the steepness of the street being murder (so the postilions declared) to their post-horses. It was thought that Meg's stern refusal to treat them with liquor, or to connive at their exchanging for porter and whisky the corn which should feed their cattle, had no small influence on the opinion of those respectable gentlemen, and that a little cutting and levelling would have made the ascent easy enough; but let that pass. This alteration of the highway was an injury which Meg did not easily forgive to the country gentlemen, most of whom she had recollected when children. "Their fathers," she said, "wad not have done the like of it to a lone woman." Then the decay of the village itself, which had formerly contained a set of feuars and bonnet-lairds, who, under the name of the Chirupping Club, contrived to drink twopenny qualified with brandy or whisky, at least twice or thric a-week, was some small loss.

The temper and manners of the landlady scared a all customers of that numerous class, who will not a originality to be an excuse for the breach of decc and who, little accustomed perhaps to attenda home, love to play the great man at an inn, and a certain number of bows, deferential speech

apologies, in answer to the G— d—n ye's

[redacted] on the house, attendance, and entertainment. [redacted] those who commenced this sort of barter in the Clachan of St. Ronan's, well could Meg Dods pay it back, in their own coin; and glad they were to escape from the house with eyes not quite scratched out, and ears not more deafened than if they had been within hearing of a pitched battle.

Nature had formed honest Meg for such encounters; and as her noble soul delighted in them, so her outward properties were in what Tony Lumpkin calls a concatenation accordingly. She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf-locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself, in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the Kirk to the Castle of St. Ronan's?

These notable gifts, however, had no charms for the travellers of these light and giddy-paced times, and Meg's inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing waters, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in feu, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a tontine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called a hotel; and so the desertion of Meg Dods became general.*



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

She had still, however, her friends and well-wis
many of whom thought, that as she was a lone wo
and known to be well to pass in the world, she w
act wisely to retire from public life, and take do
sign which had no longer fascination for guests.
Meg's spirit scorned submission direct or implied. '
father's door," she said, "should be open to the
till her father's bairn should be streekit and carrie
at it with her feet foremost. It was not for the pr
there was little profit at it;—profit?—there was a
loss;—but she wad not be dung by any of them.
maun hae a hottle, maun they?—and an honest p
canna serve them! They may hottle that likes;
they shall see that Lucky Dods can hottle on as la
the best of them—ay, though they had made a
teen of it, and linkit a' their breaths of lives, whilk
their nostrils, on end of ilk other like a string of
geese, and the langest liver bruick a' (whilk was
presumption), she would match ilk ane of them as
as her ain wind held out." Fortunate it was for
since she had formed this doughty resolution,
although her inn had decayed in custom, her land
risen in value in a degree which more than compen
the balance on the wrong side of her books, and, j
to her usual providence and economy, enabled her
up to her lofty purpose.

She prosecuted her trade too with every attenti
its diminished income; shut up the windows of on
of her house, to baffle the tax-gatherer; retrenche
furniture; discharged her pair of post-horses, and
sioned off the old hump-backed postilion who
them, retaining his services, however, as an assists
a still more aged hostler. To console herself for re
tions by which her pride was secretly wounde
agreed with the celebrated Dick Tinto to repa
father's sign, which had become rather undec



ad Dick accordingly gilded the Bishop's crook· **ugmented** the horrors of the Devil's aspect, until it **ame** a terror to all the younger fry of the school-ho **nd a** sort of visible illustration of the terrors of the a **nemy**, with which the minister endeavoured to imp **heir** infant minds.

Under this renewed symbol of her profession,] **)ods**, or Meg Dorts, as she was popularly termed, **ccount** of her refractory humours, was still patron **y** some steady customers. Such were the membe **ie** Killnakelty Hunt, once famous on the turf and in **eld**, but now a set of venerable grey-headed sportsn **'ho** had sunk from foxhounds to basket-beagles **oursing**, and who made an easy canter on their q **ags** a gentle induction to a dinner at Meg's. "A s **onest** decent men they were," Meg said; "had t **ang** and their joke—and what for no? Their bind **ist** a Scots pint over-head, and a tappit-hen to the **nd** no man ever saw them the waur o't. It was **ockle-brained** callants of the present day that woul **iair** owerta'en with a puir quart than douce folk **'ith** a magnum."

Then there was a set of ancient brethren of the a **'om** Edinburgh, who visited St. Ronan's frequentl **ie** spring and summer, a class of guests peculiarly **eptable** to Meg, who permitted them more latitud **er** premises than she was known to allow to any o **ody**. "They were," she said, "pawky auld ca **iat kend** whilk side their bread was buttered upon. **ever kend** of ony o' them ganging to the spring, as **ehoved** to ca' the stinking well yonder.—Na, na— **'ere** up in the morning—had their parritch, wi' may **iimbleful** of brandy, and then awa' up into the hills, **heir** bit cauld meat on the heather, and came hame **'en** wi' the creel full of caller trouts, and had th **eir** dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and th



punch, and were set singing their catches and glees; a they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' Goc bless ye—and what for no?"

Thirdly, we may commemorate some ranting blades who also came from the metropolis to visit St. Ronan's attracted by the humours of Meg, and still more by th excellence of her liquor, and the cheapness of he reckonings. These were members of the Helter Skelte Club, of the Wildfire Club, and other association formed for the express purpose of getting rid of care anc sobriety. Such dashers occasioned many a racket ir Meg's house, and many a *bourasque* in Meg's temper Various were the arts of flattery and violence by whicl they endeavoured to get supplies of liquor, when Meg' conscience told her they had had too much already Sometimes they failed, as when the croupier of th Helter Skelter got himself scalded with the mulled wine in an unsuccessful attempt to coax this formidable viragc by a salute; and the excellent president of the Wildfir received a broken head from the keys of the cellar, as he endeavoured to possess himself of these emblems of au thority. But little did these dauntless officials care fo the exuberant frolics of Meg's temper, which were tc them only "pretty Fanny's way"—the *dulces Ama ryllidis iræ*. And Meg, on her part, though she ofter called them "drunken ne'er-do-weels, and thorough-brec High Street blackguards," allowed no other person tc speak ill of them in her hearing. "They were daf callants," she said, "and that was all—when the drin was in the wit was out—ye could not put an auld he upon young shouthers—a young cowt will canter, it up-hill or down—and what for no?" was her unif conclusion.

Nor must we omit, among Meg's steady c "faithful amongst the unfaithful found," th *nosed sheriff-clerk of the county*, who, when

by official duty to that district of the shire, wai recollections of her double-brewed ale, and her g Antigua, always advertised that his "Priev "Comptis," or whatever other business was i were to proceed on such a day and hour, "wi house of Margaret Dods, vintner in St. Ronan's.

We have only farther to notice Meg's mode ducting herself towards chance travellers, who, l nothing of nearer or more fashionable accommo or perhaps consulting rather the state of their pu of their taste, stumbled upon her house of entert Her reception of these was as precarious as th tality of a savage nation to sailors shipwrecked coast. If the guests seemed to have made her their free choice—or if she liked their appearai her taste was very capricious)—above all, if they pleased with what they got, and little disposed cise or give trouble, it was all very well. But if t come to St. Ronan's because the house at the V full—or if she disliked what the sailor calls th their jib—or if, above all, they were critical abc accommodations, none so likely as Meg to gi what in her country is called a *sloan*. In f reckoned such persons a part of that ungener ungrateful public, for whose sake she was keer ho ise open at a dead loss, and who had left h were, a victim to her patriotic zeal.

Hence arose the different reports concerning t inn of St. Ronan's, which some favoured t praised as the neatest and most comfortable old-fa house in Scotland, where you had good attendar good cheer, at moderate rates; while others, tunate, could only talk of the darkness of the the homeliness of the old furniture, and the ds bad humour of Meg Dods, the landlady.

Reader, if you come from the more sunny



Tweed—or even if, being a Scot, yc
advantage to be born within the last t
you may be induced to think this pc
Elizabeth, in Dame Quickly's piqued
apron, somewhat overcharged in the
appeal to my own contemporaries, w
wheel-road, bridle-way, and foot-path,
whether they do not, every one of them
Dods—or somebody very like her. Inc
this the case, that, about the period I n
have been afraid to have rambled fi
metropolis, in almost any direction, le
upon some one of the sisterhood of
who might suspect me of having sh
the public in the character of Meg Dc
though it is possible that some one or tw
class of wild-cats may still exist, their
much impaired by age ; and I think t
more than sit, like the Giant Pope
Progress, at the door of their unfrequer
grin at the pilgrims over whom they
execute their despotism.

CHAP. II.

Quis novus hic hospes?
DIDO APUD VIRGILIUM.

Ch'am-maid! The Gentman in the fi
BOOTS'S FREE TRANSLATI

IT was on a fine summer's da
traveller rode under the old-fa
and alighted in the court-yar
inn, and delivered the bridle of his ho
backed postilion. "Bring my saddl

to the house—or stay—I am abler, I think, to carry an than you." He then assisted the poor meagre oom to unbuckle the straps which secured the humble and now despised convenience, and meantime gave strict charges that his horse should be unbridled, and put into a clean and comfortable stall, the girth slacked, and a cloth cast over his loins; but that the saddle should not be removed until he himself came to see him dressed.

The companion of his travels seemed in the hostler's eye deserving of his care, being a strong active horse, fit either for the road or field, but rather high in bone from a long journey, though from the state of his skin it appeared the utmost care had been bestowed to keep him in condition. While the groom obeyed the stranger's directions, the latter with the saddle-bags laid over his arm, entered the kitchen of the inn.

Here he found the landlady herself in none of her most blessed humours. The cook-maid was abroad on some errand, and Meg, in a close review of the kitchen apparatus, was making the unpleasant discovery, that trenchers had been broken or cracked, pots and saucepans not so accurately scoured as her precise notions of cleanliness required, which, joined to other detections of a more petty description, stirred her bile in no small degree: so that, while she disarranged and arranged the *bink*, she maundered, in an undertone, complaints and manaces against the absent delinquent.

The entrance of a guest did not induce her to suspend this agreeable amusement—she just glanced at him as he entered, then turned her back short on him, and continued her labour and her soliloquy of lamentation. Truth is, she thought she recognised in the person of the stranger, one of those useful envoys of the commercial community, called by themselves and the waiters, *Travellers*, par excellence—by others, Riders and Bagmen. Now against this class of customers Meg had

of house and ha' !"

The traveller, who, with his saddle-bags rested on the back of a chair, had waited in silence for some note of welcome, now saw that ghost or no ghost he must speak first, if he intended to have any notice from his landlady.

"You are my old acquaintance, Mistress Margaret Dods?" said the stranger.

"What for no?—and wha are ye that speers?" said Meg, in the same breath, and began to rub a brass candlestick with more vehemence than before—the dry tone in which she spoke indicating plainly how little concern she took in the conversation.

"A traveller, good Mistress Dods, who comes to take up his lodgings here for a day or two."

"I am thinking ye will be mista'en," said Meg "there's nae room for bags or jaugs here—ye've mista' your road, neighbour—ye maun e'en bundle yoursel' bit farther down hill."

"I see you have not got the letter I sent you, Mi Dods?" said the guest.

ow should I, man?" answered the hostess; "
a'en awa the post-office from us—moved it
ae Spa-well yonder, as they ca'd."

Why, that is but a step off," observed the guest

"Ye will get there the sooner," answered the hos

"Nay, but," said the guest, "if you had sent the
my letter, you would have learned"——

"I'm no wanting to learn onything at my years,"
Meg. "If folk have onything to write to me a
they may gie the letter to John Hislop, the carrier,
has used the road these forty years. As for the lett
the post-mistress's, as they ca' her down by yonder,
may bide in her shop-window, wi' the snaps and ba
rows, till Beltane, or I loose them. I'll never fil
fingers with them. Post-mistress, indeed!—Upse
cutty! I mind her fu' weel when she dree'd per
for antenup"——

Laughing, but interrupting Meg in good time fo
character of the post-mistress, the stranger assure
he had sent his fishing-rod and trunk to her confid
friend the carrier, and that he sincerely hoped she w
not turn an old acquaintance out of her premises,
cially as he believed he could not sleep in a bed w
five miles of St. Ronan's, if he knew that her Blue
was unengaged.

"Fishing-rod!—Auld acquaintance!—Blue roo
echoed Meg in some surprise; and, facing r
upon the stranger, and examining him with
interest and curiosity,—"Ye'll be nae bag-man,
after a'?"

"No," said the traveller; "not since I have lai
saddle-bags out of my hand."

"Weel, I canna say but I am glad of that—I c
bide their yanking way of knapping English a
word——I have kent decent lads amang them too—
for no?—But that was when they stopped

"Ay, lad?" replied Meg; "ye are a fine blaw-in-my-lug, to think to cuitle me off sae cleverly!" And, facing about upon her guest, she honoured him with a more close and curious investigation than she had at first designed to bestow upon him.

All that she remarked was in her opinion rather favourable to the stranger. He was a well-made man, rather above than under the middle size, and apparently betwixt five-and-twenty and thirty years of age—for, although he might, at first glance, have passed for one who had attained the latter period, yet, on a nearer examination, it seemed as if the burning sun of a warmer climate than Scotland, and perhaps some fatigue, both of body and mind, had imprinted the marks of care and of manhood upon his countenance, without abiding the course of years. His eyes and teeth were excellent, and his other features, though they could scarce be termed handsome, expressed sense and acuteness; he bore, in his aspect, that ease and composure of manner, equally void of awkwardness and affectation, which is said emphatically to mark the gentleman; and, although neither the plainness of his dress, nor the total want of the usual attendants, allowed Meg to suppose him a wealthy man, she had little doubt that he was above the rank of her lodgers in general. Amidst these observations, and while she was in the course of making them, the good landlady was embarrassed with vague obscure recollections of having seen the object of

ıly; but when, or on what occasion, she was quite ble to call to remembrance. She was particularly ızled by the cold and sarcastic expression of a coun nance, which she could not by any means reconcil ith the recollections which it awakened. At length sh said, with as much courtesy as she was capable of as suming,—"Either I have seen you before, sir, or som ane very like ye?—Ye ken the Blue room, too, and yo a stranger in these parts?"

"Not so much a stranger as you may suppose, Meg," said the guest, assuming a more intimate tone, "when I call myself Frank Tyrrel."

"Tirl!" exclaimed Meg, with a tone of wonder—"It's impossible! You cannot be Francie Tirl, the wil callant that was fishing and bird-nesting here seven o eight years syne—it canna be—Francie was but a callant!"

"But add seven or eight years to that boy's life Meg," said the stranger, gravely, "and you will fin you have the man who is now before you."

"Even sae!" said Meg, with a glance at the reflectio of her own countenance in the copper coffee-pot, whic she had scoured so brightly that it did the office of a mirror—"Just e'en sae—but folk maun grow auld o die.—But, Maister Tirl, for I maunna ca' ye Franci now, I am thinking"——

"Call me what you please, good dame," said th stranger; "it has been so long since I heard any on call me by a name that sounded like former kindness that such a one is more agreeable to me than a lord' title would be."

"Weel, then, Maister Francie—if it be no offence t you—I hope ye are no a Nabob?"

"Not I, I can safely assure you, my old friend: but *what an I* were?"

"*Naething*—only maybe I might bid ye gang fa

and be waur served.—Nabobs indeed! the country's plagued wi' them. They have raised the price of eggs and pootry for twenty miles round—But what is my business?—They use amaist a' of them the Well down by—they need it ye ken for the clearing of their copper complexions, that need scouring as much as my saucepans, that naebody can clean but mysell."

"Well, my good friend," said Tyrrel, "the upshot of all this is, I hope, that I am to stay and have dinner here?"

"What for no?" replied Mrs. Dods.

"And that I am to have the Blue room for a night or two—perhaps longer?"

"I dinna ken that," said the dame.—"The Blue room is the best—and they that get neist best are no ill aff in this warld."

"Arrange it as you will," said the stranger, "I leave the whole matter to you, mistress.—Meantime, I will go see after my horse."

"The merciful man," said Meg, when her guest had left the kitchen, "is merciful to his beast.—He had aye something about him by ordinar, that callant—But eh, sirs! there is a sair change on his cheek haffit since I saw him last!—He sall no want a good dinner for auld lang syne, that I'se engage for."

Meg set about the necessary preparations with all the natural energy of her disposition, which was so much exerted upon her culinary cares, that her two maids, on their return to the house, escaped the bitter reprimand which she had been previously conning over, in reward for their alleged slatternly negligence. Nay, so far did she carry her complaisance, that when Tyrrel crossed the kitchen to recover his saddle-bags, she formally buked Eppie for an idle taupie, for not carrying gentleman's things to his room.

"*I thank you, mistress,*" said Tyrrel; "but I

drawings and colot
ys like to carry them

Ay, and are you at
Meg; "an unco slaister
syne."

"I cannot live witho
the saddle-bags, was forn
a snug apartment, where
behold a capital dish of r
and a jug of excellent
careful hand of Meg he
acknowledgment of the
bottle of the yellow se
excellent claret still left."

"Left?—ay is there,
dinna gie it to everyboc
not got ower your aul
are painting for your le
and water would come
good. But ye maun h
doubt, if ye should neve

Away trudged Meg, h
and, after much runmag
of claret as no fashionab
were it called for by a d
she seemed not a little g
her that he had not yet
She retired after these
stranger to enjoy in qu
she had placed before hi

But there was that on
enlivening power of goo
maketh man's heart glac
oppression to countera
himself *on a* spot which
season, when youth an



flattering promises which are so ill kept to ma
He drew his chair into the embrasure of th
fashioned window, and throwing up the sash t
the fresh air, suffered his thoughts to return to
days, while his eyes wandered over objects whi
had not looked upon for several eventful yea
could behold beneath his eye the lower part of
cayed village, as its ruins peeped from the umbr
shelter with which they were shrouded. Stil
down, upon the little holm which formed its chur
was seen the Kirk of St. Ronan's; and looki
farther, towards the junction of St. Ronan's Bu
the river which traversed the larger dale or va
could see, whitened by the western sun, the
houses which were either newly finished, or in the
being built, about the medicinal spring.

"Time changes all around us," such was the
of natural though trite reflection, which flowe
Tyrrel's mind; "wherefore should loves and frie
have a longer date than our dwellings and our
ments?" As he indulged these sombre recoll
his officious landlady disturbed their tenor
entrance.

"I was thinking to offer you a dish of tea,
Francie, just for the sake of auld lang syne, and
the quean Beenie bring it here, and mask it m
But ye arena done with your wine yet?"

"I am indeed, Mrs. Dods," answered Tyrrel
I beg you will remove the bottle."

"Remove the bottle, and the wine no half
out!" said Meg, displeasure lowering on her
"I hope there is nae fault to be found wi' th
Maister Tirl?"

To this answer, which was put in a tone rea
defiance, Tyrrel submissively replied, by declar'
claret not only unexceptionable, but excellen

"And what for dinna ye drink it, then?" said M
sharply; "folk should never ask for mair liquor th
they can mak a gude use of. Maybe ye think we h
the fashion of the table-dot, as they ca' their new-fang
ordinary down-by yonder, where a' the bits of vine
cruets are put awa into an awmry, as they tell me, a
ilk ane wi' the bit dribbles of syndings in it, and a pa
about the neck o't, to show which of the customers
aught it—there they stand like doctor's drogs—and
an honest Scottish mutchkin will ane o' their viols ha
granting it were at the fouest."

"Perhaps," said Tyrrel, willing to indulge the spl
and prejudice of his old acquaintance, "perhaps the w
is not so good as to make full measure desirable."

"Ye may say that, lad—and yet them that sel
might afford a gude penniworth, for they hae it for
making—maist feck of it ne'er saw France or Portu
But as I was saying—this is no ane of their new-fang
places, where wine is put by for them that canna dr
it—when the cork's drawn the bottle maun be dr
out—and what for no?—unless it be corkit."

"I agree entirely, Meg," said her guest; "but
ride to-day has somewhat heated me—and I think
dish of tea you promise me, will do me more good t
to finish my bottle."

"Na, then, the best I can do for you is to put it
to be sauce for the wild duck the morn; for I think
said ye were to bide here for a day or twa."

"It is my very purpose, Meg, unquestionably," rep
Tyrrel.

"Sae be it then," said Mrs. Dods; "and then
liquor's no lost—it has been seldom sic claret as that
simmered in a saucepan, let me tell you that, neighbo
—and I mind the day, when, headach or nae hea
ye wad hae been at the hinder-end of that bott
maybe anither, if ye could have gotten it wiled

me. But then ye had your cousin to help you—Ah! he was a blithe bairn that Valentine Bulmer!—Ye were a canty callant too, Maister Francie, and muckle ado I had to keep ye baith in order when ye were on the ramble. But ye were a thought doucer than Valentine—But oh, he was a bonny laddie!—wi' een like diamonds, cheeks like roses, a head like a heathertap—he was the first I ever saw wear a crap, as they ca' it, but a' body cheats the barber now—and he had a laugh that wad hae raised the dead!—What wi' flyting on him, and what wi' laughing at him, there was nae minding ony other body when that Valentine was in the house.—And how is your cousin, Valentine Bulmer, Maister Francie?"

Tyrrel looked down, and only answered with a sigh.

"Ay—and is it even sae?" said Meg; "and has the puir bairn been sae soon removed frae this fashious warld?—Ay—ay—we maun a' gang ae gate—crackit quart-stoups and geisen'd barrels—leaky quaighs are we a', and canna keep in the liquor of life—Ohon, sir!—Was the puir lad Bulmer frae Bu'mer Bay, where they land the Hollands, think ye, Maister Francie?—They whiles rin in a pickle tea there to—I hope that is good that I have made you, Maister Francie?"

"Excellent, my good dame," said Tyrrel; but it was in a tone of voice which intimated that she had presse upon a subject which awakened some unpleasant flections.

"And when did this puir lad die?" continued who was not without her share of Eve's qualitie wished to know something concerning what see affect her guest so particularly; but he disappoir purpose, and at the same time awakened a of sentiment in her mind, by turning a window, and looking upon the distant buil

new objects, he said to Mistress Dods, in an indifferent tone, "You have got some gay new neighbours under, mistress."

"Neighbours," said Meg, her wrath beginning to rise, as it always did upon any allusion to this sore subject—"Ye may ca' them neighbours, if ye like—but the deil flee awa wi' the neighbourhood for Meg Dods!"

"I suppose," said Tyrrel, as if he did not observe her displeasure, "that yonder is the Fox Hotel they told me of?"

"The Fox!" said Meg; "I am sure it is the fox that has carried off a' my geese.—I might shut up house, Maister Francie, if it was the thing I lived by—me that has seen a' our gentlefolk bairns, and gien them snaps and sugar-biscuit maist of them wi' my ain hand! They wad hae seen my father's roof-tree fa' down and smoor me before they wad hae gien a boddle apiece to have propped it up—but they could a' link out their fifty pounds ower head to bigg a hottle at the Well yonder. And muckle they hae made o't—the bankrupt body, Sandie Lawson, hasna paid them a bawbee of four terms' rent."

"Surely, mistress, I think if the Well became so famous for its cures, the least the gentlemen could have done was to make you the priestess."

"Me priestess! I am nae Quaker, I wot, Maister Francie; and I never heard of alewife that turned preacher, except Luckie Buchan in the West. And if I were to preach, I think I have mair the spirit of a Scottishwoman, than to preach in the very room they hae been dancing in ilka night in the week, Saturday itsell not excepted, and that till twal o'clock at night. Na, na, Maister Francie; I leave the like o' that to Mr. Simon Chatterly, as they ca' the bit prelatical sprig of divinity from the town yonder, that plays at cards and dances six days in the week, and on the seventh reads



the Common Prayer-book in the ball-room, w
Simson, the drunken barber, for his clerk."

"I think I have heard of Mr. Chatterly," sai

"Ye'll be thinking o' the sermon he has print the angry dame, "where he compares their nas of a well yonder to the pool of Bethesda, lik mouthed, fleeching, feather-headed fule as he should hae kend that the place got a' its fan times of Black Popery; and though they pat Ronan's name, I'll never believe for one that tl man had ony hand in it; for I hae been tell' that suld ken, that he was nae Roman, but onl die, or Culdee, or such like.—But will ye anither dish of tea, Maister Francie? and a w the diet-loaf, raised wi' my ain fresh butter Francie? and no wi' greasy kitchen-fee, like the down at the confectioner's yonder, that has dead flees as carvey in it. Set him up for a con Wi' a penniworth of rye-meal, and anither o and twa or three carvey seeds, I will make b fections than ever cam out of his oven."

"I have no doubt of that, Mrs. Dods," said t "and I only wish to know how these new con able to establish themselves against a house of s reputation and old standing as yours?—It was t of the mineral, I daresay; but how came the recover a character all at once, mistress?"

"I dinna ken, sir—they used to be thought naething, but here and there for a puir bod that had gotten the cruells, and could not affor worth of salts. But my Leddy Penelope Penfe fa'an ill, it's like, as nae other body had ever fe sae she was to be cured some gate naebody cured, which was naething mair than was rea and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at

which it is her leddyship's wull and pleasure to air Castle—and they have a' their different turns, some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob ns or Allan Ramsay—and some rin up hill and down le, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, ke sae mony road-makers run daft—they sae it is to see now the warld was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments—and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forby men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe twa or three draggle-tailed misses, that wear my Leddy Penelope's follies when she has dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second-hand claithes. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down cam the haill tribe of wild geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a wheen tinklers; and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt, in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper frae the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc amang them or they wan hame; and this they ca'd picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne; for down cam masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and piebakers, and doctors and drugsters; by the shop-folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of St. Ronan's, where blithe decent folk had been heartsome eneugh for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring *fancies kittled in* their cracked brains."



"What said your landlord, the Laird of St. Ronan's, to all this?" said Tyrrel.

"Is't *my* landlord ye are asking after, Maister Francie?—the Laird of St. Ronan's is nae landlord of mine, and I think ye might hae minded that.—Na, na, thanks be to Praise! Meg Dods is baith land*lord* and land*leddy*. Ill eneugh to keep the doors open as it is, let be facing Whitsunday and Martinmas—an auld leather pock there is, Maister Francie, in ane of worthy Maister Bindloose the sheriff-clerk's pigeon-holes, in his dowcot of a closet in the burgh; and therein is baith charter, and sasine, and special service to boot; and that will be chapter and verse, speer when ye list."

"I had quite forgotten," said Tyrrel, "that the inn was your own; though I remember you were a considerable landed proprietor."

"Maybe I am," replied Meg, "maybe I am not; and if I be, what for no?—But as to what the Laird, whose grandfather was my father's landlord, said to the new doings yonder—he just jumped at the ready penny, like a cock at a grosert, and feu'd the bonny holm beside the Well, that they ca'd Saint-Well-holm, that was like the best land in his aught, to be carved, and biggit, and howkit up, just at the pleasure of Jock Ashler the stane-mason, that ca's himsell an arkiteck—there's nae living for new words in this new warld neither, and that is another vex to auld folk such as me—It's a shame o' the young Laird to let his auld patrimony gang the gate it' like to gang, and my heart is sair to see't, though it h but little cause to care what comes of him or his."

"Is it the same Mr. Mowbray," said Mr. Ty "who still holds the estate?—the old gentleman, know, whom I had some dispute with"——

"About hunting moor-fowl upon the Spring-we' muirs?" said Meg. "Ah, lad! honest Maiste *loose brought you neatly off there*—Na, i'

[illegible] man, but his son John Mowbray—the tother has slept down-by in Saint Ronan's Kirk for these six or seven years."

"Did he leave," asked Tyrrel, with something of a faltering voice, "no other child than the present laird?"

"No other son," said Meg; "and there's e'en eneugh, unless he could have left a better ane."

"He died, then," said Tyrrel, "excepting this son, without children?"

"By your leave, no," said Meg; "there is the lassie Miss Clara, that keeps house for the Laird, if it can be ca'd keeping house, for he is almost aye down at the Well yonder—so a sma' kitchen serves them at the Shaws."

"Miss Clara will have but a dull time of it there during her brother's absence?" said the stranger.

"Hoots no!—he has her aften jinketing about, and back and forward, wi' a' the fine flichtering fools that come yonder; and clapping palms wi' them, and linking at their dances and daffings. I wuss nae ill come o't, but it's a shame her father's daughter should keep company wi' a' that scauff and raff of physic-students, and writers' prentices, and bagmen, and siclike trash as are down at the Well yonder."

"You are severe, Mrs. Dods," replied the guest. "No doubt Miss Clara's conduct deserves all sort of freedom."

"I am saying naething against her conduct," said the dame; "and there's nae ground to say onything that I ken of—But I wad hae like draw to like, Maister Francie. I never quarrelled the ball that the gentry used to hae at my bit house a gude wheen years bygane—when they came, the auld folk in their coaches, wi' lang-tailed black horses, and a wheen galliard gallants on their hunting horses, and mony a decent leddy behind her ain good-man, and mony a bonny smirking lassie on her pownie, and wha sae happy as they—And what for no? And

then there was the farmers' ball, wi' the tight lads of yeomen with the bran new blues and the buckskins—These were decent meetings—but then they were a' ae man's bairns that were at them, ilk ane kend ilk other—they danced farmers wi' farmers' daughters, at the tane, and gentles wi' gentle blood at the t'other, unless maybe when some of the gentlemen of the Killnakelty Club would gie me a round of the floor mysell, in the way of daffing and fun, and me no able to flyte on them for laughing—I am sure I never grudged these innocent pleasures, although it has cost me maybe a week's redding up, before I got rid of the confusion."

"But, dame," said Tyrrel, "this ceremonial would be a little hard upon strangers like myself, for how were we to find partners in these family parties of yours?"

"Never you fash your thumb about that, Maister Francie," returned the landlady, with a knowing wink.—"Every Jack will find a Jill, gang the world as it may—and, at the warst o't, better hae some fashery in finding a partner for the night, than get yoked with ane that you may not be able to shake off the morn."

"And does that sometimes happen?" asked the stranger.

summered it at the Well ever since—and that is at the Well is good for!"

"And does Clara,—I mean does Miss Mowbray, keep company with such women as these?" said Tyrrel, with a tone of interest which he checked as he proceeded with the question.

"What can she do, puir thing?" said the dame. "She maun keep the company that her brother keeps, for she is clearly dependant.—But, speaking of that, I ken what *I* have to do, and that is no little, before it darkens. I have sat clavering with you ower lang, Maister Francie."

And away she marched with a resolved step, and soon the clear octaves of her voice were heard in shrill admonition to her hand-maidens.

Tyrrel paused a moment in deep thought, then took his hat, paid a visit to the stable, where his horse saluted him with feathering ears, and that low amicable neigh, with which that animal acknowledges the approach of a loving and beloved friend. Having seen that the faithful creature was in every respect attended to, Tyrrel availed himself of the continued and lingering twilight, to visit the old castle, which, upon former occasions, had been his favourite evening walk. He remained while the light permitted, admiring the prospect we attempted to describe in the first chapter, and comparing, as in his former reverie, the faded hues of the glimmering landscape to those of human life, when early youth and hope have ceased to gild them.

A brisk walk to the inn, and a light supper on a Welsh rabbit and the dame's home-brewed, were stimulants of livelier, at least more resigned thoughts—and the Blue bedroom, to the honours of which he had been promoted, received him a contented, if not a cheerful tenant.

CHAP. III.

There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their le
Rome had her Consols, Athens had her Archons,
And we, sir, have our managing Committee.
THE ALBUM OF ST. RON

FRANCIS TYRREL was, in the course next day, formally settled in his old qu where he announced his purpose of rem for several days. The old-established carrier place brought his fishing-rod and travelling-trun a letter to Meg, dated a week previously, desiri to prepare to receive an old acquaintance. This ciation, though something of the latest, Meg re with great complacency, observing, "it was a civil tion in Maister Tirl; and that John Hislop, tho was not just sae fast, was far surer than ony p them a', or express either." She also observed wit faction, that there was no gun-case along with her baggage; "for that weary gunning had brough and her into trouble—the lairds had cried out upo if she made her house a howff for common fowle poachers; and yet how could she hinder twa daft l callants from taking a start and an ower-loup? had been ower the neighbour's ground they had le up to the march, and they werena just to ken when the moorfowl got up."

In a day or two her guest fell into such qui solitary habits, that Meg, herself the most restle bustling of human creatures, began to be vexed, fo of the trouble which she expected to have had wit experiencing, perhaps, the same sort of feeling f extreme and passive indifference on all points *good horseman has for the* over-patient steed.

[redacted] scarce feel under him. His walks w[e] the most solitary recesses among the neight and hills—his fishing-rod was often left b[e] carried merely as an apology for saunteri the banks of some little brooklet—and his different, that Meg said the piper of Peebl[es] caught a creelfu' before Maister Francie cc the half-dozen; so that he was obliged, for to vindicate his character, by killing a hanc

Tyrrel's painting, as Meg called it, wei slowly: He often, indeed, showed her the s he brought from his walks and used to fi[x] but Meg held them very cheap. What said, a wheen bits of paper, wi' black an[d] upon them, that he ca'd bushes, and trees, Couldna he paint them wi' green, and blu[e] like the other folk? "Ye will never ma that way, Maister Francie. Ye suld mun square of canvas like Dick Tinto, and ainsells, that they like muckle better to craig in the haill water; and I wadna even to some of the Wallers coming up ye. They waste their time waur, I wis—a[n] ye might mak a guinea a-head of them. Di but he was an auld used hand, and foll before they gang."

In answer to these remonstrances, Tyrre that the sketches with which he busied him of such considerable value, that very ofte[n] that line received much higher remunera[tion] than for portraits or coloured drawings. that they were often taken for the purpose popular poems, and hinted as if he himself in some labour of that nature.

Eagerly did Meg long to pour forth [the] *the fish-woman*,—whose cart formed [a]

channel of communication between the Auld Town and the Well, and who was in favour with Meg, because, as Nelly passed the door on her way to the Well, she always had the first choice of her fish,—the merits of her lodger as an artist. Luckie Dods had, in truth, been so much annoyed and bullied, as it were, with the report of clever persons, accomplished in all sorts of excellence, arriving day after day at the Hotel, that she was over-joyed in this fortunate opportunity to triumph over them in their own way; and it may be believed, that the excellences of her lodger lost nothing by being trumpeted through her mouth.

"I maun hae the best of the cart, Nelly—if you and me can gree—for it is for ane of the best of painters. Your fine folk down yonder would gie their lugs to look at what he has been doing—he gets gowd in gowpins, for three downright scarts and three cross anes—And he is no an ungrateful loon, like Dick Tinto, that had nae sooner my gude five-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, than he gaed down to birl it awa at their bonny hottle yonder, but a decent quiet lad, that kens when he is weel aff, and bides still at the auld howff—And what for no? —Tell them all this, and hear what they will say till't."

"Indeed, mistress, I can tell ye that already, without stirring my shanks for the matter," answered Nelly Trotter; "they will e'en say that ye are ae auld fule and me anither, that may hae some judgment in cock-bree or in scate-rumples, but maunna fash our beards about onything else."

"Wad they say sae, the frontless villains? and me been a housekeeper this thirty year!" exclaimed Meg; "I wadna hae them say it to my face! But I am no speaking without warrant—for what an I had spoken to the minister, lass, and shown him ane of the loose sheets of paper that Maister Tirl leaves fleeing about his —*and what an he had said* he had kend Lord B

five guineas for the waur on't? and a' the warld 's he was lang tutor in the Bidmore family."

'Troth," answered her gossip, "I doubt if I was to tell a' this they would hardly believe me, mistress; for there are sae mony judges amang them, and they think sae muckle of themsells, and sae little of other folk, that unless ye were to send down the bit picture, I am no thinking they will believe a word that I can tell them."

"No believe what an honest woman says—let abee to say twa o' them?" exclaimed Meg; "Oh the unbelieving generation!—Weel, Nelly, since my back is up, ye sall tak down the picture, or sketching, or whatever it is (though I thought sketchers were aye made of airn), and shame wi' it the conceited crew that they are.—But see and bring't back wi' ye again, Nelly, for it's a thing of value; and trustna it out o' your hand, *that* I charge you, for I lippen no muckle to their honesty.—And, Nelly, ye may tell them he has an illustrated poem—*illustrated*—mind the word, Nelly—that is to be stuck as fou o' the like o' that, as ever turkey was larded wi' dabs o' bacon."

Thus furnished with her credentials, and acting the part of a herald betwixt two hostile countries, honest Nelly switched her little fish-cart downwards to St. Ronan's Well.

In watering-places, as in other congregated assemblies of the human species, various kinds of government have been dictated, by chance, caprice, or convenience; but in almost all of them, some sort of direction has been adopted, to prevent the consequences of anarchy. Sometimes the sole power has been vested in a Master of Ceremonies; but this like other despotisms, have been of late unfashionable, and the powers of this great officer have been much limited even at Bath, where Nash once ruled with undisputed supremacy. Committees of management, chosen from among the most steady guests, have been in general resorted to as a more liberal mode of

masters.

At the head of one of [illegible] establishment, nay, its existe[illegible] sonage than Lady Penelope Pen[illegible] establishment owed its fame, nay, its existe[illegible] whose influence could only have been balanced by that of the Lord of the Manor, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, or, as he was called usually by the company who affected what Meg called knapping English, the Squire, who was leader of the opposite faction.

The rank and fortune of the lady, her pretensions to beauty as well as talent (though the former was something faded), and the consequence which she arrogated to herself as a woman of fashion, drew round her painters, and poets, and philosophers, and men of science, and lecturers, and foreign adventurers, *et hoc genus omne*.

On the contrary, the Squire's influence, as a man of family and property in the immediate neighbourhood who actually kept greyhounds and pointers, and at leas talked of hunters and of racers, ascertained him the su port of the whole class of bucks, half and whole bre from the three next counties; and, if more inducemer were wanting, he could grant his favourites the privil of shooting over his moors, which is enough to t head of a young Scottishman at any time. Mr [illegible] *was of late especially supported in his pre-e*

ng from that of his Majesty, only that it was more
ally overturned, his influence with a certain set
resistible, and the Squire of St. Ronan's, having
stair sense of the two, contrived to reap the full
t of the consequence attached to his friendship.
he two contending parties were so equally balanced,
the predominance of the influence of either was
determined by the course of the sun. Thus, in the
ing and forenoon, when Lady Penelope led forth
rd to lawn and shady bower, whether to visit some
l monument of ancient times, or eat their pic-nic
con, to spoil good paper with bad drawings, and
verses with repetition—in a word,

To rave, recite, and madden round the land,

adyship's empire over the loungers seemed uncon-
d and absolute, and all things were engaged in the
illon, of which she formed the pivot and centre. Even

a gentleman.

These feuds were taken up by the Managing Committee, who interceded for the penitent offenders on the following morning, and obtained their re-establishment in Lady Penelope's good graces upon moderate terms. Many other acts of moderating authority they performed much to the assuaging of faction, and the quiet of the Wellers; and so essential was their government to the prosperity of the place, that, without them, St. Ronan's spring would probably have been speedily deserted. We must, therefore, give a brief sketch of that potential Committee, which both factions, acting as if on a self-denying ordinance, had combined to invest with the reins of government.

Each of its members appeared to be selected, as Fortunio, in the fairy-tale, chose his followers, for his peculiar gifts. First on the list stood the MAN OF MEDICINE, Dr. Quentin Quackleben, who claimed right to regulate medical matters at the spring, upon the principle which of old, assigned the property of a newly discovered country to the bucanier who committed the earliest piracy on its shores. The acknowledgment of the Doctor's merit, as having been first to proclaim *vindicate the merits of these* healing fo[illegible]

oned his being universal
and Man of Science, wh
ıd apply to all purposes, fr
the giving a lecture. He w
any of his profession, to sp
ntidote before a dyspeptic pa
gastronome as Dr. Redgill him
physician who has written for t
from Dr. Moncrieff of Tipper
Hunter of York, and the prese
don. But pluralities are alway
the Doctor prudently relinquis
and head-carver to the Man
regularly, and *ex officio*, the he
to himself the occasional privi
principal share in consuming, tl
common entertainment afforde
up this brief account of the lear
the reader that he was a tall,
with an ill-made black scratch
either side from his lantern
months out of the twelve at St
posed to make an indifferent gc
as he played whist to admiratio

First in place, though perha
in real authority, was Mr. Wint
person, who was nicely precise
hair cued, and dressed with p
set with Bristol stones, and a
John Falstaff's. In his heyda
which he had spent like a ge
the gay world. He was, in shc
able links that connect the coxc
with those of the last age, an
own experience, the follies of
had *sense enough* to extricate h

dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.

Mr. Winterblossom now lived upon a moderate annuity, and had discovered a way of reconciling his economy with much company and made dishes, by acting as perpetual president of the table-d'hôte at the Well. Here he used to amuse the society by telling stories about Garrick, Foote, Bonnel Thornton, and Lord Kelly, and delivering his opinions in matters of taste and vertu. An excellent carver, he knew how to help each guest to what was precisely his due : and never failed to reserve a proper slice as the reward of his own labours. To conclude, he was possessed of some taste in the fine arts, at least in painting and music, although it was rather of the technical kind, than that which warms the heart and elevates the feelings. There was indeed, about Winterblossom, nothing that was either warm or elevated. He was shrewd, selfish, and sensual ; the last two of which qualities he screened from observation, under a specious varnish of exterior complaisance. Therefore, in his professed and apparent anxiety to do the honours of the table, to the most punctilious point of good breeding, he never permitted the attendants upon the public taste to supply the wants of others, until all his own private comforts had been fully arranged and provided for.

Mr. Winterblossom was also distinguished for possessing a few curious engravings, and other specimens of art, with the exhibition of which he occasionally beguiled a wet morning at the public room. They were collected "*viis et modis*," said the Man of Law, another distinguished member of the Committee, with a knowing cock of his eye to his next neighbour.

Of this person little need be said. He was a boned, loud-voiced, red-faced man, named Meiklehose, *a country writer, or attorney*, who managed the



f the Squire much to the profit of one or
of both. His nose projected from the fr
ad vulgar face, like the style of an old sun
ued all of one side. He was as great a bully in hi
ssion, as if it had been military instead of civil;
ucted the whole technicalities concerning the cutti
the Saint's-Wellhaugh, so much lamented by
Dods, into building-stances, and was on excellent
with Docter Quackleben, who always recommende
to make the wills of his patients.

After the Man of Law comes Captain Mungo Mac'
a Highland lieutenant on half-pay, and that of a
standing; one who preferred toddy of the strong
wine, and in that fashion and cold drams finished
a bottle of whisky *per diem*, whenever he could co
it. He was called the Man of Peace, on the
principle which assigns to constables, Bow-stree
ners, and such like, who carry bludgeons to break
heads, and are perpetually and officially employ
scenes of riot, the title of peace officers—that is, be
by his valour he compelled others to act with discr
The Captain was the general referee in all those ab
quarrels, which at a place of this kind are so apt to
at night, and to be quietly settled in the morning
occasionally adopted a quarrel himself, by way of
down any guest who was unusually pugnacious.
occupation procured Captain MacTurk a good d
respect at the Well; for he was precisely that s
person who is ready to fight with any one—whom n
can find an apology for declining to fight with,—in
ing with whom considerable danger was incurred,
was ever and anon showing that he could snuff a
with a pistol-ball,—and lastly, through fighting
whom no éclat or credit could redound to the antag
He always wore a blue coat and red collar, had a
cilious *taciturnity* of manner, ate sliced leeks

cheese, and resembled in complexion a Dutch red-herring.

Still remains to be mentioned the Man of Religion—the gentle Mr. Simon Chatterly, who had strayed to St. Ronan's Well from the banks of Cam or Isis, and who piqued himself, first on his Greek, and secondly, on his politeness to the ladies. During all the week days, as Dame Dods has already hinted, this reverend gentleman was the partner at the whist-table, or in the ball-room, to what maid or matron soever lacked a partner at either; and on the Sundays, he read prayers in the public room to all who chose to attend. He was also a deviser of charades, and an unriddler of riddles; he played a little on the flute, and was Mr. Winterblossom's principal assistant in contriving those ingenious and romantic paths, by which, as by the zig-zags which connect military parallels, you were enabled to ascend to the top of the hill behind the hotel, which commands so beautiful a prospect, at exactly that precise angle of ascent, which entitles a gentleman to offer his arm, and a lady to accept it, with perfect propriety.

There was yet another member of this Select Committee, Mr. Michael Meredith, who might be termed the Man of Mirth, or, if you please, the Jack Pudding to the company, whose business it was to crack the best joke, and sing the best song—he could. Unluckily, however, this functionary was for the present obliged to absent himself from St. Ronan's; for, not recollecting that he did not actually wear the privileged motley of his profession, he had passed some jest upon Captain Mac-Turk, which cut so much to the quick, that Mr. Meredith was fain to go to goat-whey quarters, at some two miles distance, and remain there in a sort of concealment until the affair should be made up through the mediation of his brethren of the Committee.

Such were the honest gentlemen who manag-

[redacted] rising settlement, with as much impart
be expected. They were not indeed wit
: secret predilections; for the lawyer anc
ivately inclined to the party of the Squire, '
ı, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Winterblosson,
ıted to the interests of Lady Penelope; so
kleben alone, who probably recollected tha
ı were as liable to stomach compaints, a:
ıervous disorders, seemed the only person
in word and deed the most rigid neutr
ess, the interests of the establishment l
ı at the heart of this honourable council,
ıg his own profit, pleasure, or comfort, in :
'olved, they suffered not their private affec
re with their public duties, but acted, (
own sphere, for the public benefit of the v
:y.

CHAP. IV.

us painters write their names at Co.—PRIOR.

[E clamour which attends the remove
inner from a public room had subsided
atter of plates, and knives, and forks-
read of awkward boobies of country serv
ıch other's shins, and wrangling as they
o rush out of the door three abreast—the
and tumblers, borne to earth in the tum
ts of the landlady—the curses, not loud,
the landlord—had all passed away; and t
npany who had servants had been accon
their respective Ganymedes with such
heir respective bottles of wine, spirits, &
ianymedes had not previously consumed
broken in to such observance by M

terblossom, waited patiently until the worthy president's own special and multifarious commissions had been executed by a tidy young woman and a lumpish lad, the regular attendants belonging to the house, but whom he permitted to wait on no one, till, as the hymn says,

All his wants were well supplied.

"And, Dinah—my bottle of pale sherry, Dinah—place it on this side—there is a good girl; and, Toby—get my jug with the hot water—and let it be boiling—and don't spill it on Lady Penelope, if you can help it, Toby."

"No—for her ladyship has been in hot water to-day already," said the Squire; a sarcasm to which Lady Penelope only replied with a look of contempt.

"And, Dinah, bring the sugar—the soft East India sugar, Dinah—and a lemon, Dinah, one of those which came fresh to-day—Go fetch it from the bar, Toby—and don't tumble down stairs, if you can help it—And, Dinah—stay, Dinah—the nutmeg, Dinah, and the ginger, my good girl—And, Dinah—put the cushion up behind my back—and the footstool to my foot, for my toe is something the worse of my walk with your ladyship this morning to the top of Belvidere."

"Her ladyship may call it what she pleases in common parlance," said the writer; "but it must stand Muntgrunzie in the stamped paper, being so nominated in the ancient writs and evidents thereof."

"And, Dinah," continued the president, "lift up r handkerchief—and—a bit of biscuit, Dinah—and—ar do not think I want anything else—Look to the c pany, my good girl.—I have the honour to drir company's very good health—Will your ladyship h me by accepting a glass of negus?—I learned t *negus from old Dartineuf's son.*—He always us

...ny Trotter" (Trott
...y called her) "brought from a sk
tleman that lives at the woman's" (thus blu
upstart minx describe the reverend Mrs.
Dods) "at the Cleikum of Aultoun yonder'
by the way, which the inn had acquired fro
which the saint upon the sign-post was mak
pastoral crook.

"Indeed, Dinah?" said Mr. Winterblosson
taking out his spectacles, and wiping them l
opened the roll of paper; "some boy's daubin
pose, whose pa and ma wish to get him into the T
School, and so are beating about for a little int
But I am drained dry—I put three lads in last
and if it had not been my particular interest
secretary, who asks my opinion now and then,
not have managed it. But giff gaff, say I.—Eh!
in the devil's name, is this?—Here is both
keeping—Who can this be, my
sky-line—why, this

walk, that looked like a gentleman, and
of the company, and that you said was
man."

"I did not say handsome, Maria," repl
ship; "ladies never say men are handsome
he looked genteel and interesting."

"And that, my lady," said the young pa
and smiling, "is, I will be judged by the
more flattering compliment of the two—
jealous of this Unknown presently."

"Nay, but," continued the sweetly cc
Maria, with some real and some assume
"your ladyship forgets—for you said pr
you were sure he was no gentleman, for h
after you with your glove which you had d
so I went back myself to find your ladyship
he never offered to help me, and I saw hi
your ladyship did, and I am sure he is hand
he is not very civil."

"You speak a little too much and too
said Lady Penelope, a natural blush re
nuance of rouge by which it was usually su

"What say you to that, Squire Mowbra
elegant Sir Bingo Binks.

"A fair challenge to the field, Sir Bing
the Squire; "when a lady throws down th
gentleman may throw the handkerchief."

"I have always the benefit of *your* best
Mr. Mowbray," said the lady, with digni
pose Miss Maria has contrived this pretty s
amusement. I can hardly answer to Mr.
bringing her into company where she receiv
ment to behave so."

"Nay, nay, my lady," said the president
let the jest pass by; and since this is reall
mirable sketch, you must honour us with

how the company can consistently with propriety make any advances to this man."

"In my opinion," said her ladyship, the angry spot still glowing on her brow, "there are enough of *men* among us already—I wish I could say gentlemen—As matters stand, I see little business *ladies* can have at St. Ronan's."

This was an intimation which always brought the Squire back to good breeding, which he could make use of when he pleased. He deprecated her ladyship's displeasure, until she told him, in returning good-humour, that she really would not trust him unless he brought his sister to be security for his future politeness.

"Clara, my lady," said Mowbray, "is a little wilful; and I believe your ladyship must take the task of unharbouring her into your own hands. What say you to a gipsy party up to my old shop?—It is a bachelor's house—you must not expect things in much order; but Clara would be honoured"——

The Lady Penelope eagerly accepted the proposal of something like a party, and, quite reconciled with Mowbray, began to inquire whether she might bring the stranger artist with her, "that is," said her ladyship, looking to Dinah, "if he be a gentleman."

Here Dinah interposed her assurance, "that the gentleman at Meg Dods's was quite and clean a gentleman, and an illustrated poet besides."

"An illustrated poet, Dinah?" said Lady Penelope; "you must mean an illustrious poet."

"I dare to say your ladyship is right," said Dinah, dropping a curtsey.

A joyous flutter of impatient anxiety was instantly excited through all the blue-stocking faction of the company, nor were the news totally indifferent to the rest of the community. The former belonged to that class,



who, like the young Ascanius, are ever beating
quest of a tawny lion, though they are much r
cessful in now and then starting a great bore ;
others, having left all their own ordinary affairs
jects of interest at home, were glad to make a
importance of the most trivial occurrence. A
poet, said the former class—who could it possit
All names were recited—all Britain scrutinis
Highland hills to the Lakes of Cumberland—fro
ham Common to St. James's Place—even the
the Bosphorus were explored for some name whi
rank under this distinguished epithet.—And
sides his illustrious poesy, to sketch so inimitabl
could it be? And all the gapers, who had nc
their own to suggest, answered with the ant
"Who could it be?"

The Claret Club, which comprised the choi
firmest adherents of Squire Mowbray and the
—men who scorned that the reversion of one
wine should furnish forth the feast of to-morrow
caring nought about either of the fine arts in
found out an interest of their own, which centre
same individual.

"I say, little Sir Bingo," said the Squire, "tl
very fellow that we saw down at the Willow-
Saturday—he was tog'd gnostically enough,
twelve yards of line with one hand—the fly fe
thistledown on the water."

"Uich!" answered the party addressed, in th
of a dog choking in the collar.

"We saw him pull out the salmon yond
Mowbray; "you remember—clean fish—the t
on his gills—weighed, I dare say, a matter of
pounds."

"Sixteen!" replied Sir Bingo, in the same
strangulation.

None of your rigs, Bing!" said his companion, nearer eighteen than sixteen!"

"Nearer sixteen, by ——!"

"Will you go a dozen of blue on it to the company?" said the Squire.

"No, d—me!" croaked the Baronet—"to our own set I will."

"Then, I say done!" quoth the Squire.

And "Done!" responded the Knight; and out came their red pocket-books.

"But who shall decide the bet?" said the Squire. "The genius himself, I suppose; they talk of asking him here, but I suppose he will scarce mind quizzes like them."

"Write myself—John Mowbray," said the Baronet.

"You, Baronet!—you write!" answered the Squire, "d—me, that cock won't fight—you won't."

"I will," growled Sir Bingo, more articulately than usual.

"Why, you can't!" said Mowbray. "You never wrote a line in your life, save those you were whipped for at school."

"I can write—I will write!" said Sir Bingo. "Two to one I will."

And there the affair rested, for the council of the company were in high consultation concerning the most proper manner of opening a communication with the mysterious stranger; and the voice of Mr. Winterblossom, whose tones, originally fine, age had reduced to falsetto, was calling upon the whole party for "Order, order!" So that the bucks were obliged to lounge in silence, with both arms reclined on the table, and testifying, by coughs and yawns, their indifference to the matters in question, while the rest of the company debated upon them, as if they were matters of life and death.

"A visit from one of the gentlemen—Mr. Winter

blossom, if he would take the trouble—in name of company at large—would, Lady Penelope Penfeat presumed to think, be a necessary preliminary to invitation."

Mr. Winterblossom was "quite of her ladysh opinion, and would gladly have been the personal rep sentative of the company at St. Ronan's Well—but it up hill—her ladyship knew his tyrant, the gout, hovering upon the frontiers—there were other gentlem younger, and more worthy to fly at the lady's comm than an ancient vulcan like him—there was the vali Mars and the eloquent Mercury."

Thus speaking, he bowed to Captain MacTurk the Rev. Mr. Simon Chatterly, and reclined on his ch sipping his negus with the self-satisfied smile of one w by a pretty speech, has rid himself of a troubleso commission. At the same time, by an act probably mental absence, he put in his pocket the drawing, whi after circulating around the table, had returned back the chair of the president, being the point from whic had set out.

"By Cot, madam," said Captain MacTurk, "I sho be proud to obey your leddyship's commands—but, Cot, I never call first on any man that never called u me at all, unless it were to carry him a friend's messa or such like."

"Twig the old connoisseur," said the Squire to Knight.—"He is condiddling the drawing."

"Go it, Johnnie Mowbray—pour it into him," wh pered Sir Bingo.

"Thank ye for nothing, Sir Bingo," said the Squ in the same tone. "Winterblossom is one of us—t one of us at least—and won't stand the ironing. He his Wodgens still, that were right things in his day, t can hit the hay-stack with the best of us—but stay, t *are hallooing on the parson."*

[redacted] were indeed busied on all hands to obtain
therly's consent to wait on the Genius unknown
igh he smiled and simpered, and was absolutel
ible of saying No, he begged leave, in all humili
ine that commission. "The truth was," he pl
is excuse, "that having one day walked to visi
Castle of St. Ronan's, and returning throug
d Town, as it was popularly called, he had stc
he door of the *Cleikum*" (pronounced *Anglice*,
open diphthong), "in hopes to get a glass of
apillaire, or a draught of something cooling;
in fact expressed his wishes, and was kno
ty loudly, when a sash-window was thrown
ly up, and ere he was aware what was abo
pen, he was soused with a deluge of water (
), while the voice of an old hag from within as
that if that did not cool him there was an
ng him, — an intimation which induced hir
eat in all haste from the repetition of the sh
t."

ll laughed at the account of the chaplain's misfor
history of which seemed to be wrung from hi
antly, by the necessity of assigning some we
e for declining to execute the ladies' comm
the Squire and Baronet continued their mirt
er than decorum allowed, flinging themselves
heir chairs, with their hands thrust into their
cets, and their mouths expanded with unrestr
yment, until the sufferer, angry, disconcerted,
avouring to look scornful, incurred another gc
t of laughter on all hands.

/hen Mr. Winterblossom had succeeded in rest
e degree of order, he found the mishaps of the y
ne proved as intimidating as ludicrous. Not o
company chose to go Envoy Extraordinary
inions of Queen Meg, who might be suspe

paying little respect to the sanctity of an ambassador's person. And what was worse, when it was resolved that a civil card from Mr. Winterblossom, in the name of the company, should be sent to the stranger instead of a personal visit, Dinah informed them that she was sure no one about the house could be bribed to carry up a letter of the kind; for, when such an event had taken place two summers since, Meg, who construed it into an attempt to seduce from her tenement the invited guest, had so handled a ploughboy who carried the letter, that he fled the country-side altogether, and never thought himself safe till he was at a village ten miles off, where it was afterwards learned he enlisted with a recruiting party, choosing rather to face the French than to return within the sphere of Meg's displeasure.

Just while they were agitating this new difficulty, a prodigious clamour was heard without, which, to the first apprehensions of the company, seemed to be Meg, in all her terrors, come to anticipate the proposed invasion. Upon inquiry, however, it proved to be her gossip, Trotting Nelly, or Nelly Trotter, in the act of forcing her way up stairs, against the united strength of the whole household of the hotel, to reclaim Luckie Dods's picture, as she called it. This made the connoisseur's treasure tremble in his pocket, who, thrusting a half-crown into Toby's hand, exhorted him to give it her, and try his influence in keeping her back. Toby, who knew Nelly's nature, put the half-crown into his own pocket, and snatched up a gill-stoup of whisky from the sideboard. Thus armed, he boldly confronted the virago, and interposing a *remora*, which was able to check poor Nelly's course in her most determined moods, not only succeeded in averting the immediate storm which approached the company in general, and Mr. Winterblossom in particular, but brought the guests the satisfactory information, that Trotting Nelly had agreed, after she had sle



r nap in the barn, to convey
own of Cleikum of Aultoun.
r. Winterblossom, therefore,
proceedings, by inserting in the
ittee the authority which he ha
ard in the best style of diplomacy
the seal of the Spa, which bore some
seated beside what was designed to r

The rival factions, however, did n
this official invitation. Lady Penelo
that they should find some way of lett
a man of talent unquestionably—unde
were in the society to which he was in
more select sort, who felt worthy to in
on his solitude.

Accordingly, her ladyship imposed u
Mr. Chatterly the task of expressing th
company to see the unknown artist, in a
copy of verses. The poor gentleman's n
proved unpropitious; for he was able t
farther than two lines in half-an-hour, v
with its variations, we insert from the l
ıcript, as Dr. Johnson has printed the
'ope's version of the Iliad :—

1. *Maids.* 2. *Dames.* *unity*
The [nymphs] of St. Ronan's [in purpose cc
1. *Swain.* 2. *Man.*
To the [youth] who is great both in verse a
.

he eloquence of a prose billet was nece
ı the absence of the heavenly muse
was *secretly* intrusted to the c
The same trusty emissary, wh
ɒ *among the* pease-straw, and
for her return to the sea-coa

which she was to pass the Aultoun), received another card, written, as he had threatened, by Sir Bingo Binks himself, who had given himself this trouble to secure the settlement of the bet; conjecturing that a man with a fashionable exterior, who could throw twelve yards of line at a cast with such precision, might consider the invitation of Winterblossom as that of an old twaddler, and care as little for the good graces of an affected blue-stocking and her *côterie*, whose conversation, in Sir Bingo's mind, relished of nothing but of weak tea and bread and butter. Thus the happy Mr. Francis Tyrrel received, considerably to his surprise, no less than three invitations at once from the Well of St. Ronan's.

CHAP. V.

But how can I answer, since first I must read thee?—PRIOR.

DESIROUS of authenticating our more important facts, by as many original documents as possible, we have, after much research, enabled ourselves to present the reader with the following accurate transcripts of the notes entrusted to the care of Trotting Nelly. The first ran thus:—

"Mr. Winterblossom [of Silverhed] has the commands of Lady Penelope Penfeather, Sir Bingo and Lady Binks, Mr. and Miss Mowbray [of St. Ronan's], and the rest of the company at the Hotel and Tontine Inn, of St. Ronan's Well, to express their hope that the gentleman lodged at the Cleikum Inn, Old Town of St. Ronan's, will favour them with his company at the Ordinary, as early and as often as may suit his convenience. The COMPANY think it necessary to send this intimation, because, according to the RULES of the

: Ordinary can only be attended by suc
ı ladies as lodge at St. Ronan's Well;
ıpy to make a distinction in favour of a ge
ınguished for success in the fine arts as l
residing at Cleikum. If Mr. —— —— sl
ned, upon becoming farther acquainted with t
NY and RULES of the place, to remove his r
the Well, Mr. Winterblossom, though he w
e understood to commit himself by a positive a
to that effect, is inclined to hope that an arra
might be made, notwithstanding the extreme c
the season, to accommodate Mr. —— ——
lodging-house, called Lilliput Hall. It will m
duce to facilitate this negotiation, if Mr. —— —
have the goodness to send an exact note of his
as Captain Rannletree seems disposed to re
folding-bed at Lilliput Hall, on account of his f
rather deficient in length. Mr. Winterblosso
farther to assure Mr. —— —— of the esteem i
he holds his genius, and of his high personal cc
tion.

"For —— ——, Esquire, Cleikur
Old Town of St. Ronan's.

"*The Public Rooms, Hotel, and Tontine,*
St. Ronan's Well, etc. etc. etc."

The above card was written (we love to be p
matters concerning orthography) in a neat, roun
like hand, which, like Mr. Winterblossom's cl
in many particulars was most accurate and c
place, though betraying an affectation both o
and of *facility.*

The next billet was a contrast to the diplom
and accuracy of Mr. Winterblossom's offici
cation, and ran thus, the young divine's as

and classical flowers of eloquence being mingled with some wild flowers from the teeming fancy of Lady Penelope.

"A choir of Dryads and Naiads, assembled at the healing spring of St. Ronan's, have learned with surprise that a youth, gifted by Apollo, when the Deity was prodigal, with two of his most esteemed endowments, wanders at will among their domains, frequenting grove and river, without once dreaming of paying homage to its tutelary deities. He is, therefore, summoned to their presence, and prompt obedience will ensure him forgiveness; but in case of contumacy, let him beware how he again essays either the lyre or the pallet.

"*Postscript.* The adorable Penelope, long enrolled among the Goddesses for her beauty and virtues, gives Nectar and Ambrosia, which mortals call tea and cake, at the Public Rooms, near the Sacred Spring, on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, when the Muses never fail to attend. The stranger's presence is requested to participate in the delights of the evening.

"*Second Postscript.* A shepherd, ambitiously aiming at more accommodation than his narrow cot affords, leaves it in a day or two.

Assuredly the thing is to be hired.—As You Like It.

"*Postscript third.* Our Iris, whom mortals know as Trotting Nelly in her tartan cloak, will bring us the stranger's answer to our celestial summons."

This letter was written in a delicate Italian hand, garnished with fine hair-strokes and dashes, which were sometimes so dexterously thrown off as to represent lyres, pallets, vases, and other appropriate decorations, suited to the tenor of the contents.

The third epistle was a complete contrast to the other

"SUR—Jack Moobray has betted with m
samon you killed on Saturday last weyd n
pounds,—I say nyer sixteen.—So you being a
'tis refer'd.—So hope you will come or send
not doubt you will be on honour. The bet
of claret, to be drank at the hotel by our o
Monday next; and we beg you will make
Moobray hopes you will come down.—Bein
most humbel servant,—Bingo Binks Baron
Block-hall.

"*Postscript.* Have sent some loops of I
also some black hakkels of my groom's dres
they will prove killing, as suiting river and se

No answer was received to any of these inv
more than three days; which, while it sec
added to than diminished the curiosity of t
concerning the Unknown, occasioned muc

parson and his short black coat and raven-grey pantaloons—were not either actually polygraphic copies of the same individuals, or possessed of a celerity of motion resembling omnipresence and ubiquity; for nowhere could he go without meeting them, and that oftener than once a-day, in the course of his walks. Sometimes the presence of the sweet Lycoris was intimated by the sweet prattle in an adjacent shade; sometimes, when Tyrrel thought himself most solitary, the parson's flute was heard snoring forth Gramachree Molly; and if he betook himself to the river, he was pretty sure to find his sport watched by Sir Bingo or some of his friends.

The efforts which Tyrrel made to escape from this persecution, and the impatience of it which his manner indicated, procured him among the Wellers the name of the *Misanthrope;* and once distinguished as an object of curiosity, he was the person most attended to, who could at the Ordinary of the day give the most accurate account of where the Misanthrope had been, and how occupied in the course of the morning. And so far was Tyrrel's shyness from diminishing the desire of the Wellers for his society, that the latter feeling increased with the difficulty of gratification,—as the angler feels the most peculiar interest when throwing his fly for the most cunning and considerate trout in the pool.

In short, such was the interest which the excited imaginations of the company took in the Misanthrope, that, notwithstanding the unamiable qualities which the word expresses, there was only one of the society who did not desire to see the specimen at their rooms, for the purpose of examining him closely and at leisure; *and the ladies* were particularly desirous to inquire *whether he was actually a* Misanthrope? Whether he *had been always a Misanthrope?* What had induced *him to become a Misanthrope?* And whether there

no means of inducing him to cease to be a Misan-
pe?

One individual only, as we have said, neither desired
see nor hear more of the supposed Timon of Cleikum,
d that was Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's. Through
e medium of that venerable character John Pirner,
ofessed weaver and practical black-fisher in the Aul-
un of St. Ronan's, who usually attended Tyrrel, to
show him the casts of the river, carry his bag, and so
forth, the Squire had ascertained that the judgment of
Sir Bingo regarding the disputed weight of the fish was
more correct than his own. This inferred an immediate
loss of honour, besides the payment of a heavy bill.
And the consequences might be yet more serious; no-
thing short of the emancipation of Sir Bingo, who
had hitherto been Mowbray's convenient shadow and
adherent, but who, if triumphant, confiding in his supe-
riority of judgment upon so important a point, might
either cut him altogether, or expect that, in future, the
Squire, who had long seemed the planet of their set,
should be content to roll around himself, Sir Bingo, in
the capacity of a satellite.

The Squire, therefore, devoutly hoped that Tyrrel's
restive disposition might continue, to prevent the deci-
sion of the bet, while, at the same time, he nourished a
very reasonable degree of dislike to that stranger, who
had been the indirect occasion of the unpleasant predica-
ment in which he found himself, by not catching a salmon
weighing a pound heavier. He, therefore, openly cen-
sured the meanness of those who proposed taking farther
notice of Tyrrel, and referred to the unanswered letters,
as a piece of impertinence which announced him to be no
gentleman.

But though appearances were against him, and thou
he was in truth naturally inclined to solitude, and ave
to the affectation and bustle of such a society, that

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of Tyrrel's behaviour which indicated ill-breeding was easily accounted for, by his never having received the letters which required an answer. Trotting Nelly, whether unwilling to face her gossip, Meg Dods, without bringing back the drawing, or whether oblivious through the influence of the double dram with which she had been indulged at the Well, jumbled off with her cart to her beloved village of Scate-raw, from which she transmitted the letters by the first bare-legged gillie who travelled towards Aultoun of St. Ronan's; so that at last, but after a long delay, they reached the Cleikum Inn and the hands of Mr. Tyrrel.

The arrival of these documents explained some part of the oddity of behaviour which had surprised him in his neighbours of the Well; and as he saw they had got somehow an idea of his being a lion extraordinary, and was sensible that such is a character equally ridiculous, and difficult to support, he hastened to write to Mr. Winterblossom a card in the style of ordinary mortals. In this he stated the delay occasioned by miscarriage [illegible] and his regret on that account; expressed [illegible] with the company at the Well on

the fish. Armed with
—triumphed in his judg
rticulately than ever he
us sounds, that this Tyn
r, and he trusted to be bett
e the crest-fallen Squire, priv
all his gods, had no mode of
at by allowing his loss, and fi
he bet.

In the public rooms the c
microscopically the response
Winterblossom, straining their
the most ordinary expressions
meaning, expressive of someth
meant to meet the eye. Mr.
dwelt on the word *circumstan*
peculiar emphasis.

"Ah, poor lad!" he concl
cheaper at Meg Dorts's chimney
with the present company."

Doctor Quackleben, in the
selecting a word from his text
ticularly insisted upon, repeate
words, "*State of health?*—un
Nothing acute—no one has
chronic—tending to gout, perh
society—light wild eye—irregu
met suddenly by a stranger, a
angrily away—Pray, Mr. Winte
order to look over the file c
troublesome that restriction abo

"You know it is a necessary
president; "because so few of
any thing else, that the old new
worn to pieces long since."

"*Well, well*, let me hav

Doctor; "I remember something of a gentleman run away from his friends—I must look at the description. —I believe I have a strait-jacket somewhere about the Dispensary."

While this suggestion appalled the male part of the company, who did not much relish the approaching dinner in company with a gentleman whose situation seemed so precarious, some of the younger Misses whispered to each other—"Ah, poor fellow!—and if it be as the Doctor supposes, my lady, who knows what the cause of his illness may have been?—His *spirits* he complains of—ah, poor man!"

And thus by the ingenious commentaries of the company at the Well, on as plain a note as ever covered the eighth part of a sheet of foolscap, the writer was deprived of his property, his reason, and his heart, "all or either or one or other of them," as is briefly and distinctly expressed in the law phrase.

In short, so much was said *pro* and *con*, so many ideas started and theories maintained, concerning the disposition and character of the Misanthrope, that, when the company assembled at the usual time, before proceeding to dinner, they doubted, as it seemed, whether the expected addition to their society was to enter the room on his hands or his feet; and when "Mr. Tyrrel" was announced by Toby, at the top of his voice, the gentleman who entered the room had so very little to distinguish him from others, that there was a momentary disappointment. The ladies, in particular, began to doubt whether the compound of talent, misanthropy, madness, and mental sensibility, which they had pictured to themselves, actually was the same with the genteel, and even *fashionable-looking man* whom they saw before them; *who, though in a morning* dress, which the distance *of his residence and the* freedom of the place made excusable, had, even in the minute points of his exterior,

none of the negligence, or wildness, which might be supposed to attach to the vestments of a misanthropic recluse, whether sane or insane. As he paid his compliments round the circle, the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of those he spoke to; and they saw with surprise that the exaggerations had existed entirely in their own preconceptions, and that, whatever the fortunes or rank in life of Mr. Tyrrel might be, his manners, without being showy, were gentleman-like and pleasing. He returned his thanks to Mr. Winterblossom in a manner which made that gentleman recall his best breeding to answer the stranger's address in kind. He then escaped from the awkwardness of remaining the sole object of attention, by gliding gradually among the company,—not like an owl, which seeks to hide itself in a thicket, or an awkward and retired man, shrinking from the society into which he is compelled, but with the air of one who could maintain with ease his part in a higher circle. His address to Lady Penelope was adapted to the romantic tone of Mr. Chatterly's epistle, to which it was necessary o allude. He was afraid, he said, he must complain to uno of the neglect of Iris, for her irregularity in delivery a certain ethereal command, which he had not dared answer otherwise than by mute obedience—unless, leed, as the import of the letter seemed to infer, the itation was designed for some more gifted individual 1 he to whom chance had assigned it.

ady Penelope by her lips, and many of the young s with their eyes, assured him there was no mistake matter; that he was really the gifted person whom ymphs had summoned to their presence, and that ere well acquainted with his talents as a poet and a r. Tyrrel disclaimed, with earnestness and gravity, *ige of* poetry, and professed, that, far from at- *the* art itself, he "read with reluctance all but ictions of the very first-rate poets, and some of

these—he was almost afraid to say—he should have liked better in humble prose."

"You have now only to disown your skill as an artist," said Lady Penelope, "and we must consider Mr. Tyrrel as the falsest and most deceitful of his sex, who has a mind to deprive us of the opportunity of benefiting by the productions of his unparalleled endowments. I assure you I shall put my young friends on their guard. Such dissimulation cannot be without its object."

"And I," said Mr. Winterblossom, "can produce a piece of real evidence against the culprit."

So saying, he unrolled the sketch which he had filched from Trotting Nelly, and which he had pared and pasted (arts in which he was eminent), so as to take out its creases, repair its breaches, and vamp it as well as my old friend Mrs. Weir could have repaired the damages of time on a folio Shakespeare.

"The vara *corpus delicti*," said the writer, grinning and rubbing his hands.

"If you are so good as to call such scratches drawings," said Tyrrel, "I must stand so far confessed. I used to do them for my own amusement; but since my landlady, Mrs. Dods, has of late discovered that I gain my livelihood by them, why should I disown it?"

This avowal, made without the least appearance either of shame or *retenue*, seemed to have a striking effect on the whole society. The president's trembling hand stole the sketch back to the portfolio, afraid doubtless it might be claimed in form, or else compensation expected by artist. Lady Penelope was disconcerted, like an awk horse when it changes the leading foot in gallopin had to recede from the respectful and easy for *which he had contrived* to place himself, to *might express patronage* on her own part *dence on Tyrrel's*; and this could not t *moment.*

ıe Man ‹
ıtances—]
· Bingo ν
-blown u]
ıs been !'
A raff fro:
ıever thou
I'll hold
"
Done, fo
ıtes," sai
: has a d–
is."
Done," s
. before,
e caution
ve, and V
I have n
ıue on M
See it be
on't be
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Not till t
dy break
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Bingie, f
t the tattl
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huffle, h
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Had—h
:h his th
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Confoun
i7

get out of leading strings, if he goes on at this rate ; and doubly confounded be this cursed tramper, who, the Lord knows why, has come hither from the Lord knows where, to drive the pigs through my game."

In the meantime, while his friend stood with his stop-watch in his hand, with a visage lengthened under the influence of these reflections, Sir Bingo, with an instinctive tact, which self-preservation seemed to dictate to a brain neither the most delicate nor subtle in the world, premised his inquiry by some general remarks on fishing and field-sports. With all these he found Tyrrel more than passably acquainted. Of fishing and shooting, particularly, he spoke with something like enthusiasm ; so that Sir Bingo began to hold him in considerable respect, and to assure himself that he could not be, or at least could not originally have been bred, the itinerant artist which he now gave himself out—and this, with the fast lapse of the time, induced him thus to address Tyrrel.—"I say, Mr. Tyrrel—why, you have been one of us—I say"——

"If you mean a sportsman, Sir Bingo—I have been, and am a pretty keen one still," replied Tyrrel.

"Why, then, you did not always do them sort of things?"

"What sort of things do you mean, Sir Bingo?" said Tyrrel. "I have not the pleasure of understanding you."

"Why, I mean them sketches," said Sir Bingo. "I'll give you a handsome order for them, if you will tell me. I will, on my honour."

"Does it concern you particularly, Sir Bingo, to know anything of my affairs?" said Tyrrel.

"*No — certainly — not* immediately," answered Sir *Bingo, with some hesitation,* for he liked not the *tone in which Tyrrel's answers* were returned half so *as a bumper of dry sherry* ; "only I said you wer

bent his brows, and looked first at Mr
n at the Baronet, and, after a moment's th
i the latter.—"Sir Bingo Binks, you
n of elegant inquiry and acute judgr
perfectly right—I was *not* bred to the pro
iist, nor did I practise it formerly, wha
iow ; and so that question is answered."
Jack is diddled," said the Baronet, smil
triumph, and turning towards the Squi
holder with a smile of exultation.
a single moment, Sir Bingo," said '
ie word with you. I have a great resp
is part of an Englishman's charter to
thinks fit, and to prosecute his inquiri
d ditch, as if he were steeple-hunting.
tisfied you on the subject of two bets,
compliance with the custom of the co
fore I request, Sir Bingo, you will not ma
airs the subject of any more wagers."



CHAP. VI.

And, sir, if these accounts be true,
The Dutch have mighty things in view;
The Austrians—I admire French beans,
Dear ma'am, above all other greens.
* * * * *
And all as lively and as brisk
As—Ma'am, d'ye choose a game at whisk?

TABLE TALK.

WHEN they were about to leave the room, Lady Penelope assumed Tyrrel's arm with a sweet smile of condescension, meant to make the honoured party understand in its full extent the favour conferred. But the unreasonable artist, far from intimating the least confusion at an attention so little to be expected, seemed to consider the distinction as one which was naturally paid to the greatest stranger present; and when he placed Lady Penelope at the head of the table, by Mr. Winterblossom the president, and took a chair for himself betwixt her ladyship and Lady Binks, the provoking wretch appeared no more sensible of being exalted above his proper rank in society, than if he had been sitting at the bottom of the table by honest Mrs. Blower from the Bow-head, who had come to the Well to carry off the dregs of the *Influenzie*, which she scorned to term a surfeit.

Now this indifference puzzled Lady Penelope's game extremely, and irritated her desire to get at the bottom of Tyrrel's mystery, if there was one, and secure him to her own party. If you were ever at a watering-place, reader, you know that while the guests do not always pay the most polite attention to unmarked individuals, the appearance of a stray lion makes an interest as strong as it is reasonable, and the Amazonian chiefs of each coterie, like the hunters of Buenos Ayres, prepare their



.d manœuvre to the best adv
/ping to noose the unsuspicious
aptive to her own menagerie.
.g Lady Penelope Penfeather wil
.tised this sport with even more tha
>he was the daughter of an earl, p
rson, and features which might be c
outh, though now rather too much *p*
the term proper. The nose was bec
cheeks had lost the roundness of youtl
fifteen years that she had reigned a b
toast, the right man had not spoken
not spoken at the right time, her ladys
sufficiently independent by the inherita
tion, spoke in praise of friendship, be
town in summer, and to "babble of gr

About the time that Lady Penelope
the tenor of her life, she was fortunate
Quackleben's assistant, to find out t
Ronan's spring ; and, having contrib
establish the *Urbs in rure*, which h
she sat herself down as leader of th
little province which she had in a gr
discovered and colonised. She was,
desirous to compel homage and trib
should approach the territory.

In other respects, Lady Penelope p
bled the numerous class she belong
at bottom a well-principled woman,
less to let her principles control her
not scrupulously nice in her society.
natured, but capricious and whims
enough to be kind or generous if
her humour, nor cost her much tr
chaperoned a young friend anywh
world for subscription tickets : but

self how much her giddy charge flirted, or with whom; so that, with a numerous class of Misses, her ladyship was the most delightful creature in the world. Then Lady Penelope had lived so much in society, knew so exactly when to speak, and how to escape from an embarrassing discussion by professing ignorance while she looked intelligence, that she was not generally discovered to be a fool, unless when she set up for being remarkably clever. This happened more frequently of late, when, perhaps, as she could not but observe that the repairs of the toilette became more necessary, she might suppose that new lights, according to the poet, were streaming on her mind through the chinks that Time was making. Many of her friends, however, thought that Lady Penelope would have better consulted her genius by remaining in mediocrity, as a fashionable and well-bred woman, than by parading her new-founded pretensions to taste and patronage; but such was not her own opinion, and, doubtless, her ladyship was the best judge.

On the other side of Tyrrel sat Lady Binks, lately the beautiful Miss Bonnyrigg, who, during the last season, had made the company at the Well alternately admire, smile, and stare, by dancing the highest Highland fling, riding the wildest pony, laughing the loudest laugh at the broadest joke, and wearing the briefest petticoat of any nymph of St. Ronan's. Few knew that this wild, hoydenish, half-mad humour was only superinduced over her real character, for the purpose of—getting well married. She had fixed her eyes on Sir Bingo, and was aware of his maxim, that to catch him, "a girl must be," in his own phrase, "bang up to everything;" and that he would choose a wife for the neck-or-nothing qualities which recommend a good hunter. She made out h catch-match, and she was miserable. Her wild goo humour was entirely an assumed part of her charact

was passionate, ambitious, and thoughtful. Delilike had none—she knew Sir Bingo was a brute and ll, even while she was hunting him down; but she l so far mistaken her own feelings, as not to have pected that when she became bone of his bone, she hould feel so much shame and anger when she saw his folly expose him to be laughed at and plundered, or so disgusted when his brutality became intimately connected with herself. It is true, he was, on the whole, rather an innocent monster; and between bitting and bridling, coaxing and humouring, might have been made to pad on well enough. But an unhappy boggling which had taken place previous to the declaration of their private marriage, had so exasperated her spirits against her helpmate, that modes of conciliation were the last she was likely to adopt. Not only had the assistance of the Scottish Themis, so propitiously indulgent to the foibles of the fair, been resorted to on the occasion, but even Mars seemed ready to enter upon the tapis, if Hymen had not intervened. There was, *de par le monde*, a certain brother of the lady—an officer—and, as it happened, on leave of absence—who alighted from a hack-chaise at the Fox Hotel at eleven o'clock at night, holding in his hand a slip of well-dried oak, accompanied by another gentleman, who, like himself, wore a military travelling-cap and a black stock; out of the said chaise, as was reported by the trusty Toby, were handed a small reise-sac, an Andrea Ferrara, and a neat mahogany box, eighteen inches long, three deep, and some six broad. Next morning a solemn *palaver* (as the natives of Madagascar call their national convention) was held at an unusual hour, at which Captain MacTurk and Mr. Mowbray *assisted*; and the upshot was, that at breakfast *the company* were made happy by the information, that ir Bingo had been for some weeks the happy bridoom of their general favourite; which union, conceal

for family reasons, he was now at liberty to acknowledge, and to fly with the wings of love to bring his sorrowing turtle from the shades to which she had retired till the obstacles to their mutual happiness could be removed. Now, though all this sounded very smoothly, that galless turtle, Lady Binks, could never think of the tenor of the proceedings without the deepest feelings of resentment and contempt for the principal actor, Sir Bingo.

Besides all these unpleasant circumstances, Sir Bingo's family had refused to countenance her wish that he should bring her to his own seat; and hence a new shock to her pride, and new matter of contempt against poor Sir Bingo, for being ashamed and afraid to face down the opposition of his kinsfolk, for whose displeasure, though never attending to any good advice from them, he retained a childish awe.

The manners of the young lady were no less changed than was her temper; and, from being much too careless and free, were become reserved, sullen, and haughty. A consciousness that many scrupled to hold intercourse with her in society, rendered her disagreeably tenacious of her rank, and jealous of everything that appeared like neglect. She had constituted herself mistress of Sir Bingo's purse; and, unrestrained in the expenses of dress and equipage, chose, contrary to her maiden practice, to be rather rich and splendid than gay, and to command that attention by magnificence, which she no longer deigned to solicit by rendering herself either agreeable or entertaining. One secret source of her misery was, the necessity of showing deference to Lady Penelope Penfeather, whose understanding she despised, and whose pretensions to consequence, to patronage, and to literature, she had acuteness enough to see through, and to contemn; and this dislike was the more grie that she felt she depended a good deal on Lady lope's countenance for the situation she was al

even among the not very select society of St. Well; and that, neglected by her, she must ropped lower in the scale even there. Neither ady Penelope's kindness to Lady Binks extremely al. She partook in the ancient and ordinary dis- of single nymphs of a certain age, to those who make endid alliances under their very eye—and she more an suspected the secret disaffection of the lady. But he name sounded well; and the style in which Lady Binks lived was a credit to the place. So they satisfied their mutual dislike with saying a few sharp things to each other occasionally, but all under the mask of civility.

Such was Lady Binks; and yet, being such, her dress, and her equipage, and carriages, were the envy of half the Misses at the Well, who, while she sat disfiguring with sullenness her very lovely face (for it was as beautiful as her shape was exquisite), only thought she was proud of having carried her point, and felt herself, with her large fortune and diamond bandeau, no fit company for the rest of the party. They gave way, therefore, with meekness to her domineering temper, though it was not the less tyrannical, that in her maiden state of hoyden-hood, she had been to some of them an object of slight and of censure; and Lady Binks had not forgotten the offences offered to Miss Bonnyrigg. But the fair sister-hood submitted to her retaliations, as lieutenants endure the bullying of a rude and boisterous captain of the sea, with the secret determination to pay it home to their underlings when they shall become captains themselves.

In this state of importance, yet of penance, Lady Binks occupied her place at the dinner-table, alternately disconcerted by some stupid speech of her lord and master, and by some slight sarcasm from Lady Penelope to which she longed to reply, but dared not. She looked from time to time at her neighbour, F

Tyrrel, but without addressing him, and accepted in silence the usual civilities which he proffered to her. She had remarked keenly his interview with Sir Bingo, and knowing by experience the manner in which her honoured lord was wont to retreat from a dispute in which he was unsuccessful, as well as his genius for getting into such perplexities, she had little doubt that he had sustained from the stranger some new indignity; whom, therefore, she regarded with a mixture of feeling, scarce knowing whether to be pleased with him for having given pain to him whom she hated, or angry with him for having affronted one in whose degradation her own was necessarily involved. There might be other thoughts —on the whole, she regarded him with much though with mute attention. He paid her but little in return, being almost entirely occupied in replying to the questions of the engrossing Lady Penelope Penfeather.

Receiving polite though rather evasive answers to her inquiries concerning his late avocations, her ladyship could only learn that Tyrrel had been travelling in several remote parts of Europe, and even of Asia. Baffled, but not repulsed, the lady continued her courtesy, by pointing out to him, as a stranger, several individuals of the company to whom she proposed introducing him, as persons from whose society he might derive either profit or amusement. In the midst of this sort of conversation, however, she suddenly stopped short.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "if I say I have been watching your thoughts for some moments, and that I have detected you? All the while that I have been talking of these good folks, and that you have been making such civil replies, that they might be with great propriety and utility inserted in the 'Familiar Dialogues, teaching foreigners how to express themselves in *English upon ordinary* occasions'—your mind has be

fixed upon that empty chair, which hath remained opposite betwixt our worthy president and Sir ... Banks."

I own, madam," he answered, "I was a little surprised at seeing such a distinguished seat unoccupied, while the table is rather crowded."

"Oh, confess more, sir!—Confess that to a poet a seat unoccupied—the chair of Banquo—has more charms than if it were filled even as an alderman would fill it.—What if 'the Dark Ladye'* should glide in and occupy it?"—Would you have courage to stand the vision, Mr. Tyrrel?—I assure you the thing is not impossible."

"*What* is not impossible, Lady Penelope?" said Tyrrel, somewhat surprised.

"Startled already?—Nay, then, I despair of your enduring the awful interview."

"What interview? who is expected?" said Tyrrel, unable with the utmost exertion to suppress some signs of curiosity, though he suspected the whole to be merely some mystification of her ladyship.

"How delighted I am," she said, "that I have found out where you are vulnerable!—Expected—did I say expected?—no, not expected.

> She glides, like Night, from land to land,
> She hath strange power of speech.

—But come, I have you at my mercy, and I will be generous and explain.—We call—that is, among ourselves, you understand—Miss Clara Mowbray, the sister of that gentleman that sits next to Miss Parker, the Dark Ladye, and that seat is left for her.—For she was expected—no, not expected—I forget again!—but it was thought *possible* she might honour us to-day, when our feast was so full and piquant.—Her brother is our Lord *of the Manor*—and so they pay her that sort of



civility to regard her as a visitor—and neither Lady Binks nor I think of objecting—She is a singular young person, Clara Mowbray—she amuses me very much—I am always rather glad to see her."

"She is not to come hither to-day," said Tyrrel; "am I so to understand your Ladyship?"

"Why, it is past her time—even *her* time," said Lady Penelope—"dinner was kept back half-an-hour, and our poor invalids were famishing, as you may see by the deeds they have done since.—But Clara is an odd creature, and if she took into her head to come hither at this moment, hither she would come—she is very whimsical.—Many people think her handsome—but she looks so like something from another world, that she makes me always think of Mat Lewis's Spectre Lady."

And she repeated with much cadence,

> "There is a thing—there is a thing,
> I fain would have from thee;
> I fain would have that gay gold ring,
> O warrior, give it me!

And then you remember his answer :—

> This ring Lord Brooke from his daughter took,
> And a solemn oath he swore,
> That that ladye my bride should be
> When this crusade was o'er.

You do figures as well as landscapes, I suppose, Mr. Tyrrel?—You shall make a sketch for me—a slight thing—for sketches, I think, show the freedom of art better than finished pieces—I dote on the first coruscations of genius—flashing like lightning from the cloud!—You shall make a sketch for my own boudoir—my dear sulky den at Air Castle, and Clara Mowbray shall sit for the *Ghost Ladye.*"

"*That would be but a poor compliment to your ladyship's friend,*" replied Tyrrel.



nd? We don't get quite that length, thoug
.ra very well.—Quite sentimental cast of face.
. saw an antique in the Louvre very like her—(I
in 1800)—quite an antique countenance—eyes so
ʃ hollowed—care has dug caves for them, but t
caves of the most beautiful marble arched with jet
aight nose, and absolutely the Grecian mouth and c
-a profusion of long straight black hair, with the whi
ikin you ever saw—as white as the whitest parchmer
and not a shade of colour in her cheek—none what
—If she would be naughty, and borrow a prudent to
of complexion, she might be called beautiful. Even s
is, many think her so, although surely, Mr. Tyrrel, tl
colours are necessary to the female face. However,
used to call her the Melpomene of the Spring last sea
as we called Lady Binks—who was not then Lady Bi
—our Euphrosyne—Did we not, my dear?"

"Did we not what, madam?" said Lady Binks, i
tone something sharper than ought to have belonge
so beautiful a countenance.

"I am sorry I have started you out of your reverie,
love," answered Lady Penelope. "I was only assu
Mr. Tyrrel that you were once Euphrosyne, though
so much under the banners of Il Penseroso."

"I do not know that I have been either one or
other,"—answered Lady Binks; "one thing I certa
am not—I am not capable of understanding your l
ship's wit and learning."

"Poor soul," whispered Lady Penelope to Tyr
"we know what we are, we know not what we may
—And now, Mr. Tyrrel, I have been your sibyl to g
you through this Elysium of ours, I think, in rewa
deserve *a little confidence* in return."

"*If I had any* to bestow, which could be
lightest degree interesting to your ladyship,"
yrrel.

"Oh! cruel man—he will not understand me!" exclaimed the lady—"In plain words, then, a peep into your portfolio—just to see what objects you have rescued from natural decay, and rendered immortal by the pencil. You do not know—indeed, Mr. Tyrrel, you do not know how I dote upon your 'serenely silent art,' second to poetry alone—equal—superior perhaps—to music."

"I really have little that could possibly be worth the attention of such a judge as your ladyship," answered Tyrrel; "such trifles as your ladyship has seen I sometimes leave at the foot of the tree I have been sketching."

"As Orlando left his verses in the Forest of Ardennes?—Oh, the thoughtless prodigality!—Mr. Winterblossom, do you hear this? We must follow Mr. Tyrrel in his walks, and glean what he leaves behind him."

Her ladyship was here disconcerted by some laughter on Sir Bingo's side of the table, which she chastised by an angry glance, and then proceeded emphatically.

"Mr. Tyrrel, this must *not* be—this is not the way of the world, my good sir, to which even Genius must stoop its flight. We must consult the engraver—though perhaps you etch as well as you draw?"

"I should suppose so," said Mr. Winterblossom, edging in a word with difficulty, "from the freedom of Mr. Tyrrel's touch."

"I will not deny my having spoiled a little copper now and then," said Tyrrel, "since I am charged with the crime by such good judges; but it has only been by way of experiment."

"Say no more," said the lady; "my darling wish is accomplished!—We have long desired to have the remarkable and most romantic spots of our little Arcadia here—spots consecrated to friendship, the fine arts, the loves and the graces, immortalised by the graver's art, *faithful to its charge of fame*—you shall labour on this

. Tyrrel ; we will all assist with notes and
—we will all contribute—only some of us mu
ed to remain anonymous—Fairy favours, you k
Tyrrel, must be kept secret—And you sha
d the pillage of the album—some sweet things
Chatterly's—and Mr. Edgeit, a gentleman of
rofession, I am sure will lend his aid—Dr. Q
will contribute some scientific notices.—An
iption "——
nancial—financial—your leddyship, I spea
!" said the writer, interrupting Lady Penelope
of impudent familiarity, which was meant d
r jocular ease.
ow am I out of order, Mr. Meiklewham?" sai
ip, drawing herself up.
speak to order!—No warrants for money c
ted before intimation to the Committee of Ma

ray who mentioned money, Mr. Meiklewh
ier ladyship.—"That wretched old pettifog
lded in a whisper to Tyrrel, "thinks of nothin
e filthy pelf."
e spake of subscription, my leddy, whilk is the
as money, differing only in respect of time
iption being a contract *de futuro*, and hav
s temporis in gremio—And I have kend
: folks in the company at the Well compla
bscriptions as a great abuse, as obliging them
k unlike other folk, or to gie good lawful co
ts and picture-books, and things they care
of snuff for."
eral of the company, at the lower end of the
ed both by nods and murmurs of approba
ie orator was about to proceed, when Tyrrel
lty procured a hearing before the debate
r, and assured the company that her lad

goodness had led her into an error; that he had no work in hand worthy of their patronage, and, with the deepest gratitude for Lady Penelope's goodness, had it not in his power to comply with her request. There was some tittering at her ladyship's expense, who, as the writer slyly observed, had been something *ultronious* in her patronage. Without attempting for the moment any rally (as indeed the time which had passed since the removal of the dinner scarce permitted an opportunity), Lady Penelope gave the signal for the ladies' retreat, and left the gentlemen to the circulation of the bottle.

CHAP. VII.

——— *While the cups,*
Which cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each.—COWPER.

IT was common at the Well for the fair guests occasionally to give tea to the company,—such at least as, from their rank and leading in the little society, might be esteemed fit to constitute themselves patronesses of an evening; and the same lady generally carried the authority she had acquired into the ball-room, where two fiddles and a bass, at a guinea a night, with a *quantum sufficit* of tallow-candles (against the use of which Lady Penelope often mutinied), enabled the company—to use the appropriate phrase—"to close the evening on the light fantastic toe."

On the present occasion the lion of the hour, Mr. Francis Tyrrel, had so little answered the high-wrought expectations of Lady Penelope, that she rather regretted having ever given herself any trouble about him, and particularly that of having manœuvred herself into patronage of the tea-table for the evening, to the g expenditure of souchong and congo. Accordingly,

p had no sooner summoned her own woman, and *le de chambre*, to make tea, with her page, foot- and postilion, to hand it about (in which duty they : assisted by two richly laced and thickly powdered men of Lady Binks's, whose liveries put to shame e more modest garb of Lady Penelope's, and even immed the glory of the suppressed coronet upon the buttons), than she began to vilipend and depreciate what had been so long the object of her curiosity.

"This Mr. Tyrrel," she said, in a tone of authoritative decision, "seems after all a very ordinary sort of person —quite a commonplace man, who, she dared say, had considered his condition, in going to the old ale-house, much better than they had done for him, when they asked him to the Public Rooms. He had known his own place better than they did—there was nothing uncommon in his appearance or conversation—nothing at all *frappant*—she scarce believed he could even draw that sketch. Mr. Winterblossom, indeed, made a great deal of it; but then all the world knew that every scrap of engraving or drawing, which Mr. Winterblossom contrived to make his own, was, the instant it came into his collection, the finest thing that ever was seen—that was the way with collectors—their geese were all swans."

"And your Ladyship's swan has proved but a goose, my dearest Lady Pen," said Lady Binks.

"*My* swan, dearest Lady Binks! I really do not know how I have deserved the appropriation."

"Do not be angry, my dear Lady Penelope; I only mean, that for a fortnight and more you have spoken constantly *of* this Mr. Tyrrel, and all dinner-time you *spoke to him.*"

The fair company began to collect around, at hearin *the word dear* so often repeated in the same brief dialog *which induced* them to expect sport, and like the w



on a similar occasion, to form a ring for the expected combatants.

"He sat betwixt us, Lady Binks," answered Lady Penelope, with dignity. "You had your usual headache, you know, and for the credit of the company, I spoke for one."

"For *two*, if your Ladyship pleases," replied Lady Binks. "I mean," she added, softening the expression, "for yourself and me."

"I am sorry," said Lady Penelope, "I should have spoken for one who can speak so smartly for herself, as my dear Lady Binks—I did not by any means desire to engross the conversation—I repeat it, there is a mistake about this man."

"I think there is," said Lady Binks, in a tone which implied something more than mere assent to Lady Penelope's proposition.

"I doubt if he is an artist at all," said the Lady Penelope; "or if he is, he must be doing things for some Magazine, or Encyclopædia, or some such matter."

"*I* doubt, too, if he be a professional artist," said Lady Binks. "If so, he is of the very highest class, for I have seldom seen a better-bred man."

"There are very well-bred artists," said Lady Penelope. "It is the profession of a gentleman."

"Certainly," answered Lady Binks; "but the poorer class have often to struggle with poverty and dependence. In general society they are like commercial people in presence of their customers; and that is a difficult part to sustain. And so you see them of all sorts—shy and reserved, when they are conscious of merit—petulant and whimsical, by way of showing their independence—intrusive, in order to appear easy—and sometimes obsequious and fawning, when they chance to be of a mean spirit. But you seldom see them quite at their ease, and therefore I hold this Mr. Tyrrel to be



a artist of the first class, raised completely
essity and degradation of patronage, or els
ofessional artist at all."

dy Penelope looked at Lady Binks with muc
gard as Balaam may have cast upon his ass
discovered the animal's capacity for holding a
ent with him. She muttered to herself—

"Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien!"

ut declining the altercation which Lady Binks s
isposed to enter into, she replied with good hu
Well, dearest Rachel, we will not pull caps abo
ian—nay, I think your good opinion of him giv
ew value in my eyes. That is always the way w
ıy good friend! We may confess it, when the
one of these conceited male wretches among us
ill know what he really is—he shall not wear fer
ıd walk among us invisible thus—what say you, M
"Indeed, I say, dear Lady Penelope," answere
igges, whose ready chatter we have already intro
the reader, "he is a very handsome man, thou
ose is too big, and his mouth too wide—but hi
e like pearl—and he has such eyes!—especially
our ladyship spoke to him. I don't think you
his eyes—they are quite deep and dark, and
ow, like what you read to us in the letter fro
dy, about Robert Burns."

"Upon my word, miss, you come on finely,
ady Penelope.—"One had need take care wh
ad or talk about before you, I see—Come, Jones
ercy upon us—put an end to that symphony of ti
ips and saucers, and let the first act of the te
gin, if you please."

"Does her leddyship mean the grace?" said
Irs. Blower, for the first time admitted into th
ipful society, and busily employed in arran



Indian handkerchief, that might have made a mainsail for one of her husband's smuggling luggers, which she spread carefully on her knee, to prevent damage to a flowered black silk gown from the repast of tea and cake, to which she proposed to do due honour,—"Does her leddyship mean the grace? I see the minister is just coming in.—Her leddyship waits till ye say a blessing, an ye please, sir."

Mr. Winterblossom, who *toddled* after the chaplain, his toe having given him an alert hint to quit the dining-table, though he saw every feature in the poor woman's face swollen with desire to procure information concerning the ways and customs of the place, passed on the other side of the way, regardless of her agony of curiosity.

A moment after, she was relieved by the entrance of Dr. Quackleben, whose maxim being that one patient was as well worth attention as another, and who knew by experience, that the *honoraria* of a godly wife of the Bow-head were as apt to be forthcoming (if not more so) as my Lady Penelope's, he e'en sat himself quietly down by Mrs. Blower, and proceeded with the utmost kindness to inquire after her health, and to hope she had not forgotten taking a table-spoonful of spirits burnt to a *residuum*, in order to qualify the crudities.

"Indeed, Doctor," said the honest woman, "I loot the brandy burn as lang as I dought look at the gude creature wasting itsell that gate—and then, when I was fain to put it out for very thrift, I did take a thimbleful of it (although it is not the thing I am used to, Dr. Quackleben), and I winna say but that it did me good."

"Unquestionably, madam," said the Doctor. "I *am no friend to the use of* alcohol in general, but there *are particular cases—there* are particular cases, Mrs. *Blower—My venerated instructor*, one of the greatest *men in our profession that ever* lived, took a wine-glass-

ld rum, mixed with sugar, every day afte

y? dear heart, he would be a comfortable d
' said Mrs. Blower. "He wad maybe ken s
g of my case. Is he leevin', think ye, sir?"

'Dead for many years, madam," said Dr. Q
ien; "and there are but few of his pupils that ca
is place, I assure ye. If I could be thought an e
on, it is only because I was a favourite. Ah! bles
n the old red cloak of him!—It covered more o
ealing science than the gowns of a whole modern
ersity."

"There is ane, sir," said Mrs. Blower, "that has
uckle recommended about Edinburgh—Macgreg
ink they ca' him—folk come far and near to see h

"I know whom you mean, ma'am—a clever man
enying it—a clever man—but there are certain ca
ours, for example—and I think that of many that
o drink this water—which I cannot say I think he
ectly understands—hasty—very hasty and rapid.
—I give the disease its own way at first—then wat
Mrs. Blower—watch the turn of the tide."

"Ay, troth, that's true," responded the widow; "
llower was aye watching turn of tide, puir man."

"Then he is a starving Doctor, Mrs. Blower—re
iseases as soldiers do towns—by famine, not cons
ig that the friendly inhabitants suffer as much a
ostile garrison—ahem!"

Here he gave an important and emphatic cough
hen proceeded.

"I am no friend either to excess or to violent s
is, Mrs. Blower—but nature must be suppor
enerous diet—cordials judiciously thrown in—n
it the advice of a medical man—that is my
rs. Blower, to speak as a friend—others n
ir patients if they have a mind."

"It wadna do for me, the starving, Dr. Keekerben," said the alarmed relict,—"it wadna do for me at a'—Just a' I can do to wear through the day with the sma' supports that nature requires—not a soul to look after me, Doctor, since John Blower was ta'en awa.—Thank ye, kindly, sir" (to the servant who handed the tea),—"thank ye, my bonny man"—(to the page who served the cake)—"Now, dinna ye think, Doctor" (in a low and confidential voice), "that her leddyship's tea is rather of the weakliest—water bewitched, I think—and Mrs. Jones, as they ca' her, has cut the seed-cake very thin?"

"It is the fashion, Mrs. Blower," answered Dr. Quackleben; "and her ladyship's tea is excellent. But your taste is a little chilled, which is not uncommon at the first use of the waters, so that you are not sensible of the flavour—we must support the system—reinforce the digestive powers—give me leave—you are a stranger, Mrs. Blower, and we must take care of you—I have an elixir which will put that matter to rights in a moment."

So saying, Dr. Quackleben pulled from his pocket a small portable case of medicines—"Catch me without my tools"—he said; "here I have the real useful pharmacopœia—the rest is all humbug and hard names—this little case, with a fortnight or month, spring and fall, at St. Ronan's Well, and no one will die till his day come."

Thus boasting, the Doctor drew from his case a large vial or small flask, full of a high-coloured liquid, of which he mixed three tea-spoonfuls in Mrs. Blower's cup, who immediately afterwards allowed that the flavour was improved beyond all belief, and that it was "vera comfortable and restorative indeed."

"*Will it not* do good to my complaints, Doctor?", *said Mr. Winterblossom, who had strolled towards them, and held out his* cup to the physician.

"*I by no means* recommend it, Mr. Winterblossom,"

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"A minister potentiary—ah, Doctor, I doubt that is some jest of yours," said the widow; "that's sae like puir John Blower. When I wad hae had him gie up the Lovely Peggy, ship and cargo (the vessel was named after me, Dr. Kittleben), to be remembered in the prayers o' the congregation, he wad say to me, 'They may pray that stand the risk, Peggy Bryce, for I've made insurance.' He was a merry man, Doctor; but he had the root of the matter in him, for a' his light way of speaking, as deep as ony skipper that ever loosed anchor from Leith Roads. I hae been a forsaken creature since his death—Oh the weary days and nights that I have had! —and the weight on the spirits—the spirits, Doctor!—though I canna say I hae been easier since I hae been at the Wall than even now—if I kend what I was awing you for elickstir, Doctor, for it's done me muckle heart's good, forby the opening of my mind to you?"

"Fie, fie, ma'am," said the Doctor, as the widow pulled out a sealskin pouch, such as sailors carry tobacco in, but apparently well stuffed with bank notes, —"Fie, fie, madam—I am no apothecary—I have my diploma from Leyden—a regular physician, madam,—the elixir is heartily at your service; and should you wan any advice, no man will be prouder to assist you tha your humble servant."

"I am sure I am muckle obliged to your kindnes Dr. Kickalpin," said the widow, folding up her pouch "this was puir John Blower's *spleuchan*, as they ca' it I e'en wear it for his sake. He was a kind man, a left me comfortable in warld's gudes; but comfc hae their cumbers,—to be a lone woman is a sair we Dr. Kittlepin."

Dr. Quackleben drew his chair a little nearer the widow, and entered into a closer communic with her, in a tone doubtless of more delicate co tion than was fit for the ears of the company at la

the chief delights of a watering-place is, that
e's affairs seem to be put under the special sur-
e of the whole company, so that, in all probability,
rious flirtations, *liaisons*, and so forth, which
ally take place in the society, are not only the sub-
of amusement to the parties engaged, but also to
lookers on ; that is to say, generally speaking, to the
ole community, of which for the time the said parties
re members. Lady Penelope, the presiding goddess of the region, watchful over all her circle, was not long of observing that the Doctor seemed to be suddenly engaged in close communication with the widow, and that he had even ventured to take hold of her fair plump hand, with a manner which partook at once of the gallant suitor, and of the medical adviser.

"For the love of Heaven," said her ladyship, "who can that comely dame be, on whom our excellent and learned Doctor looks with such uncommon regard?"

"Fat, fair, and forty," said Mr. Winterblossom ; "that is all I know of her—a mercantile person."

"A carrack, Sir President," said the chaplain, "richly laden with colonial produce, by name the Lovely Peggy Bryce—no master—the late John Blower of North Leith having pushed off his boat for the Stygian Creek, and left the vessel without a hand on board."

"The Doctor," said Lady Penelope, turning her glass towards them, "seems willing to play the part of pilot."

"I daresay he will be willing to change her name and register," said Mr. Chatterly.

"He can be no less in common requital," said Winterblossom. "She has changed *his* name six times in the five *minutes that* I stood within hearing of them."

"*What do you* think of the matter, my dear Lad*Binks?*" *said Lady* Penelope.

"*Madam?*" said Lady Binks, starting from a rev

and answering as one who either had not heard, or did not understand the question.

"I mean, what think you of what is going on yonder?"

Lady Binks turned her glass in the direction of Lady Penelope's glance, fixed the widow and the Doctor with one bold fashionable stare, and then, dropping her hand slowly, said with indifference, "I really see nothing there worth thinking about."

"I dare say it is a fine thing to be married," said Lady Penelope; "one's thoughts, I suppose, are so much engrossed with one's own perfect happiness, that they have neither time nor inclination to laugh like other folks. Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg would have laughed till her eyes ran over, had she seen what Lady Binks cares so little about—I dare say it must be an all sufficient happiness to be married."

"He would be a happy man that could convince your ladyship of that in good earnest," said Mr. Winterblossom.

"Oh, who knows—the whim may strike me," replied the lady; "but no—no—no;—and that is three times."

"Say it sixteen times more," said the gallant president, and let nineteen nay-says be a grant."

"If I should say a thousand Noes, there exists not the alchemy in living man that could extract one Yes out of the whole mass," said her ladyship. "Blessed be the memory of Queen Bess!—She set us all an example to keep power when we have it—What noise is that?"

"Only the usual after-dinner quarrel," said the divine. "I hear the Captain's voice, else most silent, commanding them to keep peace, in the devil's name, and that of the ladies."

"Upon my word, dearest Lady Binks, this is too bad of that lord and master of yours, and of Mowbray, who might have more sense, and of the rest of that claret-

alking set, to be quarrelling and alarming our nerves ery evening with presenting their pistols perpetually at ach other, like sportsmen confined to the house upon a ainy 12th of August. I am tired of the peace-maker—he but skins the business over in one case to have it break out elsewhere.—What think you, love, if we were to give out in orders, that the next quarrel which may arise, shall be *bonâ fide* fought to an end?—We will all go out and see it, and wear the colours on each side ; and if there should a funeral come of it, we will attend it in a body.—Weeds are so becoming !—Are they not, my dear Lady Binks? Look at Widow Blower in her deep black—don't you envy her, my love?"

Lady Binks seemed about to make a sharp and hasty answer, but checked herself, perhaps under the recollection that she could not prudently come to an open breach with Lady Penelope.—At the same moment the door opened, and a lady dressed in a riding-habit, and wearing a black veil over her hat, appeared at the entry of the apartment.

"Angels and ministers of grace!" exclaimed Lady Penelope, with her very best tragic start—"My dearest Clara, why so late? and why thus! Will you step to my dressing-room—Jones will get you one of my gowns —we are just of a size, you know—do, pray—let me be vain of something of my own for once, by seeing you wear it."

This was spoken in the tone of the fondest female friendship, and at the same time, the fair hostess bestowed on Miss Mowbray one of those tender caresses, which ladies—God bless them!—sometimes bestow on each other with unnecessary prodigality, to the great discontent and *envy of the male* spectators.

"*You are fluttered*, my dearest Clara—you are fever —*I am sure you are*," continued the sweetly anx *Lady Penelope*; "let me persuade you to lie down

"Indeed you are mistaken, Lady Penelope," said Miss Mowbray, who seemed to receive much as a matter of course her ladyship's profusion of affectionate politeness:—"I am heated, and my pony trotted hard, that is the whole mystery.—Let me have a cup of tea, Mrs. Jones, and the matter is ended."

"Fresh tea, Jones, directly," said Lady Penelope, and led her passive friend to her own corner, as she was pleased to call the recess in which she held her little court—ladies and gentlemen curtseying and bowing as she passed; to which civilities the new guest made no more return than the most ordinary politeness rendered unavoidable.

Lady Binks did not rise to receive her, but sat upright in her chair, and bent her head very stiffly; a courtesy which Miss Mowbray returned in the same stately manner, without farther greeting on either side.

"Now, wha can that be, Doctor?" said the Widow Blower—"mind ye have promised to tell me all about the grand folk—wha can that be that Leddy Penelope hauds such a racket wi'—and what for does she come wi' a habit and a beaver-hat, when we are a' (a glance at her own gown) in our silks and satins?"

"To tell you who she is, my dear Mrs. Blower, is very easy," said the officious Doctor. "She is Miss Clara Mowbray, sister to the Lord of the Manor—the gentleman who wears the green coat, with an arrow on the cape. To tell why she wears that habit, or does anything else, would be rather beyond doctor's skill. Truth is, I have always thought she was a little—a very little—touched—call it nerves—hypochondria—or what you will."

"*Lord help us, puir thing!*" said the compassionate widow.—"*And troth it looks* like it. But it's a shame *to let her go loose, doctor*—she might hurt hersell, or *somebody. See, she has ta'en the knife!*—Oh, it's only

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what chance sent her—then no family-physician, not even a good surgeon within ten miles! And so you cannot wonder if the poor thing became unsettled!"

"Puir thing!—no doctor!—nor even a surgeon!—But, Doctor," said the widow, "maybe the puir thing had the enjoyment of her health ye ken, and then"——

"Aha? ha, ha!—why *then*, madam, she needed a physician far more than if she had been delicate. A skilful physician, Mrs. Blower, knows how to bring down that robust health, which is a very alarming state of the frame when it is considered *secundum artem*. Most sudden deaths happen when people are in a robust state of health. Ah! that state of perfect health is what the doctor dreads most on behalf of his patient."

"Ay, ay, Doctor!—I am quite sensible, nae doubt," said the widow, "of the great advantage of having a skeelfu' person about ane."

Here the Doctor's voice, in his earnestness to convince Mrs. Blower of the danger of supposing herself capable of living and breathing without a medical man's permission, sunk into a soft pleading tone, of which our reporter could not catch the sound. He was, as great orators will sometimes be, "inaudible in the gallery."

Meanwhile, Lady Penelope overwhelmed Clara Mowbray with her caresses. In what degree her ladyship, at her heart, loved this young person, might be difficult to ascertain,—probably in the degree in which a child loves a favourite toy. But Clara was a toy not always to be come by—as whimsical in her way as her ladyship in her own, only that poor Clara's singularities were real, and her ladyship's chiefly affected. Without adopting the harshness of the Doctor's conclusions concerning the *former, she was certainly* unequal in her spirits; and her *occasional fits of levity* were chequered by very *intervals of sadness. Her* levity also appeared, i *world's eye, greater than it* really was; for she had

: her wonderfully, yet, like Ophelia's gai
ld snatches of melody, they were calcula
compassion and melancholy, even whil
: the observer.
d why came you not to dinner?—We ex
our throne was prepared."
ad scarce come to tea," said Miss Mowbra
n free will. But my brother says your la
:s to come to Shaws Castle, and he insisted
ght and necessary, to confirm you in so flat
ose, that I should come and say, Pray do,
e; and so now here am I to say, Pray, do c
in invitation so flattering limited to me alor
ara?—Lady Binks will be jealous."
ig Lady Binks, if she has the condescens
us" [a bow was very stiffly exchanged be
es]—"bring Mr. Springblossom—Winterbl
ll the lions and lionesses—we have room f

will, and bequeath all large parties to Old Nick, who invented them."

"Miss Mowbray," said Lady Binks, who had been thwarted by this free-spoken young lady, both in her former character of a coquette and romp, and in that of a prude which she at present wore—"Miss Mowbray declares for

Champagne and a chicken at last."

"The chicken, without the champagne, if you please," said Miss Mowbray; "I have known ladies pay dear to have champagne on the board.—By the by, Lady Penelope, you have not your collection in the same order and discipline as Pidcock and Polito. There was much growling and snarling in the lower den when I passed it."

"It was feeding-time, my love," said Lady Penelope; "and the lower animals of every class become pugnacious at that hour—you see all our safer and well-conditioned animals are loose, and in good order."

"Oh, yes—in the keeper's presence, you know—Well, I must venture to cross the hall again among all that growling and grumbling—I would I had the fairy prince's quarters of mutton to toss among them if they should break out—He, I mean, who fetched water from the Fountain of Lions. However, on second thoughts, I will take the back way, and avoid them.—What says honest Bottom?—

> For if they should as lions come in strife
> Into such place, 'twere pity of their life."

"Shall I go with you, my dear?" said Lady Penelope.

"No—I have too great a soul for that—I think some of them are lions only as far as the hide is concerned."

"But why would you go so soon, Clara?"

"*Because my errand is finished*—have I not invited *you and yours? and would* not Lord Chesterfield h*imself allow I have done* the polite thing?"

you have spoken to n
be so odd, my love?'
ıy, I spoke to them all
Binks—but I am a gooc

, saying, she looked rou
ssed each of them with an
liteness, which thinly co
:mpt.

"Mr. Winterblossom, I ho
Robert Rymar—(I have escap
once)—I hope the public g
muses—Mr. Keelavine, I trus
Chatterly, I have no doubt
Quackleben, I am sure you
are all the especials of the wo
the rest, health to the sick, an

"You are not going in re
Penelope; "these hasty ride
do, indeed—you should be c
Quackleben?"

"To neither quack nor q
dear lady. It is not as you v
winking at Lady Binks—it is
Lady Clementina, to be th
spring of St. Ronan's—No
will say with her, Good-night,
ladies!—and now—not my
horse, my horse!"

So saying, she tripped ou
passage, leaving the ladies l
ficantly, and shaking their h
much import.

"*Something* has ruffled th
Lady Penelope; "I never sa
"*Were I to* speak my m

think, as Mrs. Highmore says in the farce, her madness is but a poor excuse for her impertinence."

"Oh fie! my sweet Lady Binks," said Lady Penelope, "spare my poor favourite! You, surely, of all others, should forgive the excesses of an amiable eccentricity of temper.—Forgive me, my love, but I must defend an absent friend—My Lady Binks, I am very sure, is too generous and candid to

Hate for arts which caused herself to rise."

"Not being conscious of any high elevation, my lady," answered Lady Binks, "I do not know any arts I have been under the necessity of practising to attain it. I suppose a Scotch lady of an ancient family may become the wife of an English baronet, and no very extraordinary great cause to wonder at it."

"No, surely—but people in this world will, you know, wonder at nothing," answered Lady Penelope.

"If you envy me my poor quiz, Sir Bingo, I'll get you a better, Lady Pen."

"I don't doubt your talents, my dear; but when I want one, I will get one for myself.—But here comes the whole party of quizzes.—Joliffe, offer the gentlemen tea—then get the floor ready for the dancers, and set the card-tables in the next room."

CHAP. VIII.

They draw the cork, they broach the barrel,
And first they kiss, and then they quarrel.—PRIOR.

IF the reader has attended much to the manners of the canine race, he may have remarked the very different manner in which the individuals of the different sexes carry on their quarrels among each other. The females are testy, petulant, and very apt to

indulge their impatient dislike of each other's presence, or the spirit of rivalry which it produces, in a sudden bark and snap, which last is generally made as much at advantage as possible. But these ebullitions of peevishness lead to no very serious or prosecuted conflict; the affair begins and ends in a moment. Not so the ire of the male dogs, which, once produced, and excited by growls of mutual offence and defiance, leads generally to a fierce and obstinate contest; in which, if the parties be dogs of game, and well-matched, they grapple, throttle, tear each other in the kennel, and can only be separated by choking them with their own collars, till they lose wind and hold at the same time, or by surprising them out of their wrath by sousing them with cold water.

The simile, though a currish one, will hold good in its application to the human race. While the ladies in the tea-room of the Fox Hotel were engaged in the light snappish velitation, or skirmish, which we have described, the gentlemen who remained in the parlour were more than once like to have quarrelled more seriously.

We have mentioned the weighty reasons which induced Mr. Mowbray to look upon the stranger, whom a general invitation had brought into their society, with unfavourable prepossessions; and these were far from being abated by the demeanour of Tyrrel, which, though perfectly well bred, indicated a sense of equality, which the young Laird of St. Ronan's considered as extremely presumptuous.

As for Sir Bingo, he already began to nourish the genuine hatred always entertained by a mean spirit against an antagonist before whom it is conscious of having made a dishonourable retreat. He forgot not the manner, look, and tone, with which Tyrrel had checked his unauthorised intrusion; and though he had ink beneath it at the moment, the recollection rankled



in his heart as an affront to be avenged. As he drank his wine, courage, the want of which was, in his more sober moments, a check upon his bad temper, began to inflame his malignity, and he ventured upon several occasions to show his spleen, by contradicting Tyrrel more flatly than good manners permitted upon so short an acquaintance, and without any provocation. Tyrrel saw his ill humour, and despised it, as that of an overgrown schoolboy, whom it was not worth his while to answer according to his folly.

One of the apparent causes of the Baronet's rudeness was indeed childish enough. The company were talking of shooting, the most animating topic of conversation among Scottish country gentlemen of the younger class, and Tyrrel had mentioned something of a favourite setter, an uncommonly handsome dog, from which he had been for some time separated, but which he expected would rejoin him in the course of next week.

"A setter!" retorted Sir Bingo, with a sneer; "a pointer, I suppose you mean!"

"No, sir," said Tyrrel; "I am perfectly aware of the difference betwixt a setter and a pointer, and I know the old-fashioned setter is become unfashionable among modern sportsmen. But I love my dog as a companion, as well as for his merits in the field; and a setter is more sagacious, more attached, and fitter for his place on the hearth-rug, than a pointer—not," he added, "from any deficiency of intellects on the pointer's part, but he is generally so abused while in the management of brutal breakers and grooms, that he loses all excepting his professional accomplishments, of finding and standing steady to game."

"And who the d—l desires he should have more *said Sir Bingo.*

"Many people, Sir Bingo," replied Tyrrel, "

f opinion, that both dogs and men may follow ndifferently well, though they do happen, at the time, to be fit for mixing in friendly intercourse in ty."

That is, for licking trenchers, and scratching copper, uppose," said the Baronet *sotto voce;* and added, in a uder and more distinct tone,—"He never before heard that a setter was fit to follow any man's heels but a poacher's."

"You know it now then, Sir Bingo," answered Tyrrel; "and I hope you will not fall into so great a mistake again."

The Peace-maker here seemed to think his interference necessary, and, surmounting his taciturnity, made the following pithy speech:—"By Cot! and do you see, as you are looking for my opinion, I think there is no dispute in the matter—because, by Cot! it occurs to me, d'ye see, that ye are both right, by Cot! It may do fery well for my excellent friend Sir Bingo, who hath stables, and kennels, and what not, to maintain the six filthy prutes that are yelping and yowling all the tay, and all the neight too, under my window, by Cot!—And if they are yelping and yowling there, may I never die, but I wish they were yelping and yowling somewhere else. But then there is many a man who may be as cood a shentleman at the bottom as my worthy friend Sir Bingo, though it may be that he is poor; and if he is poor—and as if it might be my own case, or that of this honest shentleman, Mr. Tirl, is that a reason or a law, that he is not to keep a prute of a tog, to help him to take his sports and his pleasures? and if he has not a stable or a kennel to put the crature into, must he not keep it in his pit of ped-room, or upon his parlour hearth, seeing that Luckie Dods would make the kitchen too hot for the paist—and so, if Mr. Tirl finds a setter more fitter for his purpose than a pointer,

by Cot, I know no law against it, else may I never die the black death."

If this oration appear rather long for the occasion, the reader must recollect that Captain MacTurk had in all probability the trouble of translating it from the periphrastic language of Ossian, in which it was originally conceived in his own mind.

The Man of Law replied to the Man of Peace, "Ye are mistaken for ance in your life, Captain, for there is a law against setters; and I will undertake to prove them to be the 'lying dogs' which are mentioned in the auld Scots statute, and which all and sundry are discharged to keep, under a penalty of"——

Here the Captain broke in, with a very solemn mien and dignified manner—"By Cot! Master Meiklewham, and I shall be asking what you mean by talking to me of peing mistaken, and apout lying togs, sir—because I would have you to know, and to pelieve, and to very well consider, that I never was mistaken in my life, sir, unless it was when I took you for a shentleman."

"No offence, Captain," said Mr. Meiklewham; "dinna break the wand of peace, man, you that should be the first to keep it. He is as cankered," continued the Man of Law, apart to his patron, "as an auld Hieland terrier, that snaps at whatever comes near it—but I tell you ae thing, St. Ronan's, and that is on saul and conscience, that I believe this is the very lad Tirl, that I raised a summons against before the justices—him and another hempie—in your father's time, for shooting on the Springwell-head muirs."

"The devil you did, Mick!" replied the Lord of the Manor, also aside;—"Well, I am obliged to you for giving me some reason for the ill thoughts I had of him—I knew he was some trumpery scamp—I'll blow him, by"——

"Whisht—stop—hush—haud your tongue, St.

judgment—and your father was very ill
I I was feared to vex him, and so I was fa
cess sleep, for fear they had been assoilzie
d better gang cautiously to work, s
though they were summoned, they were n

u not take up the action again?" said M

it's been prescribed sax or seeven year syn
shame, St. Ronan's, that the game-law
very best protection that is left to count
gainst the encroachment of their inferio
a course of prescription—a poacher m
back and forward like a flea in a blanl
—hap ye out of ae county and in
ieir pleasure, like pyots—and unless ye g
nail on them in the very nick o' time,
a dish of prescription, and sup upon

Law; "no countenance the Waal? What would the country-side be without it, I would be glad to ken? It's the greatest improvement that has been made on this country since the year forty-five. Na, na, it's no the Waal that's to blame for the poaching and delinquencies on the game.—We maun to the Aultoun for the howf of that kind of cattle. Our rules at the Waal are clear and express against trespassers on the game."

"I can't think," said the Squire, "what made my father sell the property of the old change-house yonder, to the hag that keeps it open out of spite, I think, and to harbour poachers and vagabonds!—I cannot conceive what made him do so foolish a thing!"

"Probably because your father wanted money, sir," said Tyrrel, dryly; "and my worthy landlady, Mrs. Dods, had got some.—You know, I presume, sir, that I lodge there?"

"Oh, sir," replied Mowbray, in a tone betwixt scorn and civility, "you cannot suppose the present company is alluded to; I only presumed to mention as a fact, that we have been annoyed with unqualified people shooting on our grounds, without either liberty or licence.—And I hope to have her sign taken down for it, that is all. There was the same plague in my father's days, I think Mick?"

But Mr. Meiklewham, who did not like Tyrrel looks so well as to induce him to become approver the occasion, replied with an inarticulate grunt dressed to the company, and a private admonition patron's own ear, "to let sleeping dogs lie."

"I can scarce forbear the fellow," said St. Ro "and yet I cannot well tell where my dislike to h —*but it would* be d—d folly to turn out with *nothing*; and so, honest Mick, I will be as quiet a "*And* that you may be so," said Meikle *think* you had best take no more wine."

"I think so too," said the Squ
frink in his company gives me t
un is not different from other ra
something about him intolerable
So saying, he pushed back his
and—*regis ad exemplar*—after the
all the company arose.

Sir Bingo got up with reluctan
by two or three deep growls, as h
the company into the outer apart
an entrance-hall, and divided th
the tea-room, as it was called.
were assuming their hats, for the
ladies' society (which old-fashior
take up for that of going into
asked a smart footman, who stood
hat which lay on the table beyond.

"Call your own servant, sir,"
with the true insolence of a pamp

"Your master," answered Tyr
taught you good manners, my fr
you here."

"Sir Bingo Binks is my maste
the same insolent tone as before.

"Now for it, Bingie," said Mo
that the Baronet's pot-courage h
pitch.

"Yes!" said Sir Bingo aloud,
than usual.—"The fellow is my
one to say to it?"

"I at least have my mouth stopp
with perfect composure. "I sh
prised to have found Sir Bingo
than himself."

"*What d'ye* mean by that,
coming up in an offensive attitud

pupil of the Fives-Court—"What d'ye mean by that? D—n you, sir! I'll serve you out before you can say dumpling."

"And I, Sir Bingo, unless you presently lay aside that look and manner, will knock you down before you can cry help."

The visitor held in his hand a slip of oak, with which he gave a flourish, that, however slight, intimated some acquaintance with the noble art of single-stick. From this demonstration Sir Bingo thought it prudent somewhat to recoil, though backed by a party of friends, who in their zeal for his honour, would rather have seen his bones broken in conflict bold, than his honour injured by a discreditable retreat; and Tyrrel seemed to have some inclination to indulge them. But, at the very instant when his hand was raised with a motion of no doubtful import, a whispering voice, close to his ear, pronounced the emphatic words—"Are you a man?".

Not the thrilling tone with which our inimitable Siddons used to electrify the scene, when she uttered the same whisper, ever had a more powerful effect upon an auditor, than had these unexpected sounds on him, to whom they were now addressed. Tyrrel forgot everything—his quarrel—the circumstances in which he was placed—the company. The crowd was to him at once annihilated, and life seemed to have no other object than to follow the person who had spoken. But suddenly as he turned, the disappearance of the monitor was at least equally so, for, amid the group of commonplace countenances by which he was surrounded, there was none which assorted to the tone and words which possessed such a power over him. "Make way," he said to those who surrounded him; and it was in the tone of one who was prepared, if necessary, to make way for himself.

Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's stepped forward.

; sir," said he, "this will not do—you have ere, a stranger among us, to assume airs and es, which, by G—d, would become a duke, or a ! We must know who or what you are, before ermit you to carry your high tone any farther."

his address seemed at once to arrest Tyrrel's anger, d his impatience to leave the company. He turned o Mowbray, collected his thoughts for an instant, and then answered him thus:—"Mr. Mowbray, I seek no quarrel with any one here,—with you, in particular, I am most unwilling to have any disagreement. I came here by invitation, not certainly expecting much pleasure, but, at the same time, supposing myself secure from incivility. In the last point I find myself mistaken, and therefore wish the company good-night. I must also make my adieus to the ladies." So saying, he walked several steps, yet as it seemed, rather irresolutely, towards the door of the card-room—and then, to the increased surprise of the company, stopped suddenly, and muttering something about the "unfitness of the time," turned on his heel, and bowing haughtily, as there was way made for him, walked in the opposite direction towards the door which led to the outer hall.

"D—n me, Sir Bingo, will you let him off?" said Mowbray, who seemed to delight in pushing his friend into new scrapes—"To him, man—to him—he shows the white feather."

Sir Bingo, thus encouraged, planted himself with a look of defiance exactly between Tyrrel and the door; upon which the retreating guest, bestowing on him most emphatically the epithet Fool, seized him by the collar, and flung him out of his way with some violence.

"I am to be found at the Old Town of St. Ronan's, by *whomsoever* has any concern with me."—Without *waiting the issue* of this aggression farther than to utt *these words*, Tyrrel left the hotel. He stopped in

courtyard, however, with the air of one uncertain whither he intended to go, and who was desirous to ask some question, which seemed to die upon his tongue. At length his eye fell upon a groom, who stood not far from the door of the inn, holding in his hand a handsome pony, with a side-saddle.

"Whose,"—— said Tyrrel, but the rest of the question he seemed unable to utter.

The man, however, replied, as if he had heard the whole interrogation.—"Miss Mowbray's, sir, of St. Ronan's—she leaves directly—and so I am walking the pony—a clever thing, sir, for a lady."

"She returns to Shaws Castle by the Buck-stane road?"

"I suppose so, sir," said the groom. "It is the nighest, and Miss Clara cares little for rough roads. Zounds! she can spank it over wet and dry."

Tyrrel turned away from the man, and hastily left the hotel—not, however, by the road which led to the Aultoun, but by a footpath among the natural copse wood, which, following the course of the brook, intersected the usual horse-road to Shaws Castle, the seat of Mr. Mowbray, at a romantic spot called the Buck-stane.

In a small peninsula, formed by a winding of the brook, was situated, on a rising hillock, a large rough hewn pillar of stone, said by tradition to commemorate the fall of a stag of unusual speed, size, and strength, whose flight, after having lasted through a whole summer day, had there terminated in death, to the honour and glory of some ancient Baron of St. Ronan's, and of his stanch hounds. During the periodical cuttings of the copse, which the necessities of the family of St. Ronan's brought round more frequently than Ponty would have recommended, some oaks had been spared in the neighbourhood of this massive obelisk, old enough pe-

whoop and halloo which followed the fall
and to have witnessed the raising of the
ment, by which that great event was com-

These trees, with their broad spreading
de a twilight even of noon-day, and now,
n was approaching its setting point, their
ly anticipated night. This was especially the
three or four of them stretched their arms
gully, through which winded the horse-path
astle, at a point about a pistol-shot distant
uck-stane. As the principal access to Mr.
mansion was by a carriage-way which passed
t direction, the present path was left almost
nature, full of large stones, and broken by
ghtful, from the varied character of its banks,
esque traveller, and most inconvenient, nay,
to him who had a stumbling horse.

ath to the Buck-stane, which here joined the
had been constructed at the expense of a
, under the direction of Mr. Winterblossom,
te enough to see the beauties of this secluded
was exactly such as in earlier times might
red the ambush of some marauding chief.
tion had not escaped Tyrrel, to whom the
ry was familiar, who now hastened to the
which peculiarly suited his present purpose.
a by one of the larger projecting trees, and,
its enormous branches from observation, was
watch the road from the Hotel for a great
xtent, while he was himself invisible to any
ravel upon it.

e his sudden departure excited a considerable
nong the party whom he had just left, and
duced to form conclusions not very favour-
aracter. Sir Bingo, in particular, blustered
ore loudly, in proportion to the increasi

distance betwixt himself and his antagonist, declaring his resolution to be revenged on the scoundrel for his insolence—to drive him from the neighbourhood,—and I know not what other menaces of formidable import. The devil, in the old stories of *diablerie*, was always sure to start up at the elbow of any one who nursed diabolical purposes, and only wanted a little backing from the foul fiend to carry his imaginations into action. The noble Captain MacTurk had so far this property of his infernal majesty, that the least hint of an approaching quarrel drew him always to the vicinity of the party concerned. He was now at Sir Bingo's side, and was taking his own view of the matter, in his character of peace-maker.

"By Cot! and it's very exceedingly true, my goot friend, Sir Binco—and as you say, it concerns your honour, and the honour of the place, and credit and character of the whole company, by Cot! that this matter be properly looked after; for, as I think, he laid hands on your body, my excellent goot friend."

"Hands, Captain MacTurk!" exclaimed Sir Bingo in some confusion; "no, blast him—not so bad as that neither—if he had, I should have handed *him* over the window—but by ——, the fellow had the impudence to offer to collar me—I had just stepped back to square at him, when, curse me, the blackguard ran away."

"Right, vara right, Sir Bingo," said the Man of Law, "a vara perfect blackguard, a poaching sorning sort of fallow, that I will have scoured out of the country before he be three days aulder. Fash you your beard nae farther about the matter, Sir Bingo."

"By Cot! but I can tell you, Mr. Meiklewham," said the Man of Peace, with great solemnity of visage, "that you are scalding your lips in other folk's kale, and that it is necessary for the credit, and honour, and respect of this company, at the Well of St. Ronan's, that Sir Binco goes by more competent advice than yours upon the

ssent occasion, Mr. Meiklewham; for
unsel may do very well in a small-debt c
u see, Mr. Meiklewham, is a question of h
not a thing in your line, as I take it."
"No, before George! is it not," answe
/ham; "e'en take it all to yoursell, Captain,
ye are likely to make on't."
"Then," said the Captain, "Sir Binco, I w
favour of your company to the smoking-room,
may have a cigar and a glass of gin-twist; an
consider how the honour of the company mus
ported and upholden upon the present conjunct
The Baronet complied with this invitation, a
erhaps, in consequence of the medium through
ie Captain intended to convey his warlike couns
r the pleasure with which he anticipated the re
se counsels themselves. He followed the m
o of his leader, whose stride was more stiff, an
n more perpendicular, when exalted by the consc
of an approaching quarrel, to the smoking-ro
e, sighing as he lighted his cigar, Sir Bingo prepa
ten to the words of wisdom and valour, as t
d flow in mingled stream from the lips of Capt
urk.
nwhile the rest of the company joined the ladie
has been Clara," said Lady Penelope to Mr. Mow
"here has been Miss Mowbray among us, like th
sun which does but dazzle and die."
poor Clara," said Mowbray; "I thought I saw
d her way through the crowd a little while since,
not sure."
" said Lady Penelope, "she has asked us all
aws Castle on Thursday, to a *déjeûner à la*
I trust you confirm your sister's invitation
y?"
Lady Penelope," replied Mowbray; "a



I am truly glad Clara has had the grace to think of it—How we shall acquit ourselves is a different question, for neither she nor I are much accustomed to play host or hostess."

"Oh! it will be delightful, I am sure," said Lady Penelope; "Clara has a grace in everything she does; and you, Mr. Mowbray, can be a perfectly well-bred gentleman—when you please."

"That qualification is severe—Well—good manners be my speed—I will certainly please to do my best when I see your ladyship at Shaws Castle, which has received no company this many a day.—Clara and I have lived a wild life of it, each in their own way."

"Indeed, Mr. Mowbray," said Lady Binks, "if I might presume to speak—I think you do suffer your sister to ride about a little too much without an attendant. I know Miss Mowbray rides as woman never rode before, but still an accident may happen."

"An accident?" replied Mowbray—"Ah, Lady Binks! accidents happen as frequently when ladies *have* attendants as when they are without them."

Lady Binks, who, in her maiden state, had cantered a good deal about these woods under Sir Bingo's escort, coloured, looked spiteful, and was silent.

"Besides," said John Mowbray, more lightly, "where is the risk, after all? There are no wolves in our woods to eat up our pretty Red-Riding-Hoods; and no lions either—except those of Lady Penelope's train."

"Who draw the car of Cybele," said Mr. Chatterly.

Lady Penelope luckily did not understand the allusion, which was indeed better intended than imagined.

"Apropos!" she said; "what have you done with *the great lion of the day?* I see Mr. Tyrrel nowhere—Is *he finishing an additional* bottle with Sir Bingo?"

"*Mr. Tyrrel, madam,*" said Mowbray, "has acted successively *the lion* rampant and the lion passant; he

is to watch, and wonder, and stare, and
d account for the expression of feelings
t find it impossible to suppress.—Hark—
ir the tread of a horse.—No—it was the
nd of the water rushing over the pebbles.
annot have taken the other road to Shaws
—the sounds become distinct—her figure is
path, coming swiftly forward.—Have I the
ow myself?—I have—the hour is come,
t be shall be."

solution was scarcely formed ere it began
when he reflected upon the fittest manner
t into execution. To show himself at a
at give the lady an opportunity of turning
oiding the interview which he had deter-
-to hide himself till the moment when her
id motion, should pass his lurking-place,
ended with danger to the rider—and while

which lay betwixt them. It was then that, observing his closer approach, Miss Mowbray called out with great eagerness,—"No nearer—no nearer!—So long have I endured your presence, but if you approach me more closely, I shall be mad indeed!"

"What do you fear?" said Tyrrel, in a hollow voice —"What can you fear?" and he continued to draw nearer, until they were within a pace of each other.

Clara, meanwhile dropping her bridle, clasped her hands together, and held them up towards Heaven, muttering, in a voice scarcely audible, "Great God!—if this apparition be formed by my heated fancy, let it pass away; if it be real, enable me to bear its presence!—Tell me, I conjure you, are you Francis Tyrrel in blood and body, or is this but one of those wandering visions that have crossed my path and glared on me, but without daring to abide my steadfast glance?"

"I am Francis Tyrrel," answered he, "in blood and body, as much as she to whom I speak is Clara Mowbray."

"Then God have mercy on us both!" said Clara, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Amen!" said Tyrrel.—"But what avails this excess of agitation?—You saw me but now, Miss Mowbray —your voice still rings in my ears—You saw me but now—you spoke to me—and that when I was among strangers—Why not preserve your composure when we are where no human eye can see—no human ear can hear?"

"Is it so?" said Clara; "and was it indeed yourself whom I saw even now?—I thought so, and something I said at the time—but my brain has been but ill settled since we last met—But I am well now—quite well—I have invited all the people yonder to come to Shaws Castle—my brother desired me to do it—I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Tyrrel there—though I



ıink there is some old grudge be
ou."

"Alas! Clara, you mistake.
arcely seen," replied Tyrrel, mucl
parently uncertain in what tone tc
might soothe, and not irritate he:
which he could now entertain no dou

"True—true," she said, after a n
"my brother was then at college. It
poor father, whom you had some quai
will come to Shaws Castle on Thursd
—John will be glad to see you—he car
pleases—and then we will talk of old t
on to have things ready—Good evening

She would have passed him, but he
f the rein of her bridle.—"I will walk v
e said; "the road is rough and danger
ot to ride fast.—I will walk along wit
ill talk of former times now, more conv
mpany."

"True—true—very true, Mr. Tyrrel—
ı say. My brother obliges me someti
ıpany at that hateful place down yon
ecause he likes it, and because the fo
own way, and come and go as I list.
el, that very often, when I am there,
ye on me, I can carry it on as gaily
ıever met?"

would to God we never had," sai
ling voice, "since this is to be the e
nd wherefore should not sorrow be
folly? And when did happiness
ıce?—*And* when did sound sleey
That is what I say to myself, T
ı *must learn* to say too, and t
en *as* cheerfully as I endure

no more than our deserts, why should we complain?—You are shedding tears, I think—Is not that childish?—They say it is a relief—if so, weep on, and I will look another way."

Tyrrel walked on by the pony's side, in vain endeavouring to compose himself so as to reply.

"Poor Tyrrel," said Clara, after she had remained silent for some time—"Poor Frank Tyrrel!—Perhaps you will say in your turn, poor Clara—but I am not so poor in spirit as you—the blast may bend, but it shall never break me."

There was another long pause; for Tyrrel was unable to determine with himself in what strain he could address the unfortunate young lady, without awakening recollections equally painful to her feelings, and dangerous, when her precarious state of health was considered. At length she herself proceeded:—

"What needs all this, Tyrrel?—and indeed, why came you here?—Why did I find you but now brawling and quarrelling among the loudest of the brawlers and quarrellers of yonder idle and dissipated debauchees?—You were used to have more temper—more sense. Another person—ay, another that you and I once knew—he might have committed such a folly, and he would have acted perhaps in character—But you, who pretend to wisdom—for shame, for shame!—And indeed, when we talk of that, what wisdom was there in coming hither at all?—or what good purpose can your remaining here serve?—Surely you need not come, either to renew your own unhappiness or to augment mine?"

"To augment yours—God forbid!" answered Tyrrel. "No—I came hither only because, after so many years of *wandering, I longed to* revisit the spot where all my hopes *lay buried.*"

"*Ay—buried is the* word," she replied, "crushed *down and buried when they* budded fairest. I often

[illegible] Tyrrel; and there are times when, Heaven
[illegible]'t I can think of little else.—Look at me—you
[illegible]er what I was—see what grief and solitude have
[illegible]e."

flung back the veil which surrounded her riding-
d which had hitherto hid her face. It was the
ountenance which he had formerly known in all
om of early beauty; but though the beauty re-
, the bloom was fled for ever. Not the agitation
ise—not that which arose from the pain and con-
of this unexpected interview, had called to poor
cheek even the momentary semblance of colour.
mplexion was marble-white, like that of the finest
f statuary.

it possible?" said Tyrrel; "can grief have made
vages?"

ief," replied Clara, "is the sickness of the mind,
s sister is the sickness of the body—they are
sters, Tyrrel, and are seldom long separate.
mes the body's disease comes first, and dims
es and palsies our hands, before the fire of our
nd of our intellect is quenched. But mark me
after comes her cruel sister with her urn, and
es cold dew on our hopes and on our loves, our
y, our recollections, and our feelings, and shows
: they cannot survive the decay of our bodily
."

us!" said Tyrrel, "is it come to this?"

this," she replied, speaking from the rapid and
ur train of her own ideas, rather than compre-
g the purport of his sorrowful exclamation—"to
must ever come, while immortal souls are
to the perishable substance of which our bodies
posed. There is another state, Tyrrel, in which
otherwise—God grant our time of enjoying
e!"



She fell into a melancholy pause, which Tyrr
afraid to disturb. The quickness with which she
marked but too plainly the irregular successi
thought, and he was obliged to restrain the agony
own feelings, rendered more acute by a thousand
recollections, lest, by giving way to his expressi
grief, he should throw her into a still more dis
state of mind.

"I did not think," she proceeded, "that after s
rible a separation, and so many years, I coulc
met you thus calmly and reasonably. But alt
what we were formerly to each other can never
gotten, it is now all over, and we are only friends
not so?"

Tyrrel was unable to reply.

"But I must not remain here," she said, "t
evening grows darker on me.—We shall meet
Tyrrel—meet as friends—nothing more—You will
up to Shaws Castle and see me?—no need of s
now—my poor father is in his grave, and his
dices sleep with him—my brother John is kind, t
he is stern and severe sometimes—Indeed, Ty
believe he loves me, though he has taught me to tr
at his frown when I am in spirits and talk too m
But he loves me, at least I think so, for I am
love him; and I try to go down amongst them y
and to endure their folly, and, all things consid
do carry on the farce of life wonderfully well—V
but actors, you know, and the world but a stage."

"And ours has been a sad and tragic scene,
Tyrrel, in the bitterness of his heart, unable any
to refrain from speech.

"*It has indeed—but,* Tyrrel, when was it oth
with engagements formed in youth and in folly
and I would, you know, become men and wom
ve were yet scarcely more than children—V

le yet in our nonage, through
.res of youth, and therefore v
our day, and the winter of our
s summer was well begun.—O I
. have I thought of this!—Thou
s! when will the time come that I
.nk of anything else!"

The poor young woman sobbed bitte
began to flow with a freedom which
bably enjoyed for a length of time.
by the side of her horse, which nc
road homewards, unable to devise a
addressing the unfortunate young la
alike to awaken her passions and h
ever he might have proposed to say
by the plain indications that her mi
more or less slightly, with a shade of
deranged, though it had not destroye
judgment.

At length he asked her, with as much
could assume—if she was contented—
done to render her situation more e
aught of which she could complain
be able to remedy? She answered
was calm and resigned, when her br
mit her to stay at home; but that,
brought into society, she experienced s
that which the water of the brook th
crystalline pool of the rock may be suppo
gliding from its quiet bed, it becomes
hurry of the cataract.

"But my brother Mowbray," she sai
right,—and perhaps he is so. There a
we may ponder too long;—and were
should I not constrain myself in ord
there are so few left to whom I c

pleasure or pain.—I am a gay girl, too, in conversation, Tyrrel—still as gay for a moment, as when you used to chide me for my folly. So, now I have told you all,—I have one question to ask on my part—one question—if I had but breath to ask it—is *he* still alive?"

"He lives," answered Tyrrel, but in a tone so low, that nought but the eager attention which Miss Mowbray paid could possibly have caught such feeble sounds.

"Lives!" she exclaimed,—"lives!—he lives, and the blood on your hand is not then indelibly imprinted—O Tyrrel, did you but know the joy which this assurance gives to me!"

"Joy!" replied Tyrrel—"joy, that the wretch lives who has poisoned our happiness for ever!—lives, perhaps, to claim you for his own?"

"Never, never, shall he—dare he do so," replied Clara, wildly, "while water can drown, while cords can strangle, steel pierce—while there is a precipice on the hill, a pool in the river—never—never!"

"Be not thus agitated, my dearest Clara," said Tyrrel; "I spoke I know not what—he lives indeed—but far distant, and, I trust, never again to revisit Scotland."

He would have said more, but that, agitated with fear or passion, she struck her horse impatiently with her riding whip. The spirited animal, thus stimulated and at the same time restrained, became intractable, and reared so much, that Tyrrel, fearful of the consequences, and trusting to Clara's skill as a horsewoman, thought he best consulted her safety in letting go the rein. The animal instantly sprung forward on the broken and hilly path at a very rapid pace, and was soon lost to Tyrrel's anxious eyes.

As he stood pondering whether he ought not to follow Miss Mowbray towards Shaws Castle, in order to be satisfied that no accident had befallen her on the road, he heard the tread of a horse's feet advancing hastily in

same direction, leading fro
be observed at this momen
shelter of the underwood, and
Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's,
hastily past his lurking-place
road which had been just take
sence of her brother seemed to
safety, and so removed Tyrrel's
her. Involved in deep and m
what had passed, nearly satisfie
in Clara's vicinity could only ac
his own, yet unable to tear him
hood, or to relinquish feelings w
with his heart-strings, he retu
the Aultoun in a state of mind

Tyrrel, on entering his apar
not lighted, nor were the abiga
alert as a waiter at Long's m
him with candles. Unapt at
personal attendance, and desir
ment the necessity of speaking
even on the most trifling subje
the kitchen to supply himself w
did not at first observe that
present in this the very centr
that a lofty air of indignation
matron's brow. At first it on
soliloquy and interjections;
bonny wark this!—vera cred
decent house to be disturbed
public—as weel keep a bedlam

Finding these murmurs att
dame placed herself betwixt l
to which he was now retiring
and demanded of him what v
behaviour.



"Of what behaviour, madam?" said her guest, repeating her question in a tone of sternness and impatience so unusual with him, that perhaps she was sorry at the moment that she had provoked him out of his usual patient indifference; nay, she might even feel intimidated at the altercation she had provoked, for the resentment of a quiet and patient person has always in it something formidable to the professed and habitual grumbler. But her pride was too great to think of a retreat, after having sounded the signal for contest, and so she continued, though in a tone somewhat lowered.

"Maister Tirl, I wad but just ask you, that are a man of sense, whether I hae ony right to take your behaviour weel? Here have you been these ten days and mair, eating the best, and drinking the best, and taking up the best room in my house; and now to think of your gaun down and taking up with yon idle hare-brained cattle at the Waal—I maun e'en be plain wi' ye—I like nane of the fair-fashioned folk that can say My Jo, and think it no; and therefore"——

"Mrs. Dods," said Tyrrel, interrupting her, "I have no time at present for trifles. I am obliged to you for your attention while I have been in your house; but the disposal of my time, here or elsewhere, must be according to my own ideas of pleasure or business—if you are tired of me as a guest, send in your bill to-morrow."

"My bill!" said Mrs. Dods; "my bill to-morrow! And what for no wait till Saturday, when it may be cleared atween us, plack and bawbee, as it was on Saturday last?"

"*Well*—we will talk of it to-morrow, Mrs. Dods—*Good-night.*" *And he withdrew* accordingly.

Luckie Dods stood ruminating for a moment. "The *ill's in him,*" *she said,* "for he winna bide being

And I think the deil's in me too for thrav
canny lad, and sae gude a customer;—ar
ing he has something on his mind—wan
canna be—I am sure, if I thought that, I wa
out my small thing.—But want o' siller it ca
pays ower the shillings as if they were sc
and that's no the way that folk part with t
hen there's but little on't—I ken weel ene
ustomer looks that's near the grund of the pu
! I hope he winna mind onything of this i
he morn, and I'll try to guide my tongue sc
etter.—Hegh, sirs! but, as the minister s
unruly member—troth, I am whiles ashamed

CHAP. X.

me, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
hou art of those, who better help their friends
ith sage advice, than usurers with gold,
r brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee,
or I ask only from thee words, not deeds.

THE DEVIL HATH MET HIS MATC

HE day of which we last gave the ev
chanced to be Monday, and two days there
intervened betwixt it and that for which
nment was fixed, that was to assemble in
the Lord of the Manor the flower of the c
ow at St. Ronan's Well. The interval was
r the preparations necessary on an occasio
l; since the house, though delightfully situa
very indifferent repair, and for years had n
l any visitors, except when some blithe bas
hunter shared the hospitality of Mr. Mow
which became daily more and more uncc
himself almost lived at the Well, he



contrived to receive his companions where it could be done without expense to himself. Besides, the health of his sister afforded an irresistible apology to any of those old-fashioned Scottish gentlemen, who might be too apt (in the rudeness of more primitive days) to consider a friend's house as their own. Mr. Mowbray was now, however, to the great delight of all his companions, nailed down by invitation given and accepted, and they looked forward to the accomplishment of his promise, with the eagerness which the prospect of some entertaining novelty never fails to produce among idlers.

A good deal of trouble devolved on Mr. Mowbray, and his trusty agent, Mr. Meiklewham, before anything like decent preparation could be made for the ensuing entertainment; and they were left to their unassisted endeavours by Clara, who, during both the Tuesday and Wednesday, obstinately kept herself secluded; nor could her brother, either by threats or flattery, extort from her any light concerning her purpose on the approaching and important Thursday. To do John Mowbray justice, he loved his sister as much as he was capable of loving anything but himself; and when, in several arguments, he had the mortification to find that she was not to be prevailed on to afford her assistance, he, without complaint, quietly set himself to do the best he could by his own unassisted judgment or opinion with regard to the necessary preparations.

This was not, at present, so easy a task as might be supposed; for Mowbray was ambitious of that character of *ton* and elegance, which masculine faculties alone are seldom capable of attaining on such momentous occasions. The more solid materials of a collation were *indeed to be obtained for* money from the next market-*town, and were purchased* accordingly; but he felt it *was likely to present the* vulgar plenty of a farmer's.



instead of the elegant enter
ıounced in a corner of the c
m Mowbray, Esq. of St. Ro
nable company assembled at t
ɜ was likely to be all sorts c
y in dishing, and in sending up
ısted neither an accomplished l
ıchenmaid with a hundred pair o
r mandates. All the domestic arr
ɜ minutest system of economy cor
ry decency, except in the stables,
llent and well kept. But can a groc
rform the labours of a groom of the c
ɜ gamekeeper arrange in tempting
sses of the birds he has shot, strew th
d garnish them with piquant sauces
reasonable to expect a gallant soldier
taker, and conduct the funeral of the
n.

ı a word, Mowbray talked, and consı
l, and squabbled with the deaf cook, ɜ
whom he called the butler, until he
l so little chance of bringing order out
ıking the least advantageous impre
ıte understandings as he had to d
ly committed the whole matter of
ro or three hearty curses, to the
principally concerned, and proce
e of the furniture and apartmer
ıtion.

ıe found himself almost equally
ɜ wit is adequate to the thousan
ised in such arrangements? how
of the degree of *demi-jour*
to a decorated apartment,
road light should be suff

tolerable picture, where it should be excluded, lest the stiff daub of a periwigged grandsire should become too rigidly prominent? And if men are unfit for weaving such a fairy web of light and darkness as may best suit furniture, ornaments, and complexions, how shall they be adequate to the yet more mysterious office of arranging, while they disarrange, the various movables in the apartment? so that while all has the air of negligence and chance, the seats are placed as if they had been transported by a wish to the spot most suitable for accommodation; stiffness and confusion are at once avoided, the company are neither limited to a formal circle of chairs, nor exposed to break their noses over wandering stools; but the arrangements seem to correspond to what ought to be the tone of the conversation, easy, without being confused, and regulated, without being constrained or stiffened.

Then how can a clumsy male wit attempt the arrangement of all the *chiffonerie*, by which old snuff-boxes, heads of canes, pomander-boxes, lamer beads, and all the trash usually found in the pigeon-holes of the bureaus of old-fashioned ladies, may be now brought into play, by throwing them, carelessly grouped with other unconsidered trifles, such as are to be seen in the windows of a pawnbroker's shop, upon a marble *encognure*, or a mosaic work-table, thereby turning to advantage the trash and trinketry, which all the old maids or magpies, who have inhabited the mansion for a century, have contrived to accumulate. With what admiration of the ingenuity of the fair artist have I sometimes pried into these miscellaneous groups of *pseudo-bijouterie*, and seen the great grandsire's thumb-ring couchant with the coral and bells of the firstborn—and the boatswain's whistle of some old *naval uncle, or his silver* tobacco-box, redolent of Oroonoko, *happily grouped* with the mother's ivory comb-case, *still odorous* of musk, and with some virgin aunt's

' last drop had been exhausted, that they
:ds be hospitably divided among the compa
ı with sugar, and with bread and butter.
)n a fashion which has rescued from the cla
and the melting-pot of the silversmith,
d *cimelia*, for the benefit of antiquaries an
on of side-tables! But who shall presur
ıem there, unless under the direction of fe
nd of that Mr. Mowbray, though possessed
ock of such treasures, was for the present en
l.
ligression upon his difficulties is already too
ht mention the Laird's inexperience in the
the worse appear the better garnishmer
darned carpet with a new floor-cloth, and
Indian shawl over a faded and threadbare
ave said enough, and more than enough
his dilemma to any unassisted bachelor,
mother sister or cousin without

labours, was his trusty agent, who trotted from room room after him, affording him exactly the same degree of sympathy which a dog doth to his master when distressed in mind, by looking in his face from time to time with a piteous gaze, as if to assure him that he partakes of his trouble, though he neither comprehends the cause or the extent of it, nor has in the slightest degree the power to remove it.

At length, when Mowbray had got some matters arranged to his mind, and abandoned a great many which he would willingly have put in better order, he sat down to dinner upon the Wednesday preceding the appointed day, with his worthy aide-de-camp, Mr. Meiklewham; and, after bestowing a few muttered curses upon the whole concern, and the fantastic old maid who had brought into the scrape, by begging an invitation, declared that all things might now go to the devil their own way, for, so sure as his name was John Mowbray, he would trouble himself no more about them.

Keeping this doughty resolution, he sat down to dinner with his counsel learned in the law; and speedily they despatched the dish of chops which was set before them, and the better part of the bottle of old port, which served for its menstruum.

"We are well enough now," said Mowbray, "though we have had none of their d—d kickshaws."

"A wame-fou' is a wame-fou'," said the writer, swabbing his greasy chops, "whether it be of the barley-meal or the bran."

"A cart-horse thinks so," said Mowbray; "but we must do as others do, and gentlemen and ladies are of a different opinion."

"The waur for themselves and the country baith, *St. Ronan's—it's the jinketing* and the jirbling wi' tea *and wi' trumpery that brings* our nobles to ninepence, and *mony a het ha'-house* to a hired lodging in the Abbey."

young gentleman paused for a few minut
, bumper, and pushed the bottle to the senior—
bruptly, "Do you believe in luck, Mick?"
n luck?" answered the attorney; "what do
n by the question?"
"Why, because I believe in luck myself—in a goc
d run of luck at cards."
"You wad have mair luck the day, if you had r
nched them," replied his confidant.
"That is not the question now," said Mowb
but what I wonder at is the wretched chance that
tended us miserable Lairds of St. Ronan's for 1
an a hundred years, that we have always been ge
orse in the world, and never better. Never has t
en such a backsliding generation, as the parson w
y—half the county once belonged to my ancestors,
ow the last furrows of it seem to be flying."
"Fleeing!" said the writer, "they are barking
eing baith.—This Shaws Castle here, I'se warra
e up the chimney after the rest, were it not
stened down with your grandfather's tailzie."
"D—n the tailzie!" said Mowbray; "if they
eant to keep up their estate they should have ent
when it was worth keeping: to tie a man down to
1 insignificant thing as St. Ronan's, is like tetheri
orse on six roods of a Highland moor."
"Ye have broke weel in on the mailing by your
own at the Well," said Meiklewham, "and raxed
ie tether maybe a wee bit farther than ye had ony
do."
"It was by your advice, was it not?" said the La
"I'se ne'er deny it, St. Ronan's," answered the w
but I am such a gude-natured guse, that I jy
out pleasing you, as an auld wife pleases a bair
"Ay," said the man of pleasure, "when she r
ufe to cut its own fingers with.—These acr

have been safe enough, if it had not been for your d—d advice."

"And yet you were grumbling e'en now," said the man of business, "that you have not the power to gar the whole estate flee like a wild-duck across a bog? Troth, you need care little about it; for if you have incurred an irritancy—and sae thinks Mr. Wisebehind, the advocate; upon an A. B. memorial that I laid before him—your sister, or your sister's goodman, if she should take the fancy to marry, might bring a declarator, and evict St. Ronan's frae ye in the course of twa or three sessions."

"My sister will never marry," said John Mowbray.

"That's easily said," replied the writer; "but as broken a ship's come to land. If ony body kend o' the chance she has o' the estate, there's mony a weel-doing man would think little of the bee in her bonnet."

"Hark ye, Mr. Meiklewham," said the Laird, "I will be obliged to you if you will speak of Miss Mowbray with the respect due to her father's daughter, and my sister."

"Nae offence, St. Ronan's, nae offence," answered the man of law; "but ilka man maun speak sae as to be understood,—that is, when he speaks about business. Ye ken yoursell, that Miss Clara is no just like other folk; and were I you—it's my duty to speak plain—I wad e'en gie in a bit scroll of a petition to the Lords, to be appointed Curator Bonis, in respect of her incapacity to manage her own affairs."

"Meiklewham," said Mowbray, "you are a ——," and then stopped short.

"What am I, Mr. Mowbray?" said Meiklewham, somewhat sternly—"What am I? I wad be glad to ken *what I am.*'

"A very good lawyer, I dare say," replied St. Ronan's, *who was too much in the* power of his agent to give us

s first impulse. "But I must tell y
a take such a measure against poor
mmend, I would give her up the estate
ostler or a postilion for the rest of my lif
Ah, St. Ronan's," said the man of law,
ed to keep up the auld house, you
n another trade, than to become an
tilion. What ailed you, man, but to h
yer as weel as other folk? My auld ma
bit Latin about *rerum dominos gentemqu*
lk signified, he said, that all lairds should b
All lawyers are likely to become lairds,
ied Mowbray; "they purchase our acr
sand, and pay us, according to the old st
ultiplepoinding, as your learned friends cal
klewham."

Weel—and nightna you have purchased as
r folk?"

Not I," replied the Laird; "I have no t
service, I should only have wasted bombaz
oulders, and flour upon my three-tailed
l but have lounged away my mornings
House, and my evenings at the play-hou
d no more law than what would have mad
stice at a Small-Debt Court."

ou gained little, you would have lost as
iklewham; "and albeit ye were nae gre
ur, ye might aye have gotten a Sheriffdor
aryship, amang the lave, to keep the
nd sae ye might have saved your estat
ing, if ye didna mend it muckle."

ut I could not have had the chance of
I might have done," answered Mowbra
stant jade, Fortune, but stood a
ne. I tell you, Mick, that I h
welvemonth, worth a hundred t



orth fifty thousand—worth nothing, but the remnant i this wretched estate, which is too little to do one good hile it is mine, though, were it sold, I could start gain, and mend my hand a little."

"Ay, ay, just fling the helve after the hatchet," said his legal adviser—"that's a' you think of. What signifies winning a hundred thousand pounds, if you win them to lose them a' again?"

"What signifies it?" replied Mowbray. "Why, it signifies as much to a man of spirit, as having won a battle signifies to a general—no matter that he is beaten afterwards in his turn, he knows there is luck for him as well as others, and so he has spirit to try it again. Here is the young Earl of Etherington will be amongst us in a day or two—they say he is up to everything—if I had but five hundred to begin with, I should be soon up to him."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Meiklewham, "I am sorry for ye. I have been your house's man of business—I may say, in some measure your house's servant—and now I am to see an end of it all, and just by the lad that I thought maist likely to set it up again better than ever; for, to do ye justice, you have aye had an ee to your ain interest, sae far as your lights gaed. It brings tears into my auld een."

"Never weep for the matter, Mick," answered Mowbray; "some of it will stick, my old boy, in your pockets, if not in mine—your service will not be altogether gratuitous, my old friend—the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Weel I wot is he," said the writer; "but double fees would hardly carry folk through some wark. But if ye will have siller, ye maun have siller—but, I warran' it goes just where the rest gaed."

"*No, by twenty devils!*" exclaimed Mowbray, "*fail this time is impossible*—Jack Wolverine was strong for Etherington at anything he could name:



a beat Wolverine from the Land's-
at's—but there must be something t
t must be had, Mick."

Very likely—nae doubt—that is, alv
be had," answered the legal adviser.

"That's your business, my old cock,"

This youngster will be here perhaps
money in both pockets—he takes up
comes down, Mick—think of that, my

"Weel for them that have rents to
Meiklewham; "ours are lying rather
lifted at present.—But are you sure this
mell with?—are you sure ye can win of
you do, he can pay his losings, Mr. Mow
I have kend mony ane come for wool,
shorn; and though ye are a clever yo
and I am bound to suppose ye ken as
as most folk, and all that, yet some g
have aye come off at the losing hand, s
much reason to ken this day—howbeit"

"Oh, the devil take your gossip, my
you can give no help, spare drowning
pother. Why, man, I was a fresh har
prentice-fees to pay—and these are no
But what of that?—I am free of the cor
can trade on my own bottom."

"Aweel, aweel, I wish it may
Meiklewham.

"It will be so, and it shall be so, m
replied Mowbray, cheerily, "so you will
the stock to trade with."

"The stock?—what d'ye ca' the sto
stock that ye have left."

"*But you* have plenty, my old boy—
few of your three per cents.; I wil
interest—exchange—everything."

"Ay, ay—everything or naething," answered Meiklewham; "but as you are sae very pressing, I hae been thinking—Whan is the siller wanted?"

"This instant—this day—to-morrow at farthest!" exclaimed the proposed borrower.

"Wh—ew!" whistled the lawyer, with a long prolongation of the note; "the thing is impossible."

"It must be, Mick, for all that," answered Mr. Mowbray, who knew by experience that *impossible*, when uttered by his accommodating friend in this tone, meant only, when interpreted, extremely difficult, and very expensive.

"Then it must be by Miss Clara selling her stock, now that ye speak of stock," said Meiklewham; "I wonder ye didna think of this before."

"I wish you had been dumb rather than that you had mentioned it now," said Mowbray, starting, as if stung by an adder—"What, Clara's pittance!—the trifle my aunt left her for her own fanciful expenses—her own little private store, that she puts to so many good purposes—Poor Clara, that has so little!—And why not rather your own, Master Meiklewham, who call yourself the friend and servant of our family?"

"Ay, St. Ronan's," answered Meiklewham, "that is a' very true—but service is nae inheritance; and as for friendship, it begins at hame, as wise folk have said lang before our time. And for that matter, I think they that are nearest sib should take maist risk. You are nearer and dearer to your sister, St. Ronan's, than you are to poor Saunders Meiklewham, that hasna sae muckle gentle blood as would supper up a hungry flea."

"I will not do this," said St. Ronan's, walking up and down with much agitation; for, selfish as he was, he loved his sister, and loved her the more on account of those peculiarities which rendered his protection a

ble to her comfortable existence.—"I will not," he "pillage her, come on't what will. I will rather a volunteer to the Continent, and die like a ıtleman."

He continued to pace the room in a moody silence, which began to disturb his companion, who had not been hitherto accustomed to see his patron take matters so deeply. At length he made an attempt to attract the attention of the silent and sullen ponderer.

"Mr. Mowbray"—no answer—"I was saying, St. Ronan's"—still no reply. "I have been thinking about this matter—and"——

"And *what*, sir!" said St. Ronan's, stopping short, and speaking in a stern tone of voice.

"And to speak truth I see little feasibility in the matter ony way; for if ye had the siller in your pocket to-day, it would be a' in the Earl of Etherington's the morn."

"Pshaw! you are a fool," answered Mowbray.

"That is not unlikely," said Meiklewham; "but so is Sir Bingo Binks, and yet he's had the better of you, St. Ronan's, this twa or three times."

"It is false!—he has not," answered St. Ronan's fiercely.

"Weel I wot," resumed Meiklewham, "he took you in about the saumon fish, and some other wager ye lost to him this very day."

"I tell you once more, Meiklewham, you are a fool, and no more up to my trim than you are to the longitude—Bingo is got shy—I must give him a little line, that is all—then I shall strike him to purpose—I am as sure of him as I am of the other—I know the fly they will both rise to—this cursed want of five hundred *will do me out* of ten thousand!"

"*If you are so* certain of being the bagster—so ve *certain, I* mean, of sweeping stakes,—what harm



Miss Clara come to by your having the use of her siller? You can make it up to her for the risk ten times told."

"And so I can, by Heaven!" said St. Ronan's. "Mick, you are right, and I am a scrupulous, chicken-hearted fool. Clara shall have a thousand for her poor five hundred—she shall,—by ——. And I will carry her to Edinburgh for a season, or perhaps to London, and we will have the best advice for her case, and the best company to divert her. And if they think her a little odd—why, d—n me, I am her brother, and will bear her through it. Yes—yes—you're right; there can be no hurt in borrowing five hundred of her for a few days, when such profit may be made on't, both for her and me.—Here, fill the glasses, my old boy, and drink success to it, for you are right."

"Here is success to it, with all my heart," answered Meiklewham, heartily glad to see his patron's sanguine temper arrive at this desirable conclusion, and yet willing to hedge in his own credit; "but it is *you* are right, and not *me*, for I advise nothing, except on your assurances that you can make your ain of this English Earl, and of this Sir Bingo—and if you can but do that, I am sure it would be unwise and unkind in ony ane of your friends to stand in your light."

"True, Mick, true," answered Mowbray.—"And yet dice and cards are but bones and pasteboard, and the best horse ever started may slip a shoulder before he get to the winning post—and so I wish Clara's venture had not been in such a bottom.—But, hang it, care killed a cat—I can hedge as well as any one, if the odds turn up against me—so let us have the cash, Mick."

"Aha! but there go two words to that bargain—the *stock stands in my* name, and Tam Turnpenny the *banker's, as trustees for* Miss Clara—Now, get you her *'tter to us, desiring us* to sell out and to pay you the pro-

[redacted], and Tam Turnpenny will let you have five hun
pounds *instanter*, on the faith of the transaction ; :
ancy you would desire a' the stock to be sold out, a
will produce more than six hundred, or seven hun
pounds either—and I reckon you will be selling out
whole—it's needless making twa bites of a cherry."

"True," answered Mowbray ; "since we must
ogues, or something like it, let us make it worth
while at least ; so give me a form of the letter, and C
hall copy it—that is, if she consents ; for you know
an keep her own opinion as well as any other woma
he world."

"And that," said Meiklewham, "is as the wind
eep its way, preach to it as ye like. But if I m
dvise about Miss Clara—I wad sae naething mair
hat I was stressed for the penny money ; for I mis
er muckle if she would like to see you gangin
itch and toss wi' this lord and tither baronet for
unt's three per cents.—I ken she has some queer no
—she gies away the feck of the dividends on that
tock in downright charity."

"And I am in hazard to rob the poor as well as
ister!" said Mowbray, filling once more his own
nd his friend's. "Come, Mick, no skylights—he
Clara's health—she is an angel—and I am—what I
ot call myself, and suffer no other man to call me.—
shall win this time—I am sure I shall, since Cl
ortune depends upon it."

"Now, I think, on the other hand," said Meiklewh
that if anything should chance wrang (and Heaven
hat the best-laid schemes will gang ajee), it will
reat comfort to think that the ultimate losers will
e the poor folk, that have the parish between ther
bsolute starvation—*if your* sister spent her ain
ould be a very different story."

"*Hush, Mick*—for God's sake, hush, min

friend," said Mowbray; "it is quite true; thou art a rare counsellor in time of need, and hast as happy a manner of reconciling a man's conscience with his necessities, as might set up a score of casuists; but beware, my most zealous counsellor and confessor, how you drive the nail too far—I promise you some of the chaffing you are at just now rather abates my pluck.—Well—give me your scroll—I will to Clara with it—though I would rather meet the best shot in Britain, with ten paces of green sod betwixt us." So saying, he left the apartment.

CHAP. XI.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which Nature bound at birth.—ANONYMOUS.

WHEN Mowbray had left his dangerous adviser, in order to steer the course which his agent had indicated, without offering to recommend it, he went to the little parlour which his sister was wont to term her own, and in which she spent great part of her time. It was fitted up with a sort of fanciful neatness; and in its perfect arrangement and good order, formed a strong contrast to the other apartments of the old and neglected mansion-house. A number of little articles lay on the work-table, indicating the elegant, and, at the same time, the unsettled turn of the inhabitant's mind. There were unfinished drawings, blotted music, needlework of various kinds, and many other little female tasks; all undertaken with zeal, and so far prosecuted with art and

elegance, but all flung aside before any one of them was completed.

Clara herself sat upon a little low couch by the window, reading, or at least turning over the leaves of a book, in which she seemed to read. But instantly starting up when she saw her brother, she ran towards him with the most cordial cheerfulness.

"Welcome, welcome, my dear John; this is very kind of you to come to visit your recluse sister. I have been trying to nail my eyes and my understanding to a stupid book here, because they say too much thought is not quite good for me. But, either the man's dulness, or my want of the power of attending, makes my eyes pass over the page, just as one seems to read in a dream, without being able to comprehend one word of the matter. You shall talk to me, and that will do better. What can I give you to show that you are welcome? I am afraid tea is all I have to offer, and that you set too little store by."

"I shall be glad of a cup at present," said Mowbray, "for I wish to speak with you."

"Then Jessie shall make it ready instantly," said Miss Mowbray, ringing, and giving orders to her waiting-maid —"but you must not be ungrateful, John, and plague me with any of the ceremonial for your fête—'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I will attend, and play my part as prettily as you can desire; but to think of it beforehand would make both my head and my heart ache; and so I beg you will spare me on the subject."

"Why, you wild kitten," said Mowbray, "you turn every day more shy of human communication—we shall have you take the woods one day, and become as savage as the Princess Caraboo. But I will plague you about nothing if I can help it. If matters go not smooth on the great day, they must e'en blame the dull thick head that had no fair lady to help him in his need. But, Clara, I

had something more material to say to you—something indeed of the last importance."

"What is it?" said Clara, in a tone of voice approaching to a scream—"In the name of God, what is it? You know not how you terrify me!"

"Nay, you start at a shadow, Clara," answered her brother. "It is no such uncommon matter neither—good faith, it is the most common distress in the world, so far as I know the world—I am sorely pinched for money."

"Is that all?" replied Clara, in a tone which seemed to her brother as much to underrate the difficulty, when it was explained, as her fears had exaggerated it before she heard its nature.

"Is that all? Indeed it is all, and comprehends a great deal of vexation. I shall be hard run unless I can get a certain sum of money—and I must e'en ask you if you can help me?"

"Help you?" replied Clara; "Yes, with all my heart—but you know my purse is a light one—more than half of my last dividend is in it, however, and I am sure, John, I shall be happy if it can serve you—especially as that will at least show that your wants are but small ones."

"Alas, Clara, if you would help me," said her brother, half repentant of his purpose, "you must draw the neck of the goose which lays the golden eggs—you must lend me the whole stock."

"And why not, John," said the simple-hearted girl, "if it will do you a kindness? Are you not my natural guardian? Are you not a kind one? And is not my little fortune entirely at your disposal? You will, I am sure, do all for the best."

"*I fear I may not,*" said Mowbray, starting from her, *and more distressed by* her sudden and unsuspicious *compliance, than he would* have been by difficulties or

[redacted]ence. In the latter case, he would have stifled
[redacted]gs of conscience amid the manœuvres which he
[redacted]ave resorted to for obtaining her acquiescence; as
[redacted]e stood there was all the difference that there
[redacted]ween slaughtering a tame animal, and pursuing
[redacted]ame, until the animation of the sportsman's exer-
overcomes the internal sense of his own cruelty.
[redacted]me idea occurred to Mowbray himself.

[redacted]r G—," he said, "this is like shooting the bird
[redacted]—Clara," he added, "I fear this money will scarce
ployed as you would wish."

mploy it as you yourself please, my dearest
[redacted]r," she replied, "and I will believe it is all for the

ay, I am doing for the best," he replied; "at least,
doing what must be done, for I see no other way
[redacted]h it—so all you have to do is to copy this paper,
id adieu to bank dividends—for a little while at
I trust soon to double this little matter for you, if
[redacted]e will but stand my friend."

o not trust to Fortune, John," said Clara, smiling,
h with an expression of deep melancholy. "Alas!
[redacted]s never been a friend to our family—not at least for
a day."

[redacted]e favours the bold, say my old grammatical ex-
[redacted]," answered her brother; "and I must trust her,
she as changeable as a weathercock.—And yet—if
[redacted]ould jilt me!—What will you do—what will you
[redacted]lara, if I am unable, contrary to my hope, trust,
[redacted]pectation, to repay you this money within a short
"

[redacted]o!" replied Clara; "I must do without it, you
; and for *saying*, I will not say a word."

rue," replied Mowbray, "but your little expenses
charities—your halt and blind—your round
?"

"Well, I can manage all that too. Look John, how many half-worked trifles there are. T or the pencil is the resource of all distressed you know; and I promise you, though I ha little idle and unsettled of late, yet, when I do it, no Emmeline or Ethelinde of them all ever loads of trumpery to market as I shall, or n wealth as I will do. I dare say Lady Penelop the gentry at the Well, will purchase, and will do all sorts of things to encourage the pensive I will send them such lots of landscapes with trees, and mazareen-blue rivers, and portraits terrify the originals themselves—and handker turbans, with needle-work scalloped exactly like on the Belvidere—Why, I shall become a little the first season."

"No, Clara," said John, gravely, for a virtuc tion had gained the upper hand in his bos his sister ran on in this manner.—"We will thing better than all this. If this kind help of y not fetch me through, I am determined I wi whole concern. It is but standing a laugh or hearing a gay fellow say, D—me, Jack, are y clodhopper at last!—that is the worst. Dog and all, shall go to the hammer; we will kee but your pony, and I will trust to a pair of exce There is enough left of the old acres to keep way you like best, and that I will learn to lik work in the garden, and work in the forest, mai trees, and cut them myself, keep my own accc send Saunders Meiklewham to the devil."

"That last is the best resolution of all, Jc *Clara; "and if such a day should come round be the happiest of living creatures—I should n grief left in the world—if I had, you should n hear of it—it should lie here,"* she said, pressin

n, "buried as deep as a funeral urn in a cold
Oh! could we not begin such a life to-mor-
it is absolutely necessary that this trifle of
...ould be got rid of first, throw it into the river,
ink you have lost it amongst gamblers and horse-
:ys."

.lara's eyes, which she fondly fixed on her brother's
:e, glowed through the tears which her enthusiasm
lled into them, while she thus addressed him. Mow-
ray, on his part, kept his looks fixed on the ground, with a flush on his cheek, that expressed at once false pride and real shame.

At length he looked up:—"My dear girl," he said, "how foolishly you talk, and how foolishly I, that have twenty things to do, stand here listening to you! All will go smooth on *my* plan—if it should not, we have yours in reserve, and I swear to you I will adopt it. The trifle which this letter of yours enables me to command, may have luck in it, and we must not throw up the cards while we have a chance of the game—Were I to cut from this moment, these few hundreds would make us little better or little worse—So you see we have two strings to our bow. Luck is sometimes against me, that is true—but upon true principle, and playing on the square, I can manage the best of them, or my name is not Mowbray. Adieu, my dearest Clara." So saying, he kissed her cheek with a more than usual degree of affection.

Ere he could raise himself from his stooping posture, she threw her arm kindly over his neck, and said with a tone of the deepest interest, "My dearest brother, your slightest wish has been, and ever shall be, a law to me—Oh! if you would but grant me one request in return!"

"*What is it,* you silly girl?" said Mowbray, gently *disengaging* himself from her hold.—"What is it you *can have to ask* that needs such a solemn preface?—

emember, I hate prefaces; and when I happen to open book, always skip them."

"Without preface, then, my dearest brother, will you, or my sake, avoid those quarrels in which the people yonder are eternally engaged? I never go down there but I hear of some new brawl; and I never lay my head down to sleep, but I dream that you are the victim of it. Even last night"——

"Nay, Clara, if you begin to tell your dreams, we shall never have done. Sleeping, to be sure, is the most serious employment of your life—for as to eating, you hardly match a sparrow; but I entreat you to sleep without dreaming, or to keep your visions to yourself.—Why do you keep such fast hold of me?—What on earth can you be afraid of?—Surely you do not think the Blockhead Binks, or any other of the good folks below yonder, dared to turn on me? Egad, I wish they would pluck up a little mettle, that I might have an excuse for drilling them. Gad, I would soon teach them to follow at heel."

"No, John," replied his sister; "it is not of such men as these that I have any fear—and yet, cowards are sometimes driven to desperation, and become more dangerous than better men—but it is not such as these that I fear. But there are men in the world whose qualities are beyond their seeming—whose spirit and courage lie hidden like metals in the mine, under an unmarked or a plain exterior.—You may meet with such—you are rash and headlong, and apt to exercise your wit without always weighing consequences, and thus"——

"On my word, Clara," answered Mowbray, "you are in a most sermonising humour this morning! the parson *himself could not have* been more logical or profound. *You have only to divide your* discourse into heads, *garnish it with conclusions* for use, and conclusion of *doctrine, and it might be* preached before a whole

[redacted] chance of instruction and edification.
[redacted] of the world, my little Clara; and though
in death's way as little as possible, I must
raw head and bloody bones neither.—And
is to put the question to me?—I must know
or you have some especial person in your
bid me take care of quarrelling."

l not become paler than was her usual com-
her voice faltered as she eagerly assured
that she had no particular person in her

aid her brother, "do you remember, when
:port of a bogle in the upper orchard, when
1 children?—Do you remember how you
ılly telling me to take care of the bogle, and
)m its haunts?—And do you remember my
pose to detect the bogle, finding the cow-
ıirt about him, busied in pulling pears, and
to a handsome drubbing?—I am the same
y still, as ready to face danger, and unmask
ınd your fears, Clara, will only make me
losely, till I find out the real object of them.
ıe of quarrelling with some one, it must be
now some one who is not unlikely to quarrel
·u are a flighty and fanciful girl, but you
ough not to trouble either yourself or me
ıonour, save when there is some good reason

more protested, and it was with the deepest
believed, that what she had said arose only
ıeral consequences which she apprehended
of conduct her brother had adopted, and
apprehension, was so likely to engage him
at divided the good company at the Spring
ıed to her explanation with an air of dou
lulity, sipped a cup of tea which had

some time been placed before him, and at length replied, "Well, Clara, whether I am right or wrong in my guess, it would be cruel to torment you any more, remembering what you have just done for me. But do justice to your brother, and believe, that when you have anything to ask of him, an explicit declaration of your wishes will answer your purpose much better than any ingenious oblique attempts to influence me. Give up all thoughts of such, my dear Clara—you are but a poor manœuvrer, but were you the very Machiavel of your sex, you should not turn the flank of John Mowbray."

He left the room as he spoke, and did not return, though his sister twice called upon him. It is true that she uttered the word brother so faintly, that perhaps the sound did not reach his ears.—"He is gone," she said, "and I have had no power to speak out! I am like the wretched creatures, who, it is said, lie under a potent charm, that prevents them alike from shedding tears and from confessing their crimes—Yes, there is a spell on this unhappy heart, and either that must be dissolved, or this must break."

CHAP. XII.

A slight note I have about me, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office which friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, as I desire nothing but right on both sides.—KING AND NO KING.

THE intelligent reader may recollect that Tyrrel departed from the Fox Hotel on terms not altogether so friendly towards the company as those under which he entered it. Indeed, it occurred to him, that he might probably have heard something farther on the subject, though, amidst matters of deeper and more anxious consideration, the idea only passed hastily through his mind; and two days having gone over with-



essage from Sir Bingo Binks, t
irely out of his memory.
uth was, that although never old
ouble to collect and blow up with
bers of her decayed fire, than Capt.
y underwent for the purpose of puffing
lying sparkles of the Baronet's courage,
e spent in fruitless conferences before he
e desired point. He found Sir Bingo on th
casions in all sorts of different moods of
sposed to view the thing in all shades of li
hat the Captain thought was the true one.—
drunken humour—in a sullen humour—in a
ss and vilipending humour—in every hum
hting one. And when Captain MacTurk
e reputation of the company at the Well, S
etended to take offence, said the company r
the devil, and hinted that he "did them
iour by gracing them with his countenance,
mean to constitute them any judges of his
fellow was a raff, and he would have nothin
him."

ptain MacTurk would willingly have take
against the Baronet himself, as in a state of
, but was opposed by Winterblossom an
ers of the committee, who considered Sir E
portant and illustrious a member of their
ashly expelled from a place not honoured
ce of many persons of rank; and finally
thing should be done in the matter with
of Mowbray, whose preparations for his
on the following Thursday had so much c
t he had not lately appeared at the We
meanwhile, the gallant Captain seem
s much distress of mind, as if some
own most unblemished of repu

went up and down upon the points of his toes, rising up on his instep with a jerk which at once expressed vexation and defiance—He carried his nose turned up in the air, like that of a pig when he snuffs the approaching storm—He spoke in monosyllables when he spoke at all; and—what perhaps illustrated in the strongest manner the depth of his feelings—he refused, in face of the whole company, to pledge Sir Bingo in a glass of the Baronet's peculiar Cognac.

At length, the whole Well was alarmed by the report brought by a smart outrider, that the young Earl of Etherington, reported to be rising on the horizon of fashion as a star of the first magnitude, intended to pass an hour, or a day, or a week, as it might happen (for his lordship could not be supposed to know his own mind), at St. Ronan's Well.

n the road towards the ancient city of Coventry; banishment thither, incurred by that most unable offence in modern morality, a solecism in the of honour. Though sluggish and inert when called tion, the Baronet was by no means an absolute ard; or, if so, he was of that class which fights when uced to extremity. He manfully sent for Captain MacTurk, who waited upon him with a grave solemnity of aspect, which instantly was exchanged for a radiant joy, when Sir Bingo, in a few words, empowered him to carry a message to that d—d strolling artist, by whom he had been insulted three days since.

"By Cot," said the Captain, "my exceedingly goot and excellent friend, and I am happy to do such a favour for you! and it's well you have thought of it yourself; because, if it had not been for some of our very goot and excellent friends, that would be putting their spoon into other folk's dish, I should have been asking you a civil question myself, how you came to dine with us, with all that mud and mire which Mr. Tyrrel's grasp has left upon the collar of your coat—you understand me. —But it is much better as it is, and I will go to the man with all the speed of light; and though, to be sure, it should have been sooner thought of, yet let me alone to make an excuse for that, just in my own civil way—better late thrive than never do well, you know, Sir Bingo; and if you have made him wait a little while for his morning, you must give him the better measure, my darling."

So saying, he awaited no reply, lest peradventure the commission with which he was so hastily and unexpectedly charged, should have been clogged with some condition of compromise. No such proposal, however, was made on the part of the doughty Sir Bingo, who eyed his friend, as he hastily snatched up his ratan to depart, with a dogged look of obstinacy, expressive, to

use his own phrase, of a determined resolution
up to the scratch; and when he heard the C
parting footsteps, and saw the door shut behind
valiantly whistled a few bars of Jenny Sutton, i
he cared not a farthing how the matter was to e

With a swifter pace than his half-pay leisure
encouraged, or than his habitual dignity permitte
tain MacTurk cleared the ground betwixt the
and its gay vicinity, and the ruins of the Aultou
reigned our friend Meg Dods, the sole assert
ancient dignities. To the door of the Cleikum
Captain addressed himself as one too much acc
to war to fear a rough reception; although at
first aspect of Meg, who presented her perso
half-opened door, his military experience taught
his entrance into the place would, in all probat
disputed.

"Is Mr. Tyrrel at home?" was the questi
the answer was conveyed by the counter-interr
"Wha may ye be that speers?"

As the most polite reply to this question, and a
gence, at the same time, of his own taciturn dis
the Captain presented to Luckie Dods the fifth
an ordinary playing card, much grimed with snu
bore on its blank side his name and quality. Bu
Dods rejected the information thus tendered, w
temptuous scorn.

"Nane of your deil's play-books for me," s
"it's an ill world since sic prick-my-dainty doin
in fashion—It's a poor tongue that canna tell
name, and I'll hae nane of your scarts upo
board."

"I *am* Captain MacTurk of the —— regimen
the Captain, disdaining further answer.

"MacTurk?" repeated Meg, with an empha
induced the owner of the name to reply,

adeness of his landlady, and to pass from the
t which had procured him the honour of this

you are right, my good Master Tyrrel," said the
pulling down the sleeves of his coat, adjusting
lkerchief and breast-ruffle, and endeavouring to
r the composure of manner becoming his mission,
ill adverting indignantly to the usage he had re-
d—"By Cot, if she had but been a man, if it were
King himself—However, Mr. Tyrrel, I am come on
ivil errand—and very civilly I have been treated—the
uld bitch should be set in the stocks, and be tamed!—
My friend, Sir Bingo—By Cot, I shall never forget that
woman's insolence—if there be a constable or a cat-o'-
nine-tails within ten miles"——

"I perceive, Captain," said Tyrrel, "that you are too much disturbed at this moment to enter upon the business which has brought you here—if you will step into my bedroom, and make use of some cold water and a towel, it will give you the time to compose yourself a little."

"I shall do no such thing, Mr. Tyrrel," answered the Captain, snappishly; "I do not want to be composed at all, and I do not want to stay in this house a minute longer than to do my errand to you on my friend's behalf —And as for this tamned woman, Dods"——

"You will in that case forgive my interrupting you, Captain MacTurk, as I presume your errand to me can have no reference to this strange quarrel with my landlady, with which I have nothing to"——

"And if I thought that it had, sir," said the Captain, interrupting Tyrrel in his turn, "you should have given me satisfaction before you was a quarter of an hour older—Oh, I would give five pounds to the pretty fellow that would say, Captain MacTurk, the woman did right!"

"I certainly will not be that person you wish for, Captain," replied Tyrrel, "because I really do not know who was in the right or wrong; but I am certainly sorry that you should have met with ill usage, when your purpose was to visit me."

"Well, sir, if you are concerned," said the man of peace, snappishly, "so am I, and there is an end of it. —And touching my errand to you—you cannot have forgotten that you treated my friend, Sir Bingo Binks, with singular incivility?"

"I recollect nothing of the kind, Captain," replied Tyrrel. "I remember that the gentleman, so called, took some uncivil liberties in laying foolish bets concerning me, and that I treated him, from respect to the rest of the company, and the ladies in particular, with a great degree of moderation and forbearance."

"And you must have very fine ideas of forbearance," replied the Captain, "when you took my good friend by the collar of the coat, and lifted him out of your way, as if he had been a puppy dog! My good Mr. Tyrrel, I can assure you he does not think that you have forborne him at all, and he has no purpose to forbear you; and I must either carry back a sufficient apology, or you must meet in a quiet way, with a good friend on each side. —And this was the errand I came on, when this tamned woman, with the hearth-broom, who is an enemy to all quiet and peaceable proceedings"——

"We will forget Mrs. Dods for the present, if you please, Captain MacTurk," said Tyrrel—"and, to speak to the present subject, you will permit me to say, that I think this summons comes a little of the latest. You know best as a military man, but I have always understood that such differences are usually settled immediately after they occur—not that I intend to baulk Sir Bingo's inclinations upon the score of delay, or any other account."

say you will not—I dare say you will not, Mr. answered the Captain—"I am free to think that w better what belongs to a gentleman.—And as —look you, my good sir, there are different sorts ple in this world, as there are different sorts of ms. There are your hair-trigger'd rifles, that go off at the right moment, and in the twinkling of an eye, that, Mr. Tyrrel, is your true man of honour;—and ere is a sort of person that takes a thing up too soon, and ometimes backs out of it, like your rubbishy Birmingham pieces, that will at one time go off at half-cock, and at another time burn priming without going off at all;—then again there are pieces that hang fire—or I should rather say, that are like the matchlocks which the black fellows use in the East Indies—there must be some blowing of the match, and so forth, which occasions delay, but the piece carries true enough after all."

"And your friend Sir Bingo's valour is of this last kind, Captain—I presume that is the inference. I should have thought it more like a boy's cannon, which is fired by means of a train, and is but a pop-gun after all."

"I cannot allow of such comparisons, sir," said the Captain; "you will understand that I come here as Sir Bingo's friend, and a reflection on him will be an affront to me."

"I disclaim all intended offence to you, Captain—I have no wish to extend the number of my adversaries, or to add to them the name of a gallant officer like yourself," replied Tyrrel.

"You are too obliging, sir," said the Captain, drawing himself up with dignity. "By Cot, and that was said very handsomely!—Well, sir, and shall I not have the pleasure of carrying back any explanation from you to *Sir Bingo?*—I assure you it would give me pleasure, *make this matter* handsomely up."

"*To Sir Bingo*, Captain MacTurk, I have no apo

to offer—I think I treated him more gently than his impertinence deserved."

"Och, och!" sighed the Captain, with a strong Highland intonation; "then there is no more to be said, but just to settle time and place; for pistols, I suppose, must be the weapons."

"All these matters are quite the same to me," said Tyrrel; "only, in respect of time, I should wish it to be as speedy as possible—What say you to one, afternoon, this very day—You may name the place."

"At one, afternoon," replied the Captain, deliberately, "Sir Bingo will attend you—the place may be the Buckstane; for as the whole company go to the water-side to-day to eat a kettle of fish,* there will be no risk of interruption.—And whom shall I speak to, my good friend, on your side of the quarrel?"

"Really, Captain," replied Tyrrel, "that is a puzzling question—I have no friend here—I suppose you could hardly act for both?"

"It would be totally, absolutely, and altogether out of the question, my good friend," replied MacTurk. "But if you will trust to me, I will bring up a friend on your part from the Well, who, though you have hardly seen him before, will settle matters for you as well as if you had been intimate for twenty years—and I will bring up the Doctor too, if I can get him unloosed from the petticoat of that fat widow Blower, that he has strung himself upon."

"I have no doubt you will do everything with perfect accuracy, Captain. At one o'clock, then, we meet at the Buck-stane—Stay, permit me to see you to the door."

"By Cot, and it is not altogether so unnecessary," *said the Captain;* "*for* the tamned woman with the be*som might have some advantage* in that long dark pas*sage, knowing the ground* better than I do—tamn her, *will have amends on her, if* there be whipping-post,

xpl, or a pair of stocks in the parish!". And the Captain trudged off, his spirits ever and ated by recollection of the causeless aggression Dods, and again composed to a state of happy by the recollection of the agreeable arrangement he had made between Mr. Tyrrel and his friend ingo Binks.

e have heard of men of undoubted benevolence of racter and disposition, whose principal delight was to a miserable criminal, degraded alike by his previous ues, and the sentence which he had incurred, con- le a vicious and wretched life, by an ignominious and ful death. It was some such inconsistency of cha- er which induced honest Captain MacTurk, who had ly been a meritorious officer, and was a good-natured, ourable, and well-intentioned man, to place his chief ght in setting his friends by the ears, and then acting mpire in the dangerous rencontres, which, according is code of honour, were absolutely necessary to re- e peace and cordiality. We leave the explanation of h anomalies to the labours of craniologists, for they n to defy all the researches of the Ethic philosopher.

CHAP. XIII.

VANS.—*I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving- , and friend Simple by your name, which way have you en for Master Caius?*

LENDER.—*Marry, Sir, the City-ward, the Park-ward y way; Old Windsor way, and every way.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

IR BINGO BINKS received the Captain's communication with the same dogged sullenness he had displayed at sending the challenge; a mo acious *humph*, ascending, as it were, from the v

bottom of his stomach, through the folds of a Belcher handkerchief, intimating his acquiescence, in a tone nearly as gracious as that with which the drowsy traveller acknowledges the intimation of the slip-shod ostler, that it is on the stroke of five, and the horn will sound in a minute. Captain MacTurk by no means considered this ejaculation as expressing a proper estimate of his own trouble and services. "Humph?" he replied; "and what does that mean, Sir Bingo? Have not I here had the trouble to put you just into the neat road; and would you have been able to make a handsome affair out of it at all, after you had let it hang so long in the wind, if I had not taken on myself to make it agreeable to the gentleman, and cooked as neat a mess out of it as I have seen a Frenchman do out of a stale sprat?"

Sir Bingo saw it was necessary to mutter some intimation of acquiescence and acknowledgment, which, however inarticulate, was sufficient to satisfy the veteran, to whom the adjustment of a personal affair of this kind was a labour of love, and who now, kindly mindful of his promise to Tyrrel, hurried away as if he had been about the most charitable action upon earth, to secure the attendance of some one as a witness on the stranger's part.

Mr. Winterblossom was the person whom MacTurk had in his own mind pitched upon as the fittest person to perform this act of benevolence, and he lost no time in communicating his wish to that worthy gentleman. But Mr. Winterblossom, though a man of the world, and well enough acquainted with such matters, was by no means so passionately addicted to them as was the man of peace, Captain Hector MacTurk. As a *bon vivant, he hated* trouble of any kind, and the shrewd *selfishness of his disposition* enabled him to foresee that a *good deal might accrue to all* concerned in the course of *this business. He therefore* coolly replied, that he knew

lf. Tyrrel—not even whether he was a
ńot; and, besides, he had received no
ation in his behalf—he did not, therefore,
all inclined to go to the field as his second.
rove the poor Captain to despair. He con-
d to be more public-spirited, and entreated
r the reputation of the Well, which was to
mon country, and the honour of the com-
h they both belonged, and of which Mr.
n was in a manner the proper representa-
with consent of all, the perpetual presi-
ninded him how many quarrels had been
taken and departed from on the ensuing
out any suitable consequences—said, "that
to talk of the place oddly; and that, for
he found his own honour so nearly touched,
egun to think he himself would be obliged
ebody or other to account for the general
Vell; and now, just when the most beauti-
ad arisen to put everything on a handsome
; hard—it was cruel—it was most unjustifi-
Winterblossom to decline so simple a
requested of him."
.citurn as the Captain was on all ordinary
proved, on the present, eloquent and al-
; for the tears came into his eyes when he
various quarrels which had become addled,
ıg his best endeavours to hatch them into
ɜ meeting; and here was one, at length,
the shell, like to be smothered for want of
inary concession on the part of Winter-
short, that gentleman could not hold out
"*It* was," he said, "a very foolish business,
ut to oblige Sir Bingo and Captain Mac
o objection to walk with them about no
uck-stane, although he must observe



day was hazy, and he had felt a prophetic twinge or two, which looked like a visit of his old acquaintance podagra."

"Never mind that, my excellent friend," said the Captain, "a sup out of Sir Bingo's flask is like enough to put that to rights; and, by my soul, it is not the thing he is like to leave behind him on this sort of occasion, unless I be far mistaken in my man."

"But," said Winterblossom, "although I comply with your wishes thus far, Captain MacTurk, I by no means undertake for certain to back this same Master Tyrrel, of whom I know nothing at all, but only agree to go to the place in hopes of preventing mischief."

"Never fash your beard about that, Mr. Winterblossom," replied the Captain; "for a little mischief, as you call it, is become a thing absolutely necessary to the credit of the place; and, I am sure, whatever be the consequences, they cannot in the present instance be very fatal to anybody; for here is a young fellow that, if he should have a misfortune, nobody will miss, for nobody knows him; then there is Sir Bingo, whom everybody knows so well, that they will miss him all the less."

"And there will be Lady Bingo, a wealthy and handsome young widow," said Winterblossom, throwing his hat upon his head with the grace and pretension of former days, and sighing to see, as he looked in the mirror, how much time, that had whitened his hair, rounded his stomach, wrinkled his brow, and bent down his shoulders, had disqualified him, as he expressed it, "for entering for such a plate."

Secure of Winterblossom, the Captain's next anxiety was to obtain the presence of Dr. Quackleben, who, although he wrote himself M.D., did not by any means decline practice as a surgeon when any job offered for which he was likely to be well paid, as was warranted in the present instance, the wealthy Baronet being a party

ıpally concerned. The Doctor, therefore, like the
ıe scenting the carnage, seized, at the first word, the
ge volume of morocco leather which formed his case
: portable instruments, and uncoiled before the Cap-
in, with ostentatious display, its formidable and glitter-
g contents, upon which he began to lecture as upon a
ypious and interesting text, until the man of war thought
necessary to give him a word of caution.

"Och," says he, "I do pray you, Doctor, to carry
ıat packet of yours under the breast of your coat, or in
our pocket, or somewhere out of sight, and by no means
produce or open it before the parties. For although
alpels, and tourniquets, and pincers, and the like, are
ry ingenious implements, and pretty to behold, and
e also useful when time and occasion call for them, yet
have known the sight of them take away a man's fight-
g stomach, and so lose their owner a job, Dr. Quack-
ben."

"By my faith, Captain MacTurk," said the Doctor,
you speak as if you were graduated !—I have known
ese treacherous articles play their master many a cursed
ick. The very sight of my forceps, without the least
fort on my part, once cured an inveterate toothache of
ree days' duration, prevented the extraction of a carious
olendinar, which it was the very end of their formation
achieve, and sent me home minus a guinea.—But
ınd me that great-coat, Captain, and we will place the
struments in ambuscade until they are called into action
due time. I should think something will happen—Sir
ingo is a sure shot at a moor-cock."

"Cannot say," replied MacTurk; "I have known the
stol shake many a hand that held the fowling-piece fast
ough. Yonder Tyrrel looks like a teevilish cool
stomer—I watched him the whole time I was deliverin
errand, and I can promise you he is mettle to
t-bone."

"Well—I will have my bandages ready *secundum artem*," replied the man of medicine. "We must guard against hæmorrhage—Sir Bingo is a plethoric subject.—One o'clock, you say—at the Buck-stane—I will be punctual."

"Will you not walk with us?" said Captain MacTurk, who seemed willing to keep his whole convoy together on this occasion, lest, peradventure, any of them had fled from under his patronage.

"No," replied the Doctor, "I must first make an apology to worthy Mrs. Blower, for I had promised her my arm down to the river-side, where they are all to eat a kettle of fish."

"By Cot, and I hope we shall make them a prettier kettle of fish than was ever seen at St. Ronan's," said the Captain, rubbing his hands.

"Don't say *we*, Captain," replied the cautious Doctor; "I for one have nothing to do with the meeting—wash my hands of it. No, no, I cannot afford to be clapt up as accessory.—You ask me to meet you at the Buck-stane—no purpose assigned—I am willing to oblige my worthy friend, Captain MacTurk—walk that way, thinking of nothing particular—hear the report of pistols—hasten to the spot—fortunately just in time to prevent the most fatal consequences—chance most opportunely to have my case of instruments with me, indeed, generally walk with them about me—*nunquam non paratus*—then give my professional definition of the wound and state of the patient. That is the way to give evidence, Captain, before sheriffs, coroners, and such sort of folk—never commit one's self—it is a rule of our profession."

"Well, well, Doctor," answered the Captain, "you *know your own ways* best; and so you are but there to *give a chance of help in* case of accident, all the laws of *honour will be fully* complied with. But it would be a *foul reflection upon me*, as a man of honour, if I did no

: that there should be somebody to come in
an between death and my principal."

e awful hour of one, afternoon, there arrived upon
pointed spot Captain MacTurk, leading to the
he valorous Sir Bingo, not exactly straining like a
hound in the slips, but rather looking moody like a
cher's bull-dog, which knows he must fight since his
aster bids him. Yet the Baronet showed no outward
inching or abatement of courage, excepting that the
tune of Jenny Sutton, which he had whistled without intermission since he left the Hotel, had, during the last half-mile of their walk, sunk into silence; although, to look at the muscles of the mouth, projection of the lip, and vacancy of the eye, it seemed as if the notes were still passing through his mind, and that he whistled Jenny Sutton in his imagination. Mr. Winterblossom came two minutes after this happy pair, and the Doctor was equally punctual.

"Upon my soul," said the former, "this is a mighty silly affair, Sir Bingo, and might, I think, be easily taken up, at less risk to all parties than a meeting of this kind. You should recollect, Sir Bingo, that you have much depending upon your life—you are a married man, Sir Bingo."

Sir Bingo turned the quid in his mouth, and squirted out the juice in a most coachman-like manner.

"Mr. Winterblossom," said the Captain, "Sir Bingo has in this matter put himself in my hands, and unless you think yourself more able to direct his course than I am, I must frankly tell you, that I will be disobliged by your interference. You may speak to your own friend as much as you please; and if you find yourself authorised to make any proposal, I shall be desirous to lend an ear to it on the part of my worthy principal, Sir Bingo. But I will be plain with you, that I do not greatly approve settlements upon the field, though I hope I am a

and peaceable man ; yet here is our honour to be looked after in the first place ; and moreover, I must insist that every proposal for accommodation shall originate with your party or yourself."

"*My* party?" answered Winterblossom ; "why really, though I came hither at your request, Captain MacTurk, yet I must see more of the matter, ere I can fairly pronounce myself second to a man I never saw but once."

"And, perhaps, may never see again," said the Doctor, looking at his watch ; "for it is ten minutes past the hour, and here is no Mr. Tyrrel."

"Hey ! what's that you say, Doctor?" said the Baronet, awakened from his apathy.

"He speaks tamned nonsense," said the Captain, pulling out a huge, old-fashioned, turnip-shaped implement, with a blackened silver dial-plate. "It is not above three minutes after one by the true time, and I will uphold Mr. Tyrrel to be a man of his word—never saw a man take a thing more coolly."

"Not more coolly than he takes his walk this way," said the Doctor ; "for the hour is as I tell you—remember I am professional—have pulses to count by the second and half-second—my timepiece must go as true as the sun."

"And I have mounted guard a thousand times by my watch," said the Captain ; "and I defy the devil to say that Hector MacTurk did not always discharge his duty to the twentieth part of the fraction of a second—it was my great grandmother, Lady Killbracklin's, and I will maintain its reputation against any timepiece that ever went upon wheels."

"*Well then, look* at your own watch, Captain," said *Winterblossom, "for time stands* still with no man *while we speak the hour advances.* On my word I *this Mr. Tyrrel intends to* humbug us."

ey! what's that you say?" said Sir Bingo, once starting from his sullen reverie.

I shall not look at my watch upon no such matter," d the Captain; "nor will I any way be disposed to ubt your friend's honour, Mr. Winterblossom."

"*My* friend?" said Mr. Winterblossom; "I must tell you once more, Captain, that this Mr. Tyrrel is no friend of mine—none in the world. He is your friend, Captain MacTurk; and I own, if he keeps us waiting much longer on this occasion, I will be apt to consider his friendship as of very little value."

"And how dare you then say that the man is my friend?" said the Captain, knitting his brows in a most formidable manner.

"Pooh! pooh! Captain," answered Winterblossom, coolly, if not contemptuously—"keep all that for silly boys; I have lived in the world too long either to provoke quarrels, or to care about them. So, reserve your fire; it is all thrown away on such an old cock as I am. But I really wish we knew whether this fellow means to come —twenty minutes past the hour—I think it is odds that you are bilked, Sir Bingo?"

"Bilked! hey!" cried Sir Bingo; "by Gad, I always thought so—I wagered with Mowbray he was a raff—I am had, by Gad. I'll wait no longer than the half-hour, by Gad, were he a field-marshal."

"You will be directed in that matter by your friend, if you please, Sir Bingo," said the Captain.

"D—n me if I will," returned the Baronet—"Friend; a pretty friend, to bring me out here on such a fool's errand! I knew the fellow was a raff—but I never thought you, with all your chaff about honour, such a d—d *spoon as to* bring a message from a fellow who has *fled the pit!*"

"*If you* regret so much having come here to *purpose,*" said the Captain, in a very lofty tone, "a

you think I have used you like a spoon, as you say, I will have no objection in life to take Mr. Tyrrel's place, and serve your occasion, my boy!"

"By —— ! and if you like it, you may fire away, and welcome," said Sir Bingo; "and I'll spin a crown for first shot, for I do not understand being brought here for nothing, d—n me!'

"And there was never man alive so ready as I am to give you something to stay your stomach," said the irritable Highlander.

"Oh fie, gentlemen! fie, fie, fie!" exclaimed the pacific Mr. Winterblossom—"For shame, Captain—Out upon you, Sir Bingo, are you mad?—what, principal and second!—the like was never heard of—never."

The parties were in some degree recalled to their more cool recollections by this expostulation, yet continued a short quarter-deck walk to and fro, upon parallel lines, looking at each other sullenly as they passed, and bristling like two dogs who have a mind to quarrel, yet hesitate to commence hostilities. During this promenade, also, the perpendicular and erect carriage of the veteran, rising on his toes at every step, formed a whimsical contrast with the heavy loutish shuffle of the bulky Baronet, who had, by dint of practice, very nearly attained that most enviable of all carriages, the gait of a shambling Yorkshire ostler. His coarse spirit was now thoroughly kindled, and like iron, or any other baser metal, which is slow in receiving heat, it retained long the smouldering and angry spirit of resentment that had originally brought him to the place, and now rendered him willing to wreak his uncomfortable feelings upon the nearest object which occurred, since the first purpose of his coming thither was frustrated. In his own phrase, his pluck was up, and finding himself in a fighting humour, he thought it a pity, like Bob Acres, that so much good courage should be thrown away. As, however, the

...o after all consisted chiefly in ill-humour; and as, ... demeanour of the Captain, he read nothing de...tial or deprecatory of his wrath, he began to listen ... more attention to the arguments of Mr. Winter...ssom, who entreated them not to sully, by private ...arrel, the honour they had that day so happily acquired ...ithout either blood or risk.

"It was now," he said, "three-quarters of an hour past the time appointed for this person, who calls himself Tyrrel, to meet Sir Bingo Binks. Now, instead of standing squabbling here, which serves no purpose, I propose we should reduce to writing the circumstances which attend this affair, for the satisfaction of the company at the Well, and that the memorandum shall be regularly attested by our subscriptions; after which, I shall farther humbly propose that it be subjected to the revision of the Committee of Management."

"I object to any revision of a statement to which my name shall be appended," said the Captain.

"Right—very true, Captain," said the complaisant Mr. Winterblossom; "undoubtedly you know best, and your signature is completely sufficient to authenticate this transaction—however, as it is the most important which has occurred since the Spring was established, I propose we shall all sign the *procès verbal*, as I may term it."

"Leave me out, if you please," said the Doctor, not much satisfied that both the original quarrel and the by-battle had passed over without any occasion for the offices of a Machaon; "leave me out, if you please; for it does not become me to be ostensibly concerned in any proceedings which have had for their object a breach of the peace. And for the importance of waiting here for *an hour, in a fine* afternoon, it is my opinion there was *more important* service done to the Well of St. Ronan *when I, Quentin* Quackleben, M.D., cured Lady P

lope Penfeather of her seventh attack upon the nerves, attended with febrile symptoms."

"No disparagement to your skill at all, Doctor,' said Mr. Winterblossom; "but I conceive the lesson which this fellow has received will be a great means to prevent improper persons from appearing at the Spring hereafter; and, for my part, I shall move that no one be invited to dine at the table in future, till his name is regularly entered as a member of the company, in the lists at the public room. And I hope both Sir Bingo and the Captain will receive the thanks of the company, for their spirited conduct in expelling the intruder.—Sir Bingo will you allow me to apply to your flask—a little twinq I feel, owing to the dampness of the grass."

Sir Bingo, soothed by the consequence he had acquire readily imparted to the invalid a thimbleful of his cord which, we believe, had been prepared by some cunn chemist in the wilds of Glenlivat. He then filled a bum and extended it towards the veteran, as an unequiv symptom of reconciliation. The real turbinacious fla no sooner reached the nose of the Captain, than beverage was turned down his throat with symptor most unequivocal applause. "I shall have some he the young fellows of this day," he said, "now they to give up their Dutch and French distilled water stick to genuine Highland ware. By Cot, it is th liquor fit for a gentleman to drink in a morning can have the good fortune to come by it, you see.

"Or after dinner, either, Captain," said the J to whom the glass had passed in rotation; "it i all the wines in France for flavour, and more co the system besides."

"And now," said the Captain, "that we ma *off the ground with anything on our stomachs w the whisky, I can afford to say (as Captain He Turk's character is tolerably well established),*

of gossips, any more than the "Dear me's" and laa's" of the titupping misses, and the oaths of intaloon'd or buckskin'd beaux. The character of ingo rose like the stocks at the news of a despatch the Duke of Wellington, and, what was extra- nary, attained some consequence even in the esti- tion of his lady. All shook their heads at the collection of the unlucky Tyrrel, and found out much n his manner and address which convinced them that he was but an adventurer and swindler. A few, however, less partial to the Committee of Management (for when- ever there is an administration, there will soon arise an opposition), whispered among themselves, that, to give the fellow his due, the man, be he what he would, had only come among them, like the devil, when he was called for—And honest Dame Blower blessed hersel when she heard of such bloodthirsty doings as had been intended, and "thanked God that honest Doctor Kick- herben had come to nae harm amang a' their nonsense."

CHAP. XIV.

CLOWN.—*I hope here be proofs.*—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE borough of —— lies, as all the world knows, about fourteen miles distant from St. Ronan's, being the county town of that shire, which, as described in the Tourist's Guide, numbers among its objects of interest that gay and popular watering-place, whose fame, no doubt, will be greatly enhanced by the present annals of its earlier history. As it is at present unnecessary to be more particular concerning the scene of our story, we will fill up the blank left in the first name with the fictitious appellation of Marchthorn, having often found ourselves embarrassed in the course



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

of a story, by the occurrence of an ugly hiatus, which we cannot always at first sight fill up, with the proper reference to the rest of the narrative.

Marchthorn, then, was an old-fashioned Scottish town, the street of which, on market-day, showed a reasonable number of stout great-coated yeomen, bartering or dealing for the various commodities of their farms; and on other days of the week, only a few forlorn burghers, crawling about like half-awakened flies, and watching the town steeple till the happy sound of twelve strokes from Time's oracle should tell them it was time to take their meridian dram. The narrow windows of the shops intimated very imperfectly the miscellaneous contents of the interior, where every merchant, as the shopkeepers of Marchthorn were termed, *more Scotico*, sold every thing that could be thought of. As for manufactures, there were none, except that of the careful Town-Council, who were mightily busied in preparing the warp and woof, which, at the end of every five or six years, the town of Marchthorn contributed, for the purpose of weaving the fourth or fifth part of a member of Parliament.

In such a town it usually happens that the Sheriff-clerk, especially supposing him agent for several lairds of the higher order, is possessed of one of the best-looking houses; and such was that of Mr. Bindloose. None of the smartness of the brick-built and brass-hammered mansion of a southern attorney appeared indeed in this mansion, which was a tall, thin, grim-looking building, in the centre of the town, with narrow windows and projecting gables, notched into that sort of descent, called crow-steps, and having the lower casements defended by stancheons of iron; for Mr. Bindloose, as frequently happens, kept a branch of one of the two *national banks, which had* been lately established in the *town of Marchthorn.*

Towards the door of this tenement, there advanced



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

ir ancient, but empty streets of this fam
ehicle, which, had it appeared in Piccad
furnished unremitted laughter for a w
ation for a twelvemonth. It was a
icle, which claimed none of the mo
of tilbury, tandem, dennet, or the like ;
to the humble name of that almost forgo
ion, a whiskey ; or, according to some
tim-whiskey. Green was, or had been
ur, and it was placed sturdily and safely
le old-fashioned wheels, which bore m
usual proportion to the size of the carr
sustained. It had a calash head, which
up, in consideration either to the dampi
ing air, or to the retiring delicacy of the
shrouded by leathern curtains, tenanted
ecimen of antediluvian coach-building.
is fair and modest dame noway aspire
a charioteer, the management of a ho
d as old as the carriage he drew, was in
urge of an old fellow in a postilion's jac
airs escaped on each side of an old-fashio
-cap, and whose left shoulder was so
vated above his head, that it seemed a
ort, his neck might have been tucked ur
that of a roasted grouse-cock. This gal
mounted on a steed as old as that wl
t the shafts of the carriage, and whicl
leading rein. Goading one animal with
and stimulating the other with his whip
asonable trot upon the causeway, which
hen the whiskey stopped at Mr. Bindlo
ent of importance enough to excit
he inhabitants of that and the neighb
eels were laid aside, needles left st
ed seams, and many a nose,

and unspectacled, was popped out of the adjoining windows, which had the good fortune to command a view of Mr. Bindloose's front door. The faces of two or three giggling clerks were visible at the barred casements of which we have spoken, much amused at the descent of an old lady from this respectable carriage, whose dress and appearance might possibly have been fashionable at the time when her equipage was new. A satin cardinal, lined with grey squirrels' skin, and a black silk bonnet, trimmed with crape, were garments which did not now excite the respect which in their fresher days they had doubtless commanded. But there was that in the features of the wearer, which would have commanded Mr. Bindloose's best regard, though it had appeared in far worse attire; for he beheld the face of an ancient customer, who had always paid her law expenses with the ready penny, and whose accompt with the bank was balanced by a very respectable sum at her credit. It was, indeed, no other than our respected friend, Mrs. Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's, Aultoun.

Now her arrival intimated matter of deep import. Meg was a person of all others most averse to leave her home, where, in her own opinion at least, nothing went on well without her immediate superintendence. Limited, therefore, as was her sphere, she remained fixed in the centre thereof; and few as were her satellites they were under the necessity of performing their revo lutions around her, while she herself continued stationary Saturn, in fact, would be scarce more surprised at passing call from the Sun, than Mr. Bindloose at th unexpected visit of his old client. In one breath I *rebuked the inquisitive* impertinence of his clerks, *another stimulated his* housekeeper, old Hannah— *Mr. Bindloose was a bluff* bachelor—to get tea read *the green parlour; and while* yet speaking, was at the

ur ain toom pouches—it will be lang or
ɡ fill them." This was spoken, as the
ıimself might have said, *in transitu*, the
: of the carriage. "My stars, Mrs. Dods,
ılly your ain sell, *in propria persona?*—
r you at such a time of day?—Anthony,
'e, Anthony?—so ye hae taen the road
y—help us down wi' the apron, Anthony
.—Lean on me, Mrs. Dods—help your
ɔny—put the horses in my stable—the lads
the key.—Come away, Mrs. Dods—I am
ou straight your legs on the causeway of
ugh again—come in by, and we'll see to
breakfast, for ye hae been asteer early
'

ir trouble to you, Mr. Bindloose," said the
pting the offer of his arm, and accompany-
the house; "I am e'en a sair trouble to
ıld not rest till I had your advice on some-



here and there a puir body, and maybe the auld house-tyke, that wadna be sae weel guided, puir fallow."

"Fie, fie! Mrs. Dods," said the Clerk in a tone of friendly rebuke; "it vexes an auld friend to hear ye speak of yourself in that respectless sort of a way; and, as for quitting us, I bless God I have not seen you look better this half-score of years. But maybe you will be thinking of setting your house in order, which is the act of a carefu' and of a Christian woman—Oh! it's an awfu' thing to die intestate, if we had grace to consider it."

"Aweel, I daur say I'll consider that some day soon, Mr. Bindloose; but that's no my present errand."

"Be it what it like, Mrs. Dods, ye are right heartily welcome here, and we have a' the day to speak of the business in hand—*festina lente*, that is the true law language—hooly and fairly, as one may say—ill treating of business with an empty stomach—and here comes your tea, and I hope Hannah has made it to your taste."

Meg sipped her tea—confessed Hannah's skill in the mysteries of the Chinese herb,—sipped again, then tried to eat a bit of bread and butter, with very indifferent success; and notwithstanding the lawyer's compliments to her good looks, seemed, in reality, on the point of becoming ill.

"In the deil's name, what is the matter?" said the lawyer, too well read in a profession where sharp observation is peculiarly necessary to suffer these symptoms of agitation to escape him. "Ay, dame, ye are taking this business of yours deeper to heart than ever I kend you take onything. Ony o' your banded debtors failed, or like to fail? What then, cheer ye up—you can afford a little loss, and it canna be ony great matter, or I would *doubtless have heard of it.*"

"*In troth, but it is a loss,* Mr. Bindloose; and what are ye to *the loss of a friend?*"

This was a possibility which had never entered the

long list of calamities, and he was at some loss
ive what the old lady could possibly mean by so
ental a prolusion. But just as he began to come
ith his "Ay, ay, we are all mortal, *Vita incerta, certissima!*" and two or three more pithy reflec-
s, which he was in the habit of uttering after funerals,
en the will of the deceased was about to be opened—
st then Mrs. Dods was pleased to become the ex-
ounder of her own oracle.

"I see how it is, Mr. Bindloose," she said; "I maun tell my ain ailment, for you are no likely to guess it; and so, if ye will shut the door, and see that nane of your giggling callants are listening in the passage, I will e'en tell you how things stand with me."

Mr. Bindloose hastily arose to obey her commands, gave a cautionary glance into the Bank-office, and saw that his idle apprentices were fast at their desks—turned the key upon them, as if it were in a fit of absence, and then returned, not a little curious to know what could be the matter with his old friend; and leaving off all further attempts to put cases, quietly drew his chair near hers, and awaited her own time to make her communication.

"Mr. Bindloose," said she, "I am no sure that you may mind, about six or seven years ago, that there were twa daft English callants, lodgers of mine, that had some trouble from auld St. Ronan's about shooting on the Spring-well-head muirs."

"I mind it as weel as yesterday, Mistress," said the Clerk; "by the same token you gave me a note for my trouble (which wasna worth speaking about), and bade me no bring in a bill against the puir bairns—ye had aye a kind heart, Mrs. Dods."

"*Maybe, and maybe* no, Mr. Bindloose—that is just as *I find folk.—But* concerning these lads, they baith left t *ountry, and, as* I think, in some ill blude wi'



another, and now the auldest and the doucest of the twa came back again about a fortnight sin' syne, and has been my guest ever since."

"Aweel, and I trust he is not at his auld tricks again, good-wife?" answered the Clerk. "I havena sae muckle to say either wi' the new Sheriff or the Bench of Justices as I used to hae, Mrs. Dods—and the Procurator-Fiscal is very severe on poaching, being borne out by the new Association—few of our auld friends of the Kilnakelty are able to come to the sessions now, Mrs. Dods."

"The waur for the country, Mr. Bindloose," replied the old lady—"they were decent, considerate men, that didna plague a puir herd callant muckle about a moor-fowl or a mawkin, unless he turned common fowler—Sir Robert Ringhorse used to say the herd lads shot as mony gleds and pyots as they did game.—But new lords new laws—naething but fine and imprisonment, and the game no a feather the plentier. If I wad hae a brace or twa of birds in the house, as everybody looks for them after the twelfth—I ken what they are like to cost me—And what for no?—risk maun be paid for.—There is John Pirner himsell, that has keepit the muir-side thirty year, in spite of a' the lairds in the country, shoots, he tells me, now-a-days, as if he felt a rape about his neck."

"It wasna about ony game business, then, that you wanted advice?" said Bindloose, who, though somewhat of a digresser himself, made little allowance for the excursions of others from the subject in hand.

"Indeed is it no, Mr. Bindloose," said Meg; "but it is e'en about this unhappy callant that I spoke to you about.—*Ye maun ken* I have cleiket a particular fancy *o'this lad*, Francis Tirl—a fancy that whiles sur*passes my very sell*, Mr. Bindloose, only that there 's nae *ill in it.*"

ione in the world, Mrs. Dods," said the king at the same time within his own mind— e mist begins to clear up—the young poacher ie mark, I see—winged the old barren grey- /, ay—a marriage-contract, no doubt—but I maun ine.—Ye are a wise woman, Mrs. Dods," he con- aloud, "and can doubtless consider the chances ae changes of human affairs."

But I could never have considered what has befallen puir lad, Mr. Bindloose," said Mrs. Dods, "through : malice of wicked men.—He lived then, at the leikum, as I tell you, for mair than a fortnight, as quiet as a lamb on a lea-rig—a decenter lad never came within my door—ate and drank eneugh for the gude of the house, and nae mair than was for his ain gude, whether of body or soul—cleared his bills lika Saturday at e'en, as regularly as Saturday came round."

"An admirable customer, no doubt, Mrs. Dods," said the lawyer.

"Never was the like of him for that matter," answered the honest dame. "But to see the malice of men!—Some of thae landloupers and gill-flirts doun at the filthy puddle yonder, that they ca' the Waal, had heard of this puir lad, and the bits of pictures that he made fashion of drawing, and they maun cuitle him awa doun to the hottle, where mony a bonny story they had clecked, Mr. Bindloose, baith of Mr. Tirl and of mysell."

"A Commissary Court business," said the writer, going off again upon a false scent. "I shall trim their jackets for them, Mrs. Dods, if you can but bring tight evidence of the facts—I will soon bring them to fine and palinode—I will make them repent meddling with your *good name.*"

"*My gude* name! What the sorrow is the matter wi' my name, Mr. Bindloose?" said the irritable client. "I

think ye hae been at the wee cappie this morning, for as early as it is—My gude name!—if onybody touched my gude name, I would neither fash council nor commissary—I wad be down amang them like a jer-falcon amang a wheen wild geese, and the best amang them that dared to say onything of Meg Dods but what was honest and civil, I wad sune see if her cockernonnie was made of her ain hair or other folk's. *My* gude name, indeed!"

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Dods, I was mista'en, that's a'," said the writer, "I was mista'en; and I dare to say you would haud your ain wi' your neighbours as weel as ony woman in the land—But let us hear now what the grief is—in one word."

"In one word, then, Clerk Bindloose, it is little short of—murder," said Meg in a low tone, as if the very utterance of the word startled her.

"Murder! murder, Mrs. Dods?—it cannot be—there is not a word of it in the Sheriff-office—the Procurator-Fiscal kens nothing of it—there could not be murder in the country, and me not hear of it—for God's sake, take heed what you say, woman, and dinna get yourself into trouble."

"Mr. Bindloose, I can but speak according to my lights," said Mrs. Dods; "you are in a sense a judge in Israel, at least you are one of the scribes having authority—and I tell you with a wae and bitter heart, that this puir callant of mine that was lodging in my house has been murdered or kidnapped awa amang thae banditti folk down at the New Waal; and I'll hae the law put in force against them, if it should cost me a hundred pounds."

The Clerk stood much astonished at the nature of *Meg's accusation, and the* pertinacity with which she *seemed disposed to insist* upon it.

"*I have this comfort,*" she continued, "that whatever

pened, it has been by no fault of mine, Mr. Bind-
for weel I wot, before that bloodthirsty auld half-
Philistine, MacTurk, got to speech of him, I clawed
ntle to some purpose with my hearth-besom.—But
poor simple bairn himsell, that had nae mair know-
ge of the wickedness of human nature than a calf has
a flesher's gully, he threepit to see the auld hardened
oodshedder, and trysted wi' him to meet wi' some of
he gang at an hour certain that same day, and awa he
gaed to keep tryst, but since that hour naebody ever has
set een on him.—And the mansworn villains now want to
put a disgrace on him, and say that he fled the country
rather than face them!—a likely story—fled the country
for them!—and leave his bill unsettled—him that was
sae regular—and his portmantle and his fishing-rod, and
the pencils and pictures he held sic a wark about!—It's
my faithful belief, Mr. Bindloose—and ye may trust me
or no as ye like—that he had some foul play between
the Cleikum and the Buck-stane. I have thought it, and
I have dreamed it, and I will be at the bottom of it, or
my name is not Meg Dods, and that I wad have them
a' to reckon on.—Ay, ay, that's right, Mr. Bindloose,
tak out your pen and inkhorn, and let us set about it to
purpose."

With considerable difficulty, and at the expense of much cross-examination, Mr. Bindloose extracted from his client a detailed account of the proceedings of the company at the Well towards Tyrrel, so far as they were known to or suspected by Meg, making notes, as the examination proceeded, of what appeared to be matter of consequence. After a moment's consideration, he asked the dame the very natural question, how she came to be acquainted with the material fact, that a hostile *appointment* was made between Captain MacTurk *and her lodger*, when, according to her own account, *was made intra parietes*, and *remotis testibus*?



"Ay, but we victuallers ken weel enough what goes on in our ain houses," said Meg—"And what for no?—If ye *maun* ken a' about it, I e'en listened through the key-hole of the door."

"And do you say you heard them settle an appointment for a duel?" said the Clerk; "and did you no take ony measures to hinder mischief, Mrs. Dods, having such a respect for this lad as you say you have, Mrs. Dods?—I really wadna have looked for the like o' this at your hands."

"In truth, Mr. Bindloose," said Meg, putting her apron to her eyes, "and that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, and ye needna say muckle to ane whose heart is e'en the sairer that she has been a thought to blame. But there has been mony a challenge, as they ca' it, passed in my house when thae daft lads of the Wildfire Club and the Helterskelter were upon their rambles; and they had aye sense enough to make it up without fighting, sae that I really did not apprehend onything like mischief.—And ye maun think, moreover, Mr. Bindloose, that it would have been an unco thing if a guest, in a decent and creditable public like mine, was to have cried coward before ony of thae land-louping blackguards that live down at the hottle yonder."

"That is to say, Mrs. Dods, you were desirous your guest should fight for the honour of your house," said Bindloose.

"What for no, Mr. Bindloose?—Isna that kind of fray aye about honour? and what for should the honour of a substantial, four-nooked sclated house of three storeys no be foughten for, as weel as the credit of ony of these feckless callants that make such a fray about their reputation?—I promise you my house, the Cleikum, stood in the Auld Town of St. Ronan's before they were born, and it will stand there after they are hanged, as I trust some of them are like to be."

ut perhaps your lodger had less zeal for t
the house, and has quietly taken himself o
way," said Mr. Bindloose; "for, if I unde
ar story, this meeting never took place.
/e less zeal!" said Meg, determined to be pleas
) supposition of her lawyer, "Mr. Bindloose,
en him—I wish ye had seen him when he w
—I dared hardly face him mysell, and there a
ay folk that I am feared for—Meeting! there w
eeting, I trow—they never dared to meet h
but I am sure waur came of it than ever wou
)me of a meeting; for Anthony heard twa sh
ff as he was watering the auld naig down at t
nd that is not far frae the footpath that leads
:k-stane. I was angry at him for no making
what the matter was, but he thought it was a
out wi' the double barrel, and he wasna keen
; himself a witness, in case he suld have be
n in the Poaching Court."
ell," said the Sheriff-clerk, "and I dare say
ır a poacher fire a couple of shots—nothing m
Believe me, Mrs. Dods, your guest had
or the party Captain MacTurk invited him tc
ing a quiet sort of man, he has just walked aw
wn home, if he has one—I am really sorry y
ven yourself the trouble of this long journey abc
)le a matter."
Dods remained with her eyes fixed on the grou
ry sullen and discontented posture, and when s
it was in a tone of corresponding displeasure.
veel—aweel—live and learn, they say—I thou
a friend in you, Mr. Bindloose—I am sure I
ur part when folk miscaa'd ye, and said ye
at, and the other thing, and little better th
eck-drawing loon, Mr. Bindloose.—And
it my penny of money, though, nae dou

Turnpenny lives nearer me, and they say he allows half a per cent mair than ye do if the siller lies, and mine is but seldom steered."

"But ye have not the Bank's security, madam," said Mr. Bindloose, reddening. "I say harm of nae man's credit—ill would it beseem me—but there is a difference between Tam Turnpenny and the Bank I trow."

"Weel, weel, Bank here Bank there, I thought I had a friend in you, Mr. Bindloose; and here am I, come from my ain house all the way to yours, for sma' comfort, I think."

"My stars, madam," said the perplexed scribe, "what would you have me to do in such a blind story as yours, Mrs. Dods?—Be a thought reasonable—consider that there is no *Corpus delicti.*"

"*Corpus delicti?* and what's that?" said Meg; "something to be paid for, nae doubt, for your hard words a' end in that.—And what for suld I no have a Corpus delicti, or a Habeas Corpus, or any other Corpus, that I like, sae long as I am willing to lick and lay down the ready siller?"

"Lord help and pardon us, Mrs. Dods," said the distressed agent, "ye mistake the matter a' thegither; When I say there is no Corpus delicti, I mean to say there is no proof that a crime has been committed."

"And does the man say that murder is not a crime, then?" answered Meg, who had taken her own view of the subject far too strongly to be converted to any other —"Weel I wot it's a crime, baith by the law of God and man, and mony a pretty man has been strapped for it."

"I ken all that very weel," answered the writer; "but, *my stars, Mrs.* Dods, there is nae evidence of murder in *this case—nae proof that* a man has been slain—nae *production of his dead body*—and that is what we call *the Corpus delicti.*"

han, the deil lick it out of ye," said Meg,
ath, "for I will awa hame again; and as for
d's body, I'll hae it fund, if it cost me turning
for three miles round wi' pick and shool—if it
to give the puir bairn Christian burial, and to
unishment on MacTurk and the murdering crew
Waal, and to shame an auld doited fule like
ell, John Bindloose."

ne rose in wrath to call her vehicle; but it was
ther the interest nor the intention of the writer that
s customer and he should part on such indifferent
erms. He implored her patience, and reminded her that the horses, poor things, had just come off their stage—an argument which sounded irresistible in the ears of the old she-publican, in whose early education due care of the post-cattle mingled with the most sacred duties. She therefore resumed her seat again in a sullen mood, and Mr. Bindloose was cudgelling his brains for some argument which might bring the old lady to reason, when his attention was drawn by a noise in the passage.

CHAP. XV.

—— Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.—KING JOHN.

THE noise stated at the conclusion of last chapter to have disturbed Mr. Bindloose, was the rapping of one, as in haste and impatience, at the Bank-office door, which office was an apartment of the Banker's house, on the left hand of his passage, as the parlour in which he had received Mrs. Dods was upon the right.

In general, this office was patent to all having business *there; but at* present, whatever might be the hurry of *the party who knocked*, the clerks within the office could



not admit him, being themselves made prisoners by th prudent jealousy of Mr. Bindloose, to prevent them fro listening to his consultation with Mrs. Dods. The therefore answered the angry and impatient knocking the stranger only with stifled giggling from within, findi it no doubt an excellent joke, that their master's pr caution was thus interfering with their own discharg of duty.

With one or two hearty curses upon them, as th regular plagues of his life, Mr. Bindloose darted into th passage, and admitted the stranger into his offici apartment. The doors both of the parlour and offi remaining open, the ears of Luckie Dods (experienced, t he reader knows, in collecting intelligence) could part overhear what passed. The conversation seemed to r gard a cash transaction of some importance, as M became aware when the stranger raised a voice whi was naturally sharp and high, as he did when utterin the following words, towards the close of a conversati which had lasted about five minutes—"Premium?—N a pice, sir—not a courie—not a farthing—premium for Bank of England bill? d'ye take me for a fool, sir?—t not I know that you call forty days par when you gi remittances to London?"

Mr. Bindloose was here heard to mutter somethi indistinctly about the custom of the trade.

"Custom!" retorted the stranger, "no such thing damn'd bad custom, if it is one—don't tell me of c toms—'Sbodikins, man, I know the rate of exchan all over the world, and have drawn bills from Timbuct —My friends in the Strand filed it along with Bruc from Gondar—talk to me of premium on a Bank England post-bill!—What d'ye look at the bill for? *D'ye think it doubtful?—I* can change it."

"*By no means necessary,*" answered Bindloose, "*ill is quite right; but it is* usual to indorse, sir."

ay—reach me a pen—d'ye think I can write
atan?—What sort of ink is this?—yellow as
ce—never mind—there is my name—Peregrine
ood—I got it from the Willoughbies, my Chris-
ne—Have I my full change here?"

our full change, sir," answered Bindloose.

Why, you should give *me* a premium, friend, instead
e giving you one."

It is out of our way, I assure you, sir," said the
nker, "quite out of our way—but if you would step
to the parlour and take a cup of tea"——

"Why, ay," said the stranger, his voice sounding more distinctly as (talking all the while, and ushered along by Mr. Bindloose) he left the office and moved towards the parlour, "a cup of tea were no such bad thing, if one could come by it genuine—but as for your premium"—— So saying, he entered the parlour and made his bow to Mrs. Dods, who, seeing what she called a decent purpose-like body, and aware that his pocket was replenished with English and Scottish paper currency, returned the compliment with her best curtsey.

Mr. Touchwood, when surveyed more at leisure, was a short, stout, active man, who, though sixty years of age and upwards, retained in his sinews and frame the elasticity of an earlier period. His countenance expressed self-confidence, and something like a contempt for those who had neither seen nor endured so much as he had himself. His short black hair was mingled with grey, but not entirely whitened by it. His eyes were jet black, deep-set, small, and sparkling, and contributed, with a short turned-up nose, to express an irritable and choleric habit. His complexion was burnt *to a brick-colour* by the vicissitudes of climate to which *it had been subjected*; and his face, which, at the distance of a yard or two, seemed hale and smooth, ap-



peared, when closely examined, to be seamed with a million of wrinkles, crossing each other in every direction possible, but as fine as if drawn by the point of a very small needle. His dress was a blue coat and buff waistcoat, half-boots remarkably well blacked, and a silk handkerchief tied with military precision. The only aniquated part of his dress was a cocked hat of equilateral dimensions, in the button-hole of which he wore a very small cockade. Mrs. Dods, accustomed to judge of persons by their first appearance, said, that in the three steps which he made from the door to the tea-table, she recognised, without the possibility of mistake, the gait of a person who was well to pass in the world "and that," she added with a wink, "is what we victuallers are seldom deceived in. If a gold-laced waistcoat has an empty pouch, the plain swan's-down will be the brawer of the twa."

"A drizzling morning, good madam," said Mr. Touchwood, as with a view of sounding what sort of company he had got into.

"A fine saft morning for the crap, sir," answered Mrs. Dods, with equal solemnity.

"Right, my good madam; *soft* is the very word, though it has been some time since I heard it. I have cast a double hank about the round world since I last heard of a soft morning."

"You will be from these parts, then?" said the writer, ingeniously putting a case, which, he hoped, would induce the stranger to explain himself. "And yet, sir," he added, after a pause, "I was thinking that Touchwood is not a Scottish name, at least that I ken of."

"Scottish name?—no," replied the traveller; "but a man may have been in these parts before, without being a native—or, being a native, he may have had reason to change his name—there are many reasons change their names."

ly, and some of them very good ones," said
r; "as in the common case of an heir of
ere deed of provision and tailzie is maist ordi-
plemented by taking up name and arms."
or in the case of a man having made the country
for him under his own proper appellative," said
ouchwood.
That is a supposition, sir," replied the lawyer,
nich it would ill become me to put.—But at any
e, if you knew this country formerly, ye cannot but
e marvellously pleased with the change we have been
naking since the American war,—hill-sides bearing
clover instead of heather,—rents doubled, trebled, quad-
rupled,—the auld reekie dungeons pulled down, and
gentlemen living in as good houses as you will see any-
where in England."

"Much good may it do them, for a pack of fools!" replied Mr. Touchwood, hastily.

"You do not seem delighted with our improvements, sir," said the banker, astonished to hear a dissentient voice where he conceived all men were unanimous.

"Pleased!" answered the stranger—"Yes, as much pleased as I am with the devil, who, I believe, set many of them agoing. Ye have got an idea that everything must be changed—Unstable as water, ye shall not excel—I tell ye, there have been more changes in this poor nook of yours within the last forty years, than in the great empires of the East for the space of four thousand, for what I know."

"And why not," replied Bindloose, "if they be changes for the better?"

"But they are *not* for the better," replied Mr. Touchwood, eagerly. "I left your peasanty as poor as ro *indeed*, but honest and industrious, enduring their *in this world with* firmness, and looking forward to *next with hope*—Now they are mere eye-serve

ıg at their watches, forsooth, every ten minutes,
they should work for their master half-an-instant
loosing time—And then, instead of studying the
e on the work days, to tickle the clergyman with
ubtful points of controversy on the Sabbath, they
an all their theology from Tom Paine and Voltaire."
"Weel I wot the gentleman speaks truth," said Mrs.
ods. "I fand a bundle of their bawbee blasphemies
ı my ain kitchen—But I trow I made a clean house
of the packman loon that brought them!—No content
wi' turning the tawpies' heads wi' ballants, and driving
them daft wi' ribands, to cheat them out of their
precious souls, and gie them the deevil's ware, that I
suld say nae, in exchange for the siller that suld suppor
their puir father that's aff wark and bedridden!"
"Father! madam," said the stranger; "they thir
no more of their father than Regan or Goneril."
"In gude troth, ye have skeel of our sect, sir," repl
the dame; "they are gomerils, every one of them
tell them sae every hour of the day, but catch t
profiting by the doctrine."
"And then the brutes are turned mercenary, mad
said Mr. Touchwood. "I remember when a Scotc
would have scorned to touch a shilling that he ha
earned, and yet was as ready to help a stranger
Arab of the desert. And now I did but drop n
the other day as I was riding—a fellow who was
at the hedge made three steps to lift it—I thank
and my friend threw his hat on his head, and
my thanks, if that were all."—Saint Giles could
excelled him."
"Weel, weel," said the banker, "that ma
you say, sir, and nae doubt wealth makes wit
the country's wealthy, that cannot be denied,
sir, ye ken"——
"*I know* wealth makes itself wings,"

ney, sir. Touchwood," said Bindloose, who felt
account in the modern improvements, "a set of
ds living like lairds in good earnest, and tenants
ter housekeeping than the lairds used to have,
ding Whitsunday and Martinmas as I would face
ldfast—if these are not signs of wealth, I do not
where to seek for them."
hey are signs of folly, sir," replied Touchwood;
that is poor, and renders itself poorer by desiring
thought rich; and how they come by the means
re so ostentatious of, you, who are a banker, per-
can tell me better than I can guess."
here is maybe an accommodation-bill discounted
nd then, Mr. Touchwood; but men must have
modation, or the world would stand still—accom-
ion is the grease that makes the wheels go."
y, makes them go down hill to the devil," an-
l Touchwood. "I left you bothered about one
ink, but the whole country is an Air bank now, I
—And who is to pay the piper?—But it's all one—
see little more of it—it is a perfect Babel, and would
ie head of a man who has spent his life with people
ove sitting better than running, silence better than
ng, who never eat but when they are hungry,
drink but when thirsty, never laugh without a jest,
ver speak but when they have something to say.
ere it is all run, ride, and drive—froth, foam, and
icy—no steadiness—no character."
' *lay the* burden of my life," said Dame Do
towards her friend Bindloose, "that the ge
' *been at the* new Spaw-Waal yonder."

"Spaw do you call it, madam?—If you mean the new establishment that has been spawned down yonder at St. Ronan's, it is the very fountain-head of folly and coxcombry—a Babel for noise and a Vanity-fair for nonsense—no well in your swamps tenanted by such a conceited colony of clamorous frogs."

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed Dame Dods, delighted with the unqualified sentence passed upon her fashionable rivals, and eager to testify her respect for the judicious stranger who had pronounced it,—"will you let me have the pleasure of pouring you out a dish of tea?" And so saying, she took bustling possession of the administration which had hitherto remained in the hands of Mr. Bindloose himself. "I hope it is to your taste, sir," she continued, when the traveller had accepted her courtesy with the grateful acknowledgment which men addicted to speak a great deal usually show to a willing auditor.

"It is as good as we have any right to expect, ma'am," answered Mr. Touchwood; "not quite like what I have drunk at Canton with old Fong Qua; but the Celestial Empire does not send its best tea to Leadenhall Street, nor does Leadenhall Street send its best to Marchthorn."

"That may be very true, sir," replied the dame; "but I will venture to say that Mr. Bindloose's tea is muckle better than you had at the Spaw-Waal yonder."

"Tea, madam!—I saw none—Ash leaves and blackthorn leaves were brought in in painted canisters, and handed about by powder-monkeys in livery, and consumed by those who liked it, amidst the chattering of parrots and the squalling of kittens. I longed for the *days of the Spectator, when* I might have laid my penny *on the bar, and retired* without ceremony—But no—*this blessed decoction* was circulated under the auspic*es of some half-crazed* blue-stocking or other, and we w[illegible]

h all the formality of an entertainment, for ble allowance of a cockle-shell full of cat-lap

l, sir," answered Dame Dods, "all I can say if it had been my luck to have served you at the n Inn, which our folks have kept for these twa ations, I canna pretend to say ye should have had tea as ye have been used to in foreign parts re it grows, but the best I had I wad have gi'en to a gentleman of your appearance, and I never arged mair than sixpence in all my time, and my ather's before me."

"I wish I had known the Old Inn was still standing, madam," said the traveller; "I should certainly have been your guest, and sent down for the water every morning—the doctors insist I must use Cheltenham, or some substitute, for the bile—though, d—n them, I believe it's only to hide their own ignorance. And I thought this Spaw would have been the least evil of the two; but I have been fairly overreached—one might as well live in the inside of a bell. I think young St. Ronan's must be mad, to have established such a Vanity-fair upon his father's old property."

"Do you ken this St. Ronan's that now is?" inquired the Dame.

"By report only," said Mr. Touchwood; "but I have heard of the family, and I think I have read of them, too, in Scottish history. I am sorry to understand they are lower in the world than they have been. This young man does not seem to take the best way to mend matters, spending his time among gamblers and black-legs."

"I should be sorry if it were so," said honest Meg Dods, whose hereditary respect for the family always kept her from joining in any scandal affecting the character of the young laird—"My forbears, sir, have had



kindness frae his; and although maybe he may have forgotten all about it, it wad ill become me to say onything of him that should not be said of his father's son."

Mr. Bindloose had not the same motive for forbearance; he declaimed against Mowbray as a thoughtless dissipater of his own fortune, and that of others. "I have some reason to speak," he said, "having two of his notes for £100 each, which I discounted out of mere kindness and respect for his ancient family, and which he thinks nae mair of retiring, than he does of paying the national debt—And here has he been raking every shop in Marchthorn, to fit out an entertainment for all the fine folk at the Well yonder; and tradesfolk are obliged to take his acceptances for their furnishings. But they may cash his bills that will; I ken ane that will never advance a bawbee on ony paper that has John Mowbray either on the back or front of it. He had mair need to be paying the debts which he has made already, than making new anes, that he may feed fules and flatterers."

"I believe he is likely to lose his preparations, too," said Mr. Touchwood, "for the entertainment has been put off, as I heard, in consequence of Miss Mowbray's illness."

"Ay, ay, puir thing!" said Dame Margaret Dods; "her health has been unsettled for this mony a day."

"Something wrong here, they tell me," said the traveller, pointing to his own forehead significantly.

"God only kens," replied Mrs. Dods; "but I rather suspect the heart than the head—the puir thing is hurried here and there, and down to the Waal, and up again, and nae society or quiet at hame; and a' thing ganging this unthrifty gate—nae wonder she is no tha weel settled."

"Well," replied Touchwood, "she is worse they a

has been, and that has occasioned the party at Castle having been put off. Besides, now this fine lord has come down to the Well, undoubtedly they wait her recovery."

"A lord!" ejaculated the astonished Mrs. Dods; "a lord come down to the Waal—they will be neither to haud nor to bind now—ance wud and aye waur—a lord!—set them up and shute them forward—a lord!—the Lord have a care o' us!—a lord at the hottle—Maister Touchwood, it's my mind he will only prove to be a Lord o' Session."

"Nay, not so, my good lady," replied the traveller, "he is an English lord, and, as they say, a Lord of Parliament—but some folk pretend to say there is a flaw in the title."

"I'll warrant is there—a dozen of them!" said Meg, with alacrity—for she could by no means endure to think on the accumulation of dignity likely to accrue to the rival establishment, from its becoming the residence of an actual nobleman. "I'll warrant he'll prove a land-louping lord on their hand, and they will be e'en cheap o' the loss—And he has come down out of order it's like, and nae doubt he'll no be lang there before he will recover his health, for the credit of the Spaw."

"Faith, madam, his present disorder is one which the Spaw will hardly cure—he is shot in the shoulder with a pistol-bullet—a robbery attempted, it seems—that is one of your new accomplishments—no such thing happened in Scotland in my time—men would have sooner expected to meet with the phœnix than with a highwayman."

"And where did this happen, if you please, sir?" asked the man of bills.

"*Somewhere* near the old village," replied the *stranger; "and, if I am rightly informed, on Wednesday last."*

"This explains your twa shots, I am thinking, Mrs. Dods," said Mr. Bindloose; "your groom heard them on the Wednesday—it must have been this attack on the stranger nobleman."

"Maybe it was, and maybe it was not," said Mrs. Dods; "but I'll see gude reason before I give up my ain judgment in that case. I wad like to ken if this gentleman," she added, returning to the subject from which Mr. Touchwood's interesting conversation had for a few minutes diverted her thoughts, "has heard aught of Mr. Tirl?"

"If you mean the person to whom this paper relates," said the stranger, taking a printed handbill from his pocket, "I heard of little else—the whole place rang of him, till I was almost as sick of Tyrrel as William Rufus was. Some idiotical quarrel which he had engaged in, and which he had not fought out, as their wisdom thought he should have done, was the principal cause of censure. That is another folly now, which has gained ground among you. Formerly, two old proud lairds, or cadets of good family, perhaps quarrelled, and had a rencontre, or fought a duel after the fashion of their old Gothic ancestors; but men who had no grandfathers never dreamt of such folly—And here the folk denounce a trumpery dauber of canvas, for such I understand to be this hero's occupation, as if he were a field-officer, who made valour his profession; and who, if you deprived him of his honour, was like to be deprived of his bread at the same time.—Ha, ha, ha! it reminds one of Don Quixote, who took his neighbour, Samson Carrasco, for a knight-errant."

The perusal of this paper, which contained the notes formerly laid before the reader, containing the statement of Sir Bingo, and the censure which the company at the Well had thought fit to pass upon his affair with Mr Tyrrel, induced Mr. Bindloose to say to Mrs. Dods, wi

[illegible] on the superiority of his own judgment
[illegible] would permit,—
[illegible] that I was right, Mrs. Dods, and that
[illegible] earthly use in your fashing yoursell wi'
[illegible]ney—The lad has just ta'en the bent,
[illegible]e Sir Bingo ; and troth, I think him the
twa for sae doing—There ye hae print

red somewhat sullenly, "Ye may be mis-
at, your ainsell, for as wise as ye are, Mr.
shall hae that matter mair strictly inquired

a renewal of the altercation concerning
fate of Tyrrel, in the course of which the
nduced to take some interest in the subject.
frs. Dods, receiving no countenance from
d lawyer for the hypothesis she had formed,
hing like displeasure, to order her whisky
l. But hostess as she was herself, when in
inions, she reckoned without her host in
stance ; for the hump-backed postilion, as
department as Mrs. Dods herself, declared
e would not be fit for the road these two
The good lady was therefore obliged to
sure, bitterly lamenting all the while the
ouse of public entertainment was sure to
absence of the landlord or landlady, and
long list of broken dishes, miscalculated
narranged chambers, and other disasters,
s to expect at her return. Mr. Bindloose,
over the regard of his good friend and
e had in some degree forfeited by contra-
a favourite subject, did not choose to offer
, though obvious topic of consolation, the
ed inn is little exposed to the accider
ed. On the contrary, he condoled

very cordially, and went so far as to hint, that if Touchwood had come to Marchthorn with postses, as he supposed from his dress, she could have advantage of them to return with more despatch to Ronan s.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Touchwood, suddenly, but I may return there myself. In that case I will be lad to set this good lady down, and to stay a few days it her house, if she will receive me.—I respect a woman like you, ma'am, who pursues the occupation of your father—I have been in countries, ma'am, where people have followed the same trade, from father to son, for thousands of years—And I like the fashion—it shows a steadiness and sobriety of character."

Mrs. Dods put on a joyous countenance at this proposal, protesting that all should be done in her power to make things agreeable; and while her good friend, Mr. Bindloose, expatiated upon the comfort her new gues would experience at the Cleikum, she silently contem plated with delight the prospect of a speedy and dazzlin triumph, by carrying off a creditable customer from h showy and successful rival at the Well.

"I shall be easily accommodated, ma'am," said stranger; "I have travelled too much and too far to troublesome. A Spanish venta, a Persian khan, Turkish caravanserai, is all the same to me—only, have no servant—indeed, never can be plagued wit of these idle loiterers—I must beg you will send t Well for a bottle of the water on such morning cannot walk there myself—I find it is really of service to me."

Mrs. Dods readily promised compliance wi reasonable request; graciously conceding, th "could be nae ill in the water itsell, but mar gude—it was only the New Inn, and the da hat they caa'd the Company, that she misl

that St. Ronan dookit the Deevil in the
.ch garr'd it taste aye since of brimstane—but
ı to say that was a' Papist nonsense, for she was
him that kend weel, and that was the minister
, that St. Ronan was nane of your idolatrous
ı saunts, but a Chaldee" (meaning probably a
æ), "whilk was doubtless a very different story."

atters being thus arranged to the satisfaction of both
ıes, the post-chaise was ordered, and speedily ap-
ared at the door of Mr. Bindloose's mansion. It was
ot without a private feeling of reluctance, that honest
Meg mounted the step of a vehicle, on the door of which
was painted, "FOX INN AND HOTEL, ST. RONAN'S WELL;" but it was too late to start such scruples.

"I never thought to have entered ane o' their hurley-hackets," she said, as she seated herself; "and sic a like thing as it is—scarce room for twa folk!—Weel I wot, Mr. Touchwood, when I was in the hiring line, our twa chaises wad hae carried, ilk ane o' them, four grown folk and as mony bairns. I trust that doited creature Anthony will come awa back wi' my whiskey and the cattle, as soon as they have had their feed.—Are ye sure ye hae room eneugh, sir?—I wad fain hotch mysell farther yont."

"Oh, ma'am," answered the Oriental, "I am accustomed to all sorts of conveyances—a dooly, a litter, a cart, a palanquin, or a post-chaise, are all alike to me—I think I could be an inside with Queen Mab in a nut-shell, rather than not get forward.—Begging you many pardons, if you have no particular objections, I will light my sheroot," etc. etc. etc.



CHAP. XVI.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
GOLDSMITH'S Deserted Vill

MRS. DODS'S conviction, that her friend ' had been murdered by the sanguinary C MacTurk, remained firm and unshaken some researches for the supposed body having found fruitless, as well as expensive, she began t up the matter in despair. " She had done her du " she left the matter to them that had a charge such things "—and " Providence would bring the m to light in his own fitting time "—such were the n ties with which the good dame consoled herself with less obstinacy than Mr. Bindloose had exp she retained her opinion without changing her k and man of business.

Perhaps Meg's acquiescent inactivity in a matter she had threatened to probe so deeply, was partly to the place of poor Tyrrel being supplied in he chamber, and in her daily thoughts and cares, t new guest, Mr. Touchwood; in possessing wh deserter as he was from the Well, she obtained, a ing to her view of the matter, a decided triumph ov rivals. It sometimes required, however, the full fo this reflection, to induce Meg, old and crabbed was, to submit to the various caprices and exactic attention which were displayed by her new l Never any man talked so much as Touchwood *habitual indifference* to food and accommodation i *velling; and probably* there never was any travell *gave more trouble in a house* of entertainment. *his own whims about* cookery; and when the

contradicted, especially if he felt at the same time a twinge of incipient gout, one would have thought he had taken his lessons in the pastry shop of Bedreddin Hassan, and was ready to renew the scene of the unhappy cream-tart, which was compounded without pepper. Every now and then he started some new doctrine in culinary matters, which Mrs. Dods deemed a heresy; and then the very house rang with their disputes. Again, his bed must necessarily be made at a certain angle from the pillow to the foot-posts; and the slightest deviation from this disturbed, he said, his nocturnal rest, and did certainly ruffle his temper. He was equally whimsical about the brushing of his clothes, the arrangement of the furniture in his apartment, and a thousand minutiæ, which, in conversation, he seemed totally to contemn.

It may seem singular, but such is the inconsistency of human nature, that a guest of this fanciful and capricious disposition gave much more satisfaction to Mrs. Dods than her quiet and indifferent friend Mr. Tyrrel. If her present lodger could blame, he could also applaud; and no artist, conscious of such skill as Mrs. Dods possessed, is indifferent to the praises of such a connoisseur as Mr. Touchwood. The pride of art comforted her for the additional labour; nor was it a matter unworthy of this most honest publican's consideration, that the guests who give most trouble are usually those who incur the largest bills, and pay them with the best grace. On this point Touchwood was a jewel of a customer. He never denied himself the gratification of the slightest whim, whatever expense he might himself incur, or whatever trouble he might give to those about him; and all was done under protestation that the matter in question was the most indifferent thing to him in the world. "What the devil *did he care for* Burgess's sauces, he that had eat his *kouscousou, spiced* with nothing but the sand of the *desert? only it was* a shame for Mrs. Dods to be without

very decent house, above the rank of an alehouse, to be largely provided with."

short, he fussed, fretted, commanded, and was ed; kept the house in hot water, and yet was so good-natured when essential matters were in dis- ion, that it was impossible to bear him the least ill- ; so that Mrs. Dods, though in a moment of spleen sometimes wished him at the top of Tintock, always led by singing forth his praises. She could not, in- ed, help suspecting that he was a Nabob, as well from s conversation about foreign parts as from his freaks of dulgence to himself, and generosity to others—attri- utes which she understood to be proper to most "Men f Ind." But although the reader has heard her testify a general dislike to this species of Fortune's favourites, Mrs. Dods had sense enough to know that a Nabob living in the neighbourhood, who raises the price of eggs and poultry upon the good housewives around, was very different from a Nabob residing within her own gates, drawing all his supplies from her own larder, and paying, without hesitation or question, whatever bills her con science permitted her to send in. In short, to come bac to the point at which we perhaps might have stoppe some time since, landlady and guest were very mu pleased with each other.

But Ennui finds entrance into every scene, when t gloss of novelty is over; and the fiend began to s upon Mr. Touchwood just when he had got all mat to his mind in the Cleikum Inn—had instructed D Dods in the mysteries of curry and mullegataw drilled the chambermaid into the habit of makin bed at the angle recommended by Sir John Sinclair- made some progress in instructing the hump-b postilion in the Arabian mode of grooming. Pam ıd newspapers, sent from London and from Ed loads, proved inadequate to rout this in

'ouchwood's comforts; and, at last, he bethought
elf of company. The natural resource would have
n the Well—but the traveller had a holy shivering of
e, which crossed him at the very recollection of Lady
nelope, who had worked him rather hard during his
ormer brief residence; and although Lady Binks's
beauty might have charmed an Asiatic by the plump
graces of its contour, our senior was past the thoughts
of a sultana and a harem. At length a bright idea
crossed his mind, and he suddenly demanded of Mrs.
Dods, who was pouring out his tea for breakfast into a
large cup of a very particular species of china, of which
he had presented her with a service on condition of her
rendering him this personal good office—

"Pray, Mrs. Dods, what sort of a man is your minister?"

"He's just a man like other men, Maister Touchwood," replied Meg; "what sort of a man should he be?"

"A man like other men?—ay—that is to say, he has the usual complement of legs and arms, eyes and ears —But is he a sensible man?"

"No muckle o' that, sir," answered Dame Dods; "for if he was drinking this very tea that ye gat doun from London wi' the mail, he wad mistake it for common bohea."

"Then he has not all his organs—wants a nose, or the use of one at least," said Mr. Touchwood; "the tea is right gunpowder—a perfect nosegay."

"Aweel, that may be," said the landlady; "but I have gi'en the minister a dram frae my ain best bottle of real Coniac brandy, and may I never stir frae the bit, if he didna commend my whisky when he set down the glass! *There is* no ane o' them in the Presbytery bu *himsell—ay, or in* the Synod either—but wad hae ke *whisky frae brandy.*"

"But what *sort* of man is he?—Has he le
emanded Touchwood.

"Learning?—eneugh o' that," answered Meg; "just
dung donnart wi' learning—lets a' things about the
Manse gang whilk gate they will, sae they dinna plague
him upon the score. An awfu' thing it is to see sic an
ill-redd-up house! If I had the twa tawpies that sorn
upon the honest man ae week under my drilling, I think
I wad show them how to sort a lodging!"

"Does he preach well?" asked the guest.

"Oh, weel eneugh, weel eneugh—sometimes he will
fling in a lang word or a bit of learning that our farmers
and bannet lairds canna sae weel follow—But what o'
that, as I am aye telling them?—them that pay stepend
get aye the mair for their siller."

"Does he attend to his parish?—Is he kind to the
poor?"

"Ower muckle o' that, Maister Touchwood—I am
sure he makes the Word gude, and turns not away from
those that ask o' him—his very pocket is picked by a
wheen ne'er-do-weel blackguards, that gae sorning
through the country."

"Sorning through the country, Mrs. Dods?—what
would you think if you had seen the Fakirs, the Der-
vises, the Bonzes, the Imaums, the monks, and the
mendicants, that I have seen?—But go on, never mind.
Does this minister of yours come much into company?"

"Company?—gae wa'" replied Meg, "he keeps nae
company at a', neither in his ain house or ony gate elsc.
He comes down in the morning in a lang ragged night
gown, like a potato bogle, and down he sits amang h
books; and if they dinna bring him something to ea
the puir demented body has never the heart to cry
aught, and he has been kend to sit for ten hours
gither, black fasting, whilk is a' mere papistrie, th
it just out o' forget."

[illegible] that easier said than done,
Dods; "the honest man hasna, in a sense
of his mouth—forby, he never dines out of hi
—that is, when he dines at a'—A drink of
bit of bread serves his turn, or maybe a c
. It's a heathenish fashion of him, for as gc
s he is; for surely there is nae Christian man
his own bowels."
Why, that may be," answered Touchwood; "I
known many who took so much care of their
s, my good dame, as to have none for any
But come—bustle to the work—get us as go
r for two as you can set out—have it ready at t
instant—get the old hock I had sent me
urn—a bottle of the particular Indian Sher
nother of your own old claret—fourth bin,
Meg. And stay, he is a priest, and must
have all ready, but don't bring the wine into
s that silly fool Beck did the other day.—I c



the like of sic a gentleman as yoursell never entered my doors!"

The traveller was gone before she had completed the sentence; and, leaving Meg to bustle and maunder at her leisure, away he marched, with the haste that characterised all his motions when he had any new project in his head, to form an acquaintance with the minister of St. Ronan's, whom, while he walks down the street to the Manse, we will endeavour to introduce to the reader.

The Rev. Josiah Cargill was the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland; and a weak constitution, joined to the disposition for study which frequently accompanies infirm health, induced his parents, though at the expense of some sacrifices, to educate him for the ministry. They were the rather led to submit to the privations which were necessary to support this expense, because they conceived from their family traditions, that he had in his veins some portion of the blood of that celebrated Boanerges of the Covenant, Donald Cargill, who was slain by the persecutors at the town of Queensferry, in the melancholy days of Charles II., merely because, in the plenitude of his sacerdotal power, he had cast out of the church, and delivered over to Satan by a formal excommunication, the King and Royal family, with all the ministers and courtiers thereunto belonging. But if Josiah was really derived from this uncompromising champion, the heat of the family spirit which he might have inherited was qualified by the sweetness of his own disposition, and the quiet temper of the times in which he had the good fortune to live. He was characterised by all who knew him as a mild, *gentle, and studious lover* of learning, who, in the quiet *prosecution of his own sole* object, the acquisition of *knowledge, and especially* of that connected with his *profession, had the utmost* indulgence for all whose

rère different from his own. His sole relaxa-
e those of a retiring, mild, and pensive temper,
e limited to a ramble, almost always solitary,
the woods and hills, in praise of which he was
mes guilty of a sonnet, but rather because he
. not help the attempt, than as proposing to himself
ame or the rewards which attend the successful
t. Indeed, far from seeking to insinuate his fugitive
ces into magazines and newspapers, he blushed at his
oetical attempts even while alone, and, in fact, was
rarely so indulgent to his vein as to commit them to paper.

From the same maid-like modesty of disposition, our student suppressed a strong natural turn towards drawing, although he was repeatedly complimented upon the few sketches which he made, by some whose judgment was generally admitted. It was, however, this neglected talent, which, like the swift feet of the stag in the fable, was fated to render him a service which he might in vain have expected from his worth and learning.

My Lord Bidmore, a distinguished connoisseur, chanced to be in search of a private tutor for his son and heir, the Honourable Augustus Bidmore, and for this purpose had consulted the Professor of Theology, who passed before him in review several favourite students, any of whom he conceived well suited for the situation; but still his answer to the important and unlooked-for question, "Did the candidate understand drawing?" was in the negative. The Professor, indeed, added his opinion, that such an accomplishment was neither to be desired nor expected in a student of theology; but pressed hard with this condition as a *sine qua non*, he at length did remember a dreaming lad *about the Hall*, who seldom could be got to speak above *his breath*, even when delivering his essays, but was said *to have a strong* turn for drawing. This was enough

r my Lord Bidmore, who contrived to obtain a sight o
ome of young Cargill's sketches, and was satisfied that,
nder such a tutor, his son could not fail to maintain
that character for hereditary taste which his father and
grandfather had acquired at the expense of a considerable
estate, the representative value of which was now the
painted canvas in the great gallery at Bidmore House.

Upon following up the inquiry concerning the young
man's character, he was found to possess all the other ne-
cessary qualifications of learning and morals, in a greater
degree than perhaps Lord Bidmore might have required;
and, to the astonishment of his fellow-students, but more
especially to his own, Josiah Cargill was promoted to
he desired and desirable situation of private tutor to the
Honourable Mr. Bidmore.

Mr. Cargill did his duty ably and conscientiously, by
a spoiled though good-humoured lad, of weak health
and very ordinary parts. He could not, indeed, inspire
into him any portion of the deep and noble enthusiasm
which characterises the youth of genius; but his pupil
made such progress in each branch of his studies as his
capacity enabled him to attain. He understood the
learned languages, and could be very profound on the
subject of various readings—he pursued science, and could
class shells, pack mosses, and arrange minerals—he drew
without taste, but with much accuracy; and although
he attained no commanding height in any pursuit, he
knew enough of many studies, literary and scientific, to
fill up his time, and divert from temptation a head
which was none of the strongest in point of resistance.

Miss Augusta Bidmore, his lordship's only other chi
received also the instructions of Cargill in such branch
of science as her father chose she should acquire,
her tutor was capable to teach. But her progress
as different from that of her brother, as the f
differs from that grosser element wh

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he himself
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passioned pu

But Josiah C
He suffered h

that the veneration with which he regarded his patron's daughter, with the utter hopelessness of the passion which he nourished, tended to render his love yet more pure and disinterested.

At length the line of conduct which reason had long since recommended, could no longer be the subject of procrastination. Mr. Bidmore was destined to foreign travel for a twelvemonth, and Mr. Cargill received from his patron the alternative of accompanying his pupil, or retiring upon a suitable provision, the reward of his past instructions. It can hardly be doubted which he preferred; for while he was with young Bidmore, he did not seem entirely separated from his sister. He was sure to hear of Augusta frequently, and to see some part, at least, of the letters which she was to write to her brother; he might also hope to be remembered in these letters as her "good friend and tutor;" and to these consolations his quiet, contemplative, and yet enthusiastic disposition, clung as to a secret source of pleasure, the only one which life seemed to open to him.

But fate had a blow in store, which he had not anticipated. The chances of Augusta changing her maiden condition for that of a wife, probable as her rank, beauty, and fortune rendered such an event, had never once occurred to him; and although he had imposed upon himself the unwavering belief that she could never be his, he was inexpressibly affected by the intelligence that she had become the property of another.

The Honourable Mr. Bidmore's letters to his father soon after announced that poor Mr. Cargill had been seized with a nervous fever, and again, that his convalescence was attended with so much debility, it seemed *both of mind and body,* as entirely to destroy his utility *as a travelling companion.* Shortly after this the travellers *separated, and* Cargill returned to his native *country alone, indulging* upon the road in a melancholy



abstraction of mind, which he had suffered to grow upon him since the mental shock which he had sustained, and which in time became the most characteristical feature of his demeanour. His meditations were not even disturbed by any anxiety about his future subsistence, although the cessation of his employment seemed to render that precarious. For this, however, Lord Bidmore had made provision; for, though a coxcomb where the fine arts were concerned, he was in other particulars a just and honourable man, who felt a sincere pride in having drawn the talents of Cargill from obscurity, and entertained due gratitude for the manner in which he had achieved the important task intrusted to him in his family.

His lordship had privately purchased from the Mowbray family the patronage or advowson of the living of St. Ronan's; then held by a very old incumbent, who died shortly afterwards; so that upon arriving in England Cargill found himself named to the vacant living. So indifferent, however, did he feel himself towards this preferment, that he might possibly not have taken the trouble to go through the necessary steps previous to his ordination, had it not been on account of his mother, now a widow, and unprovided for, unless by the support which he afforded her. He visited her in her small retreat in the suburbs of Marchthorn, heard her pour out her gratitude to Heaven, that she should have been granted life long enough to witness her son's promotion to a charge, which, in her eyes, was more honourable and desirable than an Episcopal see—heard her chalk out the life which they were to lead together in the humble independence which had thus fallen on him—he heard all this, and had no power to crush her hopes and his triumph by the indulgence of his own romantic feeling. He passed almost mechanically through the usual forms and was inducted into the living of St. Ronan's.

nes, felt awa... her su...
ngly acquiesced in superin...
d spent her whole time in all emer...
ousehold, and in her way providing for
he occurrence of which might call Josiah out of
favourite book-room. As old age rendered her inactive,
she began to regret the incapacity of her son to super-
intend his own household, and talked something of
matrimony, and the mysteries of the muckle wheel. To
these admonitions Mr Cargill returned only slight and
evasive answers; and when the old lady slept in the
village churchyard, at a reverend old age, there was
no one to perform the office of superintendent in the
minister's family. Neither did Josiah Cargill seek for
any, but patiently submitted to all the evils with which a
bachelor estate is attended, and which were at least
equal to those which beset the renowned Mago-Pico
during his state of celibacy.* His butter was ill-churned,
and declared by all but himself and the quean who
made it, altogether uneatable; his milk was burnt in the
pan, his fruit and vegetables were stolen, and his black
stockings mended with blue and white thread.
For all these things the minister cared not, his mind
ever bent upon far different matters. Do not let my fair
readers do Josiah more than justice, or suppose that, like
Beltenebros in the desert, he remained for years a
victim of an unfortunate and misplaced passion.
to the shame of the male sex be it spoken, that no de
of hopeless love, however desperate and sincere, co
ontinue for years to imbitter life. There must
st be uncertainty—there must be re

who were to suffer next morning, "the rest of urse at the first proper opportunity." But all hbourhood acknowledged Mr. Cargill's serious vout discharge of his ministerial duties; and the parishioners forgave his innocent peculiarities, in deration of his unbounded charity; while the heri-, if they ridiculed the abstractions of Mr. Cargill on ne subjects, had the grace to recollect that they had evented him from suing an augmentation of stipend, according to the fashion of the clergy around him, or from demanding at their hands a new manse, or the repair of the old one. He once, indeed, wished that they would amend the roof of his book-room, which "rained in" in a very pluvious manner; but receiving no direct answer from our friend Meiklewham, who neither relished the proposal nor saw means of eluding it, the minister quietly made the necessary repairs at his own expense, and gave the heritors no farther trouble on the subject.

Such was the worthy divine whom our *bon vivant* at the Cleikum Inn hoped to conciliate by a good dinner and Cockburn's particular; an excellent menstruum in most cases, but not likely to be very efficacious on the present occasion.

CHAP. XVII.

'Twixt us thus the difference trims:—
Using head instead of limbs,
You have read what I have seen;
Using limbs instead of head,
I have seen what you have read—
Which way does the balance lean?—BUTLER.

OUR traveller, rapid in all his resolutions and motions, strode stoutly down the street, and arrived at the Manse, which was, as we have already described it, all but absolutely ruinous. The

tal desolation and want of
ave argued the place uninhabited,
wo or three miserable tubs with suds, or such
tish contents, which were left there, that those who broke
their shins among them might receive a sensible proof,
that here the hand of woman had been." The door
being half off its hinges, the entrance was for the time
protected by a broken harrow, which must necessarily
be removed before entry could be obtained. The little
garden, which might have given an air of comfort to the
old house had it been kept in any order, was abandoned
to a desolation of which that of the sluggard was only a
type; and the minister's man, an attendant always pro-
verbial for doing half work, and who seemed in the present
instance to do none, was seen among docks and nettles,
solacing himself with the few gooseberries which remained
on some moss-grown bushes. To him Mr. Touchwood
called loudly, inquiring after his master; but the clown,
conscious of being taken in flagrant delict, as the law
says, fled from him like a guilty thing, instead of obeying
his summons, and was soon heard *hupping* and *geeing*
to the cart, which he had left on the other side of the
broken wall.

Disappointed in his application to the man-servant,
Mr. Touchwood knocked with his cane, at first gently,
then harder, hollowed, bellowed, and shouted, in the
hope of calling the attention of some one within doors,
but received not a word in reply. At length, thinking
that no trespass could be committed upon so forlorn and
deserted an establishment, he removed the obstacles
entrance with such a noise as he thought must necessari
have alarmed some one, if there was any live person abo
the house at all. All was still silent; and, entering
passage where the damp walls and broken flags c
sponded to the appearance of things out of doo
opened a door to the left, which, wonderful to s

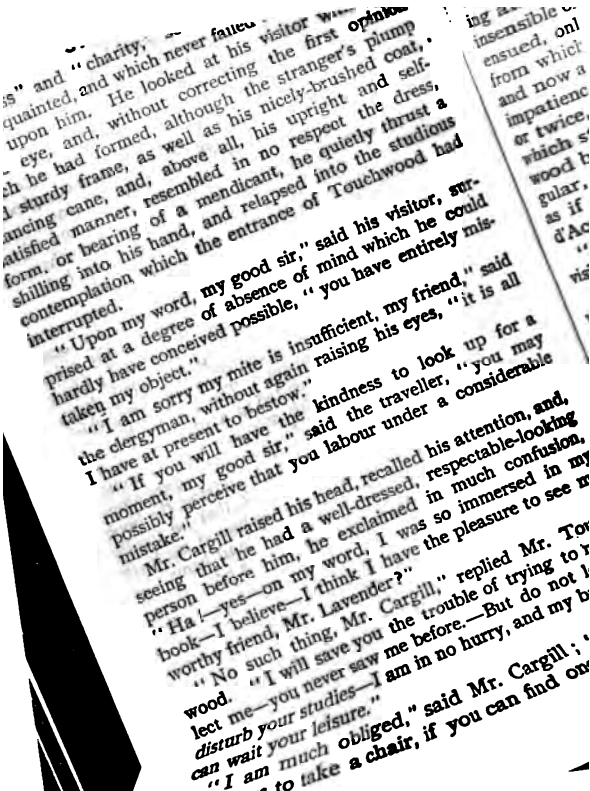


ı remaining, and founc
: presence of the person
ı heap of books and othe
ımulated around him, sat,
:hair, the learned minister
man, beyond the middle age
/ith eyes which, though nov
ıad been once bright, soft, and
features seemed interesting, the ra
ing the carelessness of his dress,
performing his ablutions with Ea
had forgot neatness, but not clea
have appeared much more disor
thinned by time, and disposed c
of his countenance and the back
stockings, ungartered, marked
and his feet were thrust into the ol
served him instead of slippers.
ments, as far as visible, consiste
wrapt in long folds round his s
length of body, and reaching do
said. He was so intently engage
before him, a folio of no ordina
disregarded the noise which Mı
entering the room, as well as the
which he thought it proper to ani

No notice being taken of the
Mr. Touchwood, however grea
ceremony, saw the necessity of ir
as an apology for his intrusion.

" Hem ! sir—Ha, hem !—You
in some distress for want of soci
liberty to call on you as a good
Christian charity, willing to aff
company, since he is tired of hi

Of this speech Mr. Cargill c



ught to recover—
I am at your con
sitor found among
difficulty, a seat stra
and sat down, restin
entively at his host, wh
dible of his presence. A
nsued, only disturbed by the
from which Mr. Cargill seem
and now and then by a little
impatience, when he dipped
or twice, into his snuff-box,
which stood beside it. At l
wood began to think the scen
gular, the abstracted student
as if in soliloquy, "From .
d'Acre, to Jerusalem, how fa
"Twenty-three miles north
visitor, without hesitation.

Mr. Cargill expressed no
which he had put to himself b
of another, than if he had
map, and, indeed, was not p
dium through which his ques
it was the tenor of the answe
to in his reply.—"Twenty-th
ing his hand on the volume,
not agree in this."

"They may both be d—d,
answered the traveller.

"You might have contradic
out using such an expression,"

"I cry you mercy, Docto
"*but would you* compare th
me, that have made my leg
part of the inhabited world?

the [illegible]
dromedary
trive to tramp."

"If you have really been in [illegible]
Mr. Cargill, whom the reckless gaiety [illegible] a tra[illegible]
manner rendered somewhat suspicious of a [illegible] subject on
will be able materially to enlighten me on the subject of
the Crusades."

"They happened before my time, Doctor," replied
the traveller.

"You are to understand that my curiosity refers to
the geography of the countries where these events took
place," answered Mr. Cargill.

"Oh! as to that matter you are lighted on your feet,"
said Mr. Touchwood. "for the time present I can fit
you. Turk, Arab, Copt, and Druse, I know every one
of them, and can make you as well acquainted with
them as myself. Without stirring a step beyond you
threshold, you shall know Syria as well as I do.—B
one good turn deserves another—in that case, you m
have the goodness to dine with me."

"*I go seldom* abroad, sir," said the minister, wi
good deal of hesitation, for his habits of solitud
[illegible]uld not be entirely overcome, even

is at this moment busy in making ready suc
as your learning has seldom seen, Doctor, i
s the receipts from the four different quarter
be."

m this treaty they parted; and Mr. Cargill, a
r for a short while upon the singular chance w
nt a living man to answer those doubts, for w
s in vain consulting ancient authorities, at le
ed, by degrees, the train of reflection and
ition which Mr. Touchwood's visit had
ted, and in a short time lost all recollection o
ical visitor, and of the engagement which he
l.

so Mr. Touchwood, who, when not occupied
ss of real importance, had the art, as the re
ave observed, to make a prodigious fuss a
g at all. Upon the present occasion, he bu
l out of the kitchen, till Mrs. Dods lost patie



fashion of the Cleikum Inn; yet the landlady, with a look "civil but sly," contrived to insinuate a doubt whether the clergyman would come, "when a' was dune."

Mr. Touchwood scorned to listen to such an insinuation until the fated hour arrived, and brought with it no Mr. Cargill. The impatient entertainer allowed five minutes for difference of clocks, and variation of time, and other five for the procrastination of one who went little into society. But no sooner were the last five minutes expended than he darted off for the Manse, not, indeed, much like a greyhound or a deer, but with the momentum of a corpulent and well-appetised elderly gentleman, who is in haste to secure his dinner. He bounced without ceremony into the parlour, where he found the worthy divine clothed in the same plaid nightgown, and seated in the same elbow-chair, in which he had left him several hours before. His sudden entrance recalled to Mr. Cargill, not an accurate, but something of a general recollection, of what had passed in the morning, and he hastened to apologise with "Ha!—indeed—already?—upon my word, Mr. A—a—, I mean my dear friend—I am afraid I have used you ill—I forgot to order any dinner—but we will do our best.—Eppie—Eppie!"

Not at the first, second, nor third call, but *ex intervallo*, as the lawyers express it, Eppie, a bare-legged, shock-headed, thick-ankled, red-armed wench, entered and announced her presence by an emphatic, "What's your wull?"

"Have you got anything in the house for dinner, Eppie?"

"*Naething* but bread and milk, plenty o't—what would *I* have?"

"*You see, sir,*" said Mr. Cargill, "you are like to have a Pythagorean entertainment; but you are a travel-



have doubtless been in your time th
ıd milk."

.t never when there was anything bet
said Mr. Touchwood. "Come, Doct
pardon, but your wits are fairly gone a wo
, it was *I* invited *you* to dinner, up at the
, not you me."

"On my word, and so it was," said Mr. Ca
new I was quite right—I knew there was a d
gagement betwixt us, I was sure of that, and t
main point.—Come sir, I wait upon you."

"Will you not first change your dress?" visitor, seeing with astonishment that the di posed to attend him in his plaid nightgown; ' shall have all the boys in the village after us- look like an owl in sunshine, and they will flo you like so many hedge-sparrows."

"I will get my clothes instantly," said th clergyman; "I will get ready directly—I a ashamed to keep you waiting, my dear Mr.— your name has this instant escaped me."

"It is Touchwood, sir, at your service; I d lieve you ever heard it before," answered the tr

"True—right—no more I have—well, my g Touchstone, will you sit down an instant unt what we can do?—strange slaves we make ou these bodies of ours, Mr. Touchstone—the clo the sustaining of them costs us much thought an which might be better employed in catering for of our immortal spirits."

Mr. Touchwood thought in his heart that Brahmin or Gymnosophist less reason to repr self with excess in the indulgence of the *the toilette,* than the sage before him; but *to the doctrine,* as he would have done *heresy,* rather than protract matters by far

the point at present. In a short time the minister was dressed in his Sunday's suit, without any farther mistake than turning one of his black stockings inside out; and Mr. Touchwood, happy as was Boswell when he carried off Dr. Johnson in triumph to dine with Strachan and John Wilkes, had the pleasure of escorting him to the Cleikum Inn.

In the course of the afternoon they became more familiar, and the familiarity led to their forming a considerable estimate of each other's powers and acquirements. It is true, the traveller thought the student too pedantic, too much attached to systems, which, formed in solitude, he was unwilling to renounce, even when contradicted by the voice and testimony of experience; and, moreover, considered his utter inattention to the quality of what he ate and drank, as unworthy of a rational, that is, of a cooking creature, or of a being who, as defined by Johnson, holds his dinner as the most important business of the day. Cargill did not act up to this definition, and was, therefore, in the eyes of his new acquaintance, so far ignorant and uncivilised. What then? He was still a sensible, intelligent man, however abstemious and bookish.

On the other hand, the divine could not help regarding his new friend as something of an epicure or belly-god, nor could he observe in him either the perfect education, or the polished bearing, which mark the gentleman of rank, and of which, while he mingled with the world, he had become a competent judge. Neither did it escape him, that in the catalogue of Mr. Touchwood's defects, occurred that of many travellers, a slight disposition to exaggerate his own personal adventures, and to prose concerning his own exploits. But then his acquaintance with Eastern manners, existing now in the same state in which they were found during the time of the Crusades, formed a living commentary on the works of William

...st of the whole parish
...ister thereof was once more league
a individual of his species, genera
them the Cleikum Nabob. Their inter
consisted in long walks, which they t
traversing, however, as limited a space o
had been actually roped in for their ped
Their parade was according to circumstan
at the nether end of the ruinous hamlet, o
in front of the old castle; and, in either
longitude of their promenade never excee
yards. Sometimes, but rarely, the divine
Mr. Touchwood's meal, though less splen
than when he was first invited to partake of i
owner of the gold cup in Parnell's Hermi
of his ostentation,

——— Still he welcomed, but with less

On these occasions the ...
regular and com...

only luxury which Mr. Cargill continued to partake of with some complacence, was the regale before them,—that a card was delivered to the Nabob.

"Mr. and Miss Mowbray see company at Shaws Castle on the twentieth current, at two o'clock—a *déjeûner*—dresses in character admitted—A dramatic picture."—"See company? the more fools they," he continued, by way of comment. "See company?—choice phrases are ever commendable—and this piece of pasteboard is to intimate that one may go and meet all the fools of the parish, if they have a mind—in my time they asked the honour, or the pleasure, of a stranger's company. I suppose, by and by, we shall have in this country the ceremonial of a Bedouin's tent, where every ragged Hadgi, with his green turban, comes in slap without leave asked, and has his black paw among the rice, with no other apology than Salam Alicum.—'Dresses in character—Dramatic picture'—what new tomfoolery can that be?—but it does not signify.—Doctor! I say, Doctor!—but he is in the seventh heaven—I say, Mother Dods, you who know all the news—Is this the feast that was put off until Miss Mowbray should be better?"

"Troth is it, Maister Touchwood—they are no in the way of giving twa entertainments in one season—no very wise to give ane maybe—but they ken best."

"I say, Doctor, Doctor!—Bless his five wits, he is charging the Moslemah with stout King Richard—I say, Doctor, do you know anything of these Mowbrays?"

"Nothing extremely particular," answered Mr. Cargill, after a pause; "it is an ordinary tale of greatness, which blazes in one century, and is extinguished in the next. I think Camden says, that Thomas Mowbray, *who was Grand*-Marshal of England, succeeded to that *high office, as well as to the* Dukedom of Norfolk, as *grandson of Roger Bigot, in* 1301."

"*Pshaw, man, you are* back into the fourteenth cen-

mean these Mowbrays of St. Ronan's—now, d asleep again until you have answered my ques- nd don't look so like a startled hare—I am speak- treason."

e clergyman floundered a moment, as is usual with bsent man, who is recovering the train of his ideas, a somnambulist when he is suddenly awakened, and en answered, still with hesitation,—

"Mowbray of St. Ronan's!—ha—eh—I know—that is—I did know the family."

"Here they are going to give a masquerade, a *bal paré*, private theatricals, I think, and what not," handing him the card.

"I saw something of this a fortnight ago," said Mr. Cargill; "indeed, I either had a ticket myself, or I saw such a one as that."

"Are you sure you did not attend the party, Doctor?" said the Nabob.

"Who attend? I? you are jesting, Mr. Touchwood."

"But are you quite positive?" demanded Mr. Touchwood, who had observed, to his infinite amusement, that the learned and abstracted scholar was so conscious of his own peculiarities, as never to be very sure on any such subject.

"Positive!" he repeated with embarrassment; "my memory is so wretched that I never like to be positive—but had I done anything so far out of my usual way, I must have remembered it, one would think—and—I *am* positive I was not there."

"Neither could you, Doctor," said the Nabob, laughing at the process by which his friend reasoned himself into confidence; "for it did not take place—it was adjourned, and this is the second invitation—there will be one for you, as you had a card to the former.—Come, Doctor, you must go—you and I will go together—I as



ı any Hadgi of
like best."
ɔn, Mr. Touch-
together incon-

ır habits."
m, Mr. Cargill,"
ast sight ye may
o be married and
hortlies, wi' some
"
it is impossible."
. Cargill, when ye
them yourself into
air lassie has a bee
f naebody but wise
be ill peopled. I
le, like yourself and
—are ye weel?—will



ws ; and though she likes a drappie,
; would invent a lee or carry ane—at
. am a gude customer."

.s must be looked to," said Mr. Cargi
ng to himself.

n troth, and so it should," said Dame Dod
. and a shame if they should employ the
ibal they ca' Chatterly, and sic a Presbyteria
t as yourself in the land, Mr. Cargill ; and if
ike a fule's advice, ye winna let the multure be
your ain mill, Mr. Cargill."

" True, true, good Mother Dods," said the
" gloves and hat-bands are things to be looke
and Mr. Cargill had better go down to this curs
vity with me, in order to see after his own interes

" I must speak with the young lady," said th
man, still in a brown study.

" Right, right, my boy of blackletter," said the
" with me you shall go, and we'll bring them
mission to mother-church, I warrant you—W
idea of being cheated in such a way, would
Santon out of his trance.—What dress will you

" My own, to be sure," said the divine, starti
his reverie.

" True, thou art right again—they may wan
the knot on the spot, and who would be marr
parson in masquerade?—We go to the entert
though—it is a done thing."

The clergyman assented, provided he shoulc
an invitation ; and as that was found at the M
had no excuse for retracting, even if he had se
desire one.

USBAND.

backwards,
our natural
more in nar-
at happened,
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ons which may

nerington at the
ad produced th
as joined with t
his lordship's p
the woods on f
servants. The
ghwayman, was
declined makin
although his lo
ne scuffle,
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companions of
o homage to Lo
eiklewham and
ourable, though
rend Mr Simon
service in her pe
on already assig
Meiklewham, and
ccasion for his se
the delinquent
o the care of th
mart flesh-wou

a slight scratch on the temple; and so very as his behaviour on the occasion, that the n his anxiety for his safety, enjoined him a course of the waters, if he would enjoy the . of a complete and perfect recovery. Nothing uent, he could assure his lordship, as the opening atrised wounds; and the waters of St. Ronan's g being, according to Dr. Quackleben, a remedy all the troubles which flesh is heir to, could not fail equal those of Barege, in facilitating the discharge of l splinters or extraneous matter, which a bullet may chance to incorporate with the human frame, to its great annoyance. For he was wont to say, that although he could not declare the waters which he patronised to be an absolute *panpharmacon*, yet he would with word and pen maintain, that they possessed the principal virtues of the most celebrated medicinal springs in the known world. In short, the love of Alpheus for Arethusa was a mere jest, compared to that which the Doctor entertained for his favourite fountain.

The new and noble guest, whose arrival so much illustrated these scenes of convalescence and of gaiety, was not at first seen so much at the ordinary, and other places of public resort, as had been the hope of the worthy company assembled. His health and his wound proved an excuse for making his visits to the society few and far between.

But when he did appear, his manners and person were infinitely captivating; and even the carnation-coloured silk handkerchief, which suspended his wounded arm, together with the paleness and languor which loss of blood had left on his handsome and open countenance, gave a grace to the whole person, which many of the ladies declared irresistible. All contended for his notice, attracted at once by his affability, and piqued by the calm and easy nonchalance with which it seemed to be

scheming and selfish Mowbray, the coarse- brutal Sir Bingo, accustomed to consider and to be considered, as the first men of sunk into comparative insignificance. But Lady Penelope threw out the captivations of her her literature; while Lady Binks, trusting to ural charms, endeavoured equally to attract his The other nymphs of the Spa held a little back, the principle of that politeness, which, at continen- unting parties, affords the first shot at a fine piece game to the person of the highest rank present; but thought throbbed in many a fair bosom, that their dyships might miss their aim, in spite of the advan- iges thus allowed them, and that there might then be room for less exalted, but perhaps not less skilful marks- women, to try their chance.

But while the Earl thus withdrew from public socie necessary, at least natural, that he should ch with whom to share the solitude of his and Mowbray, superior in rank Captain MacTurk—in broken down, and Sir Bing

s of glee as only the success of triumphant uld have extorted from him. Mowbray looked wever, and checked his mirth.

re was something in it after all," he said, "that I not perfectly understand. Etherington, an old -d—d sharp—up to everything, and yet he lost his y like a baby."

And what the matter how he loses it, so you win it a man?" said his legal friend and adviser.

"Why, hang it, I cannot tell," replied Mowbray—were it not that I think he has scarce the impudence to propose such a thing to succeed, curse me but I should think he was coming the old soldier over me, and keeping up his game.—But no—he can scarce have the impudence to think of that.—I find, however, that he has done Wolverine—cleaned out poor Tom—though Tom wrote to me the precise contrary, yet the truth has since come out—Well, I shall avenge him, for I see his lordship is to be had as well as other folks."

"Weel, Mr. Mowbray," said the lawyer, in a tone of affected sympathy, "ye ken your own ways best—but the heavens will bless a moderate mind. I would not like to see you ruin this poor lad, *funditus*, that is to say, out and out.—To lose some of the ready will do him no great harm, and maybe give him a lesson he may be the better of as long as he lives—but I wad not, as an honest man, wish you to go deeper—you should spare the lad, Mr. Mowbray."

"Who spared *me*, Meiklewham?" said Mowbray, with a look and tone of deep emphasis—"No, no—he must go through the mill—money and money's worth.—His seat is called Oakendale—think of that, Mick—Oakendale! Oh, name of thrice happy augury!—Speak not of *mercy, Mick*—the squirrels of Oakendale must be dismounted, and learn to go a-foot.—What mercy can the *wandering lord* of Troy expect among the Greeks?



n a very Suliote—the bravest of

I think not of fear,
ıow who would serve the Vizier.'

he concluded, with a tone some-
ıity is as unrelenting a leader as
whom Scanderbeg ever fought
g."
l his patron's ejaculation with a
. a chuckle, and a groan ; the first
ɔress his pretended pity for the
second his sympathy with his
success ; and the third being a
the dangerous courses through
ı be pursued.

them, as if his own had a
reply.

These alternations, thoug
after all, many days; for M
spent much of his time in L
and these few days were d
time, as his lordship was
join the party at Shaws C
health being announced as
renewed, with the addition
the nature of which we shall
explain. Cards were anew
been formerly included in t
to Mr. Touchwood, as form
and now in the neighbou
agreed among the ladies,
times a dingy or damaged
rashly or unnecessarily negl
had been asked, of course,
Mowbray house, not to be
the family were invited on a
were well known, and it was
would leave his manse on
the kirk should loosen itself

It was after these arrange
the Laird of St. Ronan's sud
private apartment with looks
scribe turned his spectacle
and holding in one hand th
had been perusing, and in t
he was about to tie them
operation to await with op
munication of Mowbray.

"I have done him!" he s
of voice lowered almost to a
ship for this bout—doubled

thing more.—Hush, don't interrupt me—w
of Clara now—she must share the sunshir
prove but a blink before a storm.—You l
these two d—d women, Lady Penelope an
have settled that they will have something lil
on this occasion, a sort of theatrical exhibiti
those who like it shall be dressed in charac
their meaning—they think Clara has no dres
foolery, and so they hope to eclipse her; La
her old-fashioned ill-set diamonds, and my
with the new-fashioned finery which she
character for. But Clara shan't be borne
——! I got that affected slut, Lady Binl
tell me what her mistress had set her mind
is to wear a Grecian habit, forsooth, like
Allan's Eastern subjects.—But here's the r
only one shawl for sale in Edinburgh that is
ing off in, and that is at the Gallery of Fa
Mick, my friend, that shawl must be had f
the other trankums of muslin, and lace,
which you will find marked in the pape
instantly and secure it, for, as Lady Binl
morrow's post, your order can go by to
There is a note for £100."

From a mechanical habit of never ref
Meiklewham readily took the note, but l
it through his spectacles, he continued
hand as he remonstrated with his patr
very kindly meant, St. Ronan's—very ki
I wad be the last to say that Miss Cla
respect and kindness at your hand; b
if she wad care a bodle for thae bra
yourself, she seldom alters her fashion
her riding-habit dress eneugh for on
you were ganging by good looks, sc
thought mair colour, poor dear."

well," said Mowbray impatiently, "let me reconcile a woman and a fine dress."

"e sure, ye ken best," said the writer; "but, after , wad it no be better to lay by this hundred pound a Turnpenny's, in case the young lady should want rhand, just for a sair foot?"

"You are a fool, Mick; what signifies healing a sore when there will be a broken heart in the case?—No, —get the things as I desire you—we will blaze them own for one day at least; perhaps it will be the begin- ng of a proper dash."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be so," answered Meikle- wham; "but this young Earl—hae ye found the weak point?—Can ye get a decerniture against him, with ex- penses?—that is the question."

"I wish I could answer it," said Mowbray thoughtfully. —"Confound the fellow—he is a cut above me in rank and in society too—belongs to the great clubs, and is in with the Superlatives and Inaccessibles, and all that sort of folk.—My training has been a peg lower—but, hang it, there are better dogs bred in the kennel than in the parlour. I am up to him, I think—at least I will soon know, Mick, whether I am or no, and that is always one comfort. Never mind—do you execute my com- mission, and take care you name no names—I must save my little Abigail's reputation."

They parted, Meiklewham to execute his patron's com- mission—his patron to bring to the test those hopes, the uncertainty of which he could not disguise from his own sagacity.

Trusting to the continuance of his run of luck, Mow- bray resolved to bring affairs to a crisis that same evening. Everything seemed in the outset to favour his purpose. They had dined together in Lord Etherington's apart- ments—his state of health interfered with the circulation of the bottle, and a drizzly autumnal evening rendered



walking disagreeable, even had they gone no farther than the private stable where Lord Etherington's horses were kept, under the care of a groom of superior skill. Cards were naturally, almost necessarily, resorted to as the only alternative for helping away the evening, and piquet was, as formerly, chosen for the game.

Lord Etherington seemed at first indolently careless and indifferent about his play, suffering advantages to escape him, of which, in a more attentive state of mind, he could not have failed to avail himself. Mowbray upbraided him with his inattention, and proposed a deeper stake, the better to interest him. The young nobleman complied; and in the course of a few hands, the gamesters became both deeply engaged in watching and profiting by the changes of fortune. These were so many, so varied, and so unexpected, that the very souls of the players seemed at length centred in the event of the struggle; and, by dint of doubling stakes, the accumulated sum of a thousand pounds and upwards, upon each side, came to be staked in the issue of the game.—So large a risk included all those funds which Mowbray commanded by his sister's kindness, and nearly all his previous winnings, so to him the alternative was victory or ruin. He could not hide his agitation, however desirous to do so. He drank wine to supply himself with courage—he drank water to cool his agitation; and at length bent himself to play with as much care and attention as he felt himself enabled to command.

In the first part of the game their luck appeared tolerably equal, and the play of both befitting gamesters who had dared to play such a sum on the cast. But, as it drew towards a conclusion, fortune altogether deserted *him who stood* most in need of her favour, and Mowbray, *with silent despair*, saw his fate depend on a single trick, *and that with* every odds against him, for Lord Etherington *was elder* hand. But how can fortune's

farther than
horses were
skill. Cards
as the only
piquet was,

tly careless
vantages to
te of mind.
Mowbray
a deeper
oblemn
e game-
nd pro-
many
s of the
the
mu-
each

favour secure any one who is nc
infraction of the laws of the
have been expected from the
touched a card, Lord Etherin
out showing it, and, by the or
entitled to count his own—and
the next hand, gained the gar
Lord Etherington showed cha
seemed to think that the rigou
more insisted upon than in c
been, when men were playing f
bray did not understand this lo
he said, were in his eyes no nut
were insisted on by all but b
his part, he had rather not pla
game.

"So it would seem, my dear
"for, on my soul, I never saw s
thine during that unlucky gan
tention from my hand; and I r
countenance has stood me in a
could transfer thy long visage
both my revenge and my mor
blance would be worth not a p
has cost me."

"You are welcome to your j
bray, "it has been well paid fo
ten thousand at the same rat
proceeded, taking up and shuff
do yourself more justice in a
they say, is sweet."

"I have no appetite for it th
gravely; "if I had, Mowbray,
worse. *I do not always* call a
"*Your lordship* is out of h
under that might happen to

my good luck as a good hand would have been, and s
Fortune be praised."

"But what if with this Fortune had nought to do?
replied Lord Etherington.—"What if, sitting down wit
an honest fellow and a friend like yourself, Mowbray,
man should rather choose to lose his own money, whic
he could afford, than to win what it might distress hi
friend to part with?"

"Supposing a case so far out of supposition, my lord,
answered Mowbray, who felt the question ticklish—"fo
with submission, the allegation is easily made, and i
totally incapable of proof—I should say, no one had
right to think for me in such a particular, or to sup
pose that I played for a higher stake than was con
venient."

"And thus your friend, poor devil," replied Lor
Etherington, "would lose his money, and run the risk o
a quarrel into the boot!—We will try it another way—
Suppose this good-humoured and simple-minded gameste
had a favour of the deepest import to ask of his friend
and judged it better to prefer his request to a winner tha
to a loser?"

"If this applies to me, my lord," replied Mowbra
"it is necessary I should learn how I can oblige yo
lordship."

"That is a word soon spoken, but so difficult to be
called, that I am almost tempted to pause—but ye
must be said.—Mowbray, you have a sister."

Mowbray started.—"I have indeed a sister, my lo
but I can conceive no case in which her name can e
with propriety into our present discussion."

"Again in the menacing mood!" said Lord Ethe
ton, in his former tone: "now here is a pretty fellow
would first cut my throat for having won a thou
pounds from me, and then for offering to make hi
a countess."

... said Mowb
...g—you have never even seen Cla
Perhaps not—but what then?—I may
as Puff says in the Critic, or faller
from rumour—or, to save farther supp
they render you impatient, I may be .
wing that she is a beautiful and accomp
with a large fortune."

"What fortune do you mean, my lord?"
, recollecting with alarm some claims wh
to Meiklewham's view of the subject, his
upon his property.—"What estate?—ther
ngs to our family save these lands of St. I
t is left of them; and of these I am, my k
bted heir of entail in possession."

"Be it so," said the Earl, "for I have no
r mountain realms here, which are, doubtle

——— renown'd of old
For knights, and squires and barons bold;

iews respect a much richer, though less
in—a large manor, hight Nettlewood. Ho
anding in the midst of such glorious oak
and acres of land, arable, pasture, and wo
ive of the two closes occupied by widow
oodman Trampclod—manorial rights—mi
ls—and the devil knows how many good
, all lying in the vale of Bever."

i what has my sister to do with all this?"
ıy in great surprise.

hing; but that it belongs to her when
ountess of Etherington."

then, your lordship's property already?
by Jove! nor can it, unless your siste
r approbation of my suit," replied
a sorer puzzle than one of Lady

charades, my lord," said Mr. Mowbray; "I must cal in the assistance of the Reverend Mr. Chatterly."

"You shall not need," said Lord Etherington; "I will give you the key, but listen to me with patience.— You know that we nobles of England, less jealous of ou sixteen quarters than those on the Continent, do not tak scorn to line our decayed ermines with a little cloth o gold from the city; and my grandfather was luck enough to get a wealthy wife, with a halting pedigree;— rather a singular circumstance, considering that he father was a countryman of yours. She had a brother however, still more wealthy than herself, and who in creased his fortune by continuing to carry on the trad which had first enriched his family. At length h summed up his books, washed his hands of commerce and retired to Nettlewood, to become a gentleman and here my much respected grand-uncle was seize with the rage of making himself a man of consequence He tried what marrying a woman of family would do; but he soon found that, whatever advantage hi family might derive from his doing so, his own con dition was but little advanced. He next resolved t become a man of family himself. His father had le Scotland when very young, and bore, I blush to say, th vulgar name of Scrogie. This hapless dissyllable m uncle carried in person to the herald office in Scotlan but neither Lyon, nor Marchmont, nor Islay, n Snadoun, neither herald nor pursuivant, would patron Scrogie.—Scrogie!—there could nothing be made ou it—so that my worthy relative had recourse to the m side of the house, and began to found his dignity on mother's name of Mowbray. In this he was much m successful, and I believe some sly fellow stole for h slip from your own family tree, Mr. Mowbray o Ronan's, which, I dare say, you have never missed anyrate, for his argent and or, he got a handsom



parchment, blazoned with a white lion for Mowbray, be borne quarterly, with three stunted or scrog-bushes r Scrogie, and became thenceforth Mr. Scrogie Mowray, or rather, as he subscribed himself, Reginald (his former Christian name was Ronald) S. Mowbray. He had a son who most undutifully laughed at all this, refused the honours of the high name of Mowbray, and insisted on retaining his father's original appellative of Scrogie, to the great annoyance of his said father's ears, and damage of his temper."

"Why, faith, betwixt the two," said Mowbray, "I own I should have preferred my own name, and I think the old gentleman's taste rather better than the young one's."

"True; both were wilful, absurd originals, with a happy obstinacy of temper, whether derived from Mowbray or Scrogie I know not, but which led them so often into opposition, that the offended father, Reginald S. Mowbray, turned his recusant son, Scrogie, fairly out of doors; and the fellow would have paid for his plebeian spirit with a vengeance, had he not found refuge with a surviving partner of the original Scrogie of all, who still carried on the lucrative branch of traffic by which the family had been first enriched. I mention these particulars to account, in so far as I can, for the singular predicament in which I now find myself placed."

"Proceed, my lord," said Mr. Mowbray; "there is no denying the singularity of your story, and I presume you are quite serious in giving me such an extraordinary detail."

"Entirely so, upon my honour—and a most serious matter it is, you will presently find. When my worthy uncle, Mr. S. Mowbray (for I will not call him Scrogie *even in the grave*), paid his debt to nature, everybody *concluded he would* be found to have disinherited his *son, the unfilial* Scrogie, and so far everybody was r

—But it was also generally believed that he would settle the estate on my father, Lord Etherington, the son of his sister, and therein every one was wrong. For my excellent grand-uncle had pondered with himself, that the favoured name of Mowbray would take no advantage, and attain no additional elevation, if his estate of Nettlewood (otherwise called Mowbray Park) should descend to our family without any condition; and with the assistance of a sharp attorney, he settled it on me, then a schoolboy, *on condition* that I should, before attaining the age of twenty-five complete, take unto myself in holy wedlock a young lady of good fame, of the name of Mowbray, and, by preference, of the house of St. Ronan's, should a damsel of that house exist.—Now my riddle is read."

"And a very extraordinary one it is," replied Mowbray, thoughtfully.

"Confess the truth," said Lord Etherington, laying his hand on his shoulder; "you think the story will bear a grain of a scruple of doubt, if not a whole scruple itself?"

"At least, my lord," answered Mowbray, "your lordship will allow, that, being Miss Mowbray's only near relation, and sole guardian, I may, without offence, pause upon a suit for her hand, made under such odd circumstances."

"If you have the least doubt either respecting my rank or fortune, I can give, of course, the most satisfactory references," said the Earl of Etherington.

"That I can easily believe, my lord," said Mowbray; "nor do I in the least fear deception, where detection would be so easy. Your lordship's proceedings towards *me too" (with a* conscious glance at the bills he still held *in his hand), "have,* I admit, been such as to intimate *some such deep* cause of interest as you have bee *pleased to state.* But it seems strange that your lo

ship should have permitted years to glide away, without so much as inquiring after the young lady, who, I believe, is the only person qualified, as your grand-uncle's will requires, with whom you can form an alliance. It appears to me, that long before now, this matter ought to have been investigated; and that, even now, it would have been more natural and more decorous to have at least seen my sister before proposing for her hand."

"On the first point, my dear Mowbray," said Lord Etherington, "I am free to own to you, that, without meaning your sister the least affront, I would have got rid of this clause if I could; for every man would fain choose a wife for himself, and I feel in no hurry to marry at all. But the rogue-lawyers, after taking fees, and keeping me in hand for years, have at length roundly told me the clause must be complied with, or Nettiewood must have another master. So I thought it best to come down here in person in order to address the fair lady; but as accident has hitherto prevented my seeing her, and as I found in her brother a man who understands the world, I hope you will not think the worse of me, that I have endeavoured in the outset to make you my friend. Truth is, I shall be twenty-five in the course of a month; and without your favour, and the opportunities which only you can afford me, that seems a short time to woo and win a lady of Miss Mowbray's merit."

"And what is the alternative if you do not form this proposed alliance, my lord?" said Mowbray.

"The bequest of my grand-uncle lapses," said the Earl, "and fair Nettlewood, with its old house, and older oaks, manorial rights, Hodge, Trampclod, and all, devolves on a certain cousin-german of mine, whom *Heaven of his mercy* confound!"

"*You have left yourself little time to prevent such an event, my lord,*" said Mowbray; "but things being as

I now see them, you shall have what interest I can give you in the affair.—We must stand, however, on more equal terms, my lord—I will condescend so far as to allow it would have been inconvenient for me at this moment to have lost that game, but I cannot in the circumstances think of acting as if I had fairly won it. We must draw stakes, my lord."

"Not a word of that, if you really mean me kindly, my dear Mowbray. The blunder was a real one, for I was indeed thinking, as you may suppose, on other things than the showing my point—All was fairly lost and won.—I hope I shall have opportunities of offering real services, which may perhaps give me some right to your partial regard—at present we are on equal footing on all sides—perfectly so."

"If your lordship thinks so," said Mowbray—and then passing rapidly to what he felt he could say with more confidence—"Indeed, at any rate, no personal obligation to myself could prevent my doing my full duty as guardian to my sister."

"Unquestionably, I desire nothing else," replied the Earl of Etherington.

"I must therefore understand that your lordship is quite serious in your proposal; and that it is not to be withdrawn, even if, upon acquaintance with Miss Mowbray, you should not perhaps think her so deserving of your lordship's attentions as report may have spoken her."

"Mr. Mowbray," replied the Earl, "the treaty between you and me shall be as definite as if I were a sovereign prince, demanding in marriage the sister of a neighbouring monarch, whom, according to royal etiquette, he neither has seen nor could see. I have been quite frank with you, and I have stated to you that my present motives for entering upon negotiation are not personal, but territorial; when I know Miss Mowbray

have no doubt they will be otherwise. I have heard she is beautiful."

"Something of the palest, my lord," answered Mowbray.

"A fine complexion is the first attraction which is lost in the world of fashion, and that which it is easiest to replace."

"Dispositions, my lord, may differ," said Mowbray, "without faults on either side. I presume your lordship has inquired into my sister's. She is amiable, accomplished, sensible, and high-spirited; but yet"——

"I understand you, Mr. Mowbray, and will spare you the pain of speaking out. I have heard Miss Mowbray is in some respects—particular; to use a broader word—a little whimsical.—No matter. She will have the less to learn when she becomes a countess, and a woman of fashion."

"Are you serious, my lord?" said Mowbray.

"I am—and I will speak my mind still more plainly. I have a fine temper, and excellent spirits, and can endure a good deal of singularity in those I live with. I have no doubt your sister and I will live happily together—But in case it should prove otherwise, arrangements may be made previously, which will enable us in certain circumstances to live happily apart. My own estate is large, and Nettlewood will bear dividing."

"Nay, then," said Mowbray, "I have little more to say—nothing indeed remains for inquiry, so far as your lordship is concerned. But my sister must have free liberty of choice—so far as I am concerned, your lordship's suit has my interest."

"And I trust we may consider it as a done thing?"

"With Clara's approbation — certainly," answered Mowbray.

"I trust there is no chance of personal repugnance on the young lady's part?" said the young peer.

"I anticipate nothing of the kind, my lord," answered Mowbray, "as I presume there is no reason for any; but young ladies will be capricious, and if Clara, after I have done and said all that a brother ought to do, should remain repugnant, there is a point in the exertion of my influence which it would be cruelty to pass."

The Earl of Etherington walked a turn through the apartment, then paused, and said in a grave and doubtful tone, "In the meanwhile, I am bound, and the young lady is free, Mowbray. Is this quite fair?"

"It is what happens in every case, my lord, where a gentleman proposes for a lady," answered Mowbray; "he must remain, of course, bound by his offer, until, within a reasonable time, it is accepted or rejected. It is not my fault that your lordship has declared your wishes to me, before ascertaining Clara's inclination. But while as yet the matter is between ourselves—I make you welcome to draw back if you think proper. Clara Mowbray needs not push for a catch-match."

"Nor do I desire," said the young nobleman, "any time to reconsider the resolution which I have confided to you. I am not in the least fearful that I shall change my mind on seeing your sister, and I am ready to stand by the proposal which I have made to you.—If, however, you feel so extremely delicately on my account," he continued, "I can see and even converse with Miss Mowbray at this fête of yours, without the necessity of being at all presented to her—The character which I have assumed in a manner obliges me to wear a mask."

"Certainly," said the Laird of St. Ronan's, "and I am glad, for both our sakes, your lordship thinks of *taking a little law* upon this occasion."

"*I shall profit nothing* by it," said the Earl; "*my doom is fixed before I start*—but if this mode of managing *the matter will save* your conscience, I have no objection



t—it cannot consume much time, which is what I have look to."

They then shook hands and parted, without any farher discourse which could interest the reader.

Mowbray was glad to find himself alone, in order to think over what had happened, and to ascertain the state of his own mind, which at present was puzzling even to himself. He could not but feel that much greater advantages of every kind might accrue to himself and his family from the alliance of the wealthy young Earl, than could have been derived from any share of his spoils which he had proposed to gain by superior address in play, or greater skill on the turf. But his pride was hurt when he recollected that he had placed himself entirely in Lord Etherington's power; and the escape from absolute ruin which he had made, solely by the sufferance of his opponent, had nothing in it consolatory to his wounded feelings. He was lowered in his own eyes, when he recollected how completely the proposed victim of his ingenuity had seen through his schemes, and only abstained from baffling them entirely, because to do so suited best with his own. There was a shade of suspicion, too, which he could not entirely eradicate from his mind.—What occasion had this young nobleman to preface, by the voluntary loss of a brace of thousands, a proposal which must have been acceptable in itself, without any such sacrifice? And why should he, after all, have been so eager to secure his accession to the proposed alliance, before he had ever seen the lady who was the object of it? However hurried for time, he might have waited the event at least of the entertainment at Shaws Castle, at which Clara was necessarily obliged to make her appearance.—Yet such conduct, however unusual, *was equally inconsistent* with any sinister intentions; *since the sacrifice of* a large sum of money, and the *declaration of his* views upon a portionless young lady of



family, could scarcely be the preface to any unfair practice. So that, upon the whole, Mowbray settled, that what was uncommon in the Earl's conduct arose from the hasty and eager disposition of a rich young Englishman, to whom money is of little consequence, and who is too headlong in pursuit of the favourite plan of the moment, to proceed in the most rational or most ordinary manner. If, however, there should prove anything farther in the matter than he could at present discover, Mowbray promised himself that the utmost circumspection on his part could not fail to discover it, and that in full time to prevent any ill consequences to his sister or himself.

Immersed in such cogitations, he avoided the inquisitive presence of Mr. Meiklewham, who, as usual, had been watching for him to learn how matters were going on; and although it was now late, he mounted his horse, and rode hastily to Shaws Castle. On the way, he deliberated with himself whether to mention to his sister the application which had been made to him, in order to prepare her to receive the young Earl, as a suitor, favoured with her brother's approbation. "But no, no, no;" such was the result of his contemplation. "She might take it into her head that his thoughts were bent less upon having her for a Countess, than on obtaining possession of his grand-uncle's estate. We must keep quiet," concluded he, "until her personal appearance and accomplishments may appear at least to have some influence upon his choice. We must say nothing till this blessed entertainment has been given and received."

CHAP. XIX.

Has he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well—be it so.
RICHARD III.

MOWBRAY had no sooner left the Earl's apartment, than the latter commenced an epistle to a friend and associate, which we lay before the reader, as best calculated to illustrate the views and motives of the writer. It was addressed to Captain Jekyl of the —— regiment of Guards, at the Green Dragon, Harrogate, and was of the following tenor :—

"DEAR HARRY,

"I have expected you here these ten days past, anxiously as ever man was looked for ; and have now to charge your absence as high treason to your sworn allegiance. Surely you do not presume, like one of Napoleon's new-made monarchs, to grumble for independence, as if your greatness were of your own making, or as if I had picked you out of the whole of St. James's coffee-house to hold my back hand, for your sake, forsooth, not for my own? Wherefore, lay aside all your own proper business, be it the pursuit of dowagers, or the plucking of pigeons, and instantly repair to this place, where I may speedily want your assistance,—*May* want it, said I? Why, most negligent of friends and allies, I *have* wanted it already, and that when it might have done me yeoman's service. Know that I have had an affair since I came hither—have got hurt myself, and have nearly shot my friend ; and if I had, I might have been hanged for it, for want of Harry Jekyl to bear witness *in my favour*. I was so far on my road to this place, when, not choosing, for certain reasons, to pass through the old village, I struck by a footpath into the

woods which separate it from the new Spa, leaving my carriage and people to go the carriage-way. I had not walked half-a-mile when I heard the footsteps of some one behind, and looking round, what should I behold but the face in the world which I most cordially hate and abhor—I mean that which stands on the shoulders of my right trusty and well-beloved cousin and councillor, Saint Francis. He seemed as much confounded as I was at our unexpected meeting ; and it was a minute ere he found breath to demand what I did in Scotland, contrary to my promise, as he was pleased to express it. I retaliated, and charged him with being here, in contradiction to his. He justified, and said he had only come down upon the express information that I was upon my road to St. Ronan's. Now, Harry, how the devil should he have known this, hadst thou been quite faithful? for I am sure, to no ear but thine own did I breathe a whisper of my purpose. Next, with the insolent assumption of superiority, which he founds on what he calls the rectitude of his purpose, he proposed we should both withdraw from a neighbourhood into which we could bring nothing but wretchedness.—I have told you how difficult it is to cope with the calm and resolute manner that the devil gifts him with on such occasions ; but I was determined he should not carry the day this time. I saw no chance for it, however, but to put myself into a towering passion, which, thank Heaven, I can always do on short notice. I charged him with having imposed formerly on my youth, and made himself judge of my rights ; and I accompanied my defiance with the strongest terms of irony and contempt, as well as with demand of instant satisfaction. I had my travelling pistols with [illegible] (*let pour cause*), and, to my surprise, my gentleman *equally provided.* For fair play's sake I made him *one of my pistols*—right Kuchenritters—a brace *in each, but that* circumstance I forgot. I



have argued the matter a little longer; but I thought the time, and think still, that the best arguments which he and I can exchange must come from the point of the sword, or the muzzle of the pistol.—We fired nearly together, and I think both dropped—I am sure I did, but recovered in a minute, with a damaged arm and a scratch on the temple—it was the last which stunned me—so much for double-loaded pistols. My friend was invisible, and I had nothing for it but to walk to the Spa, bleeding all the way like a calf, and tell a raw-head-and-bloody-bone story about a foot-pad, which, but for my earldom, and my gory locks, no living soul would have believed.

"Shortly after, when I had been installed in a sick-room, I had the mortification to learn that my own impatience had brought all this mischief upon me, at a moment when I had every chance of getting rid of my friend without trouble, had I but let him go on his own errand; for it seems he had an appointment that morning with a booby Baronet, who is said to be a bullet-slitter, and would perhaps have rid me of Saint Francis without any trouble or risk on my part. Meantime, his non-appearance at this rendezvous has placed Master Francis Tyrrel, as he chooses to call himself, in the worst odour possible with the gentry at the Spring, who have denounced him as a coward and no gentleman.—What to think of the business myself, I know not; and I much want your assistance to see what can have become of this fellow, who, like a spectre of ill omen, has so often thwarted and baffled my best plans. My own confinement renders me inactive, though my wound is fast healing. Dead he cannot be; for had he been mortally wounded, we should have heard of him somewhere or other—he could not have vanished from the earth like a bubble of the elements. Well and sound he cannot be; for, besides that I am sure I saw him stagger



drop, firing his pistol as he fell, I know him well enough to swear, that had he not been severely wounded, he would have first pestered me with his accursed presence and assistance, and then walked forward with his usual composure to settle matters with Sir Bingo Binks. No —no—Saint Francis is none of those who leave such jobs half finished—it is but doing him justice to say he has the devil's courage to back his own deliberate impertinence. But then, if wounded severely, he must be still in this neighbourhood, and probably in concealment—this is what I must discover, and I want your assistance in my inquiries among the natives.—Haste hither, Harry, as ever you look for good at my hand.

"A good player, Harry, always studies to make the best of bad cards—and so I have endeavoured to turn my wound to some account; and it has given me the opportunity to secure Monsieur le Frere in my interests. You say, very truly, that it is of consequence to me to know the character of this new actor on the disordered scene of my adventures.—Know, then, he is that most incongruous of all monsters—a Scotch Buck—how far from being buck of the season you may easily judge. Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a *fourth*; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt *off the course, it is* positively impossible they should win *the plate. No,* Harry, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will



no conquests in the world of fashion. Excellent ers the Scots may be, for they are eternally cal- ting how to add interest to principal;—good soldiers, they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more menable to discipline;—lawyers they are born; indeed every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them, in other lines, to submit to hardships which other natives could not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly. But assuredly Heaven did not form the Caledonian for the gay world; and his efforts at ease, grace, and gaiety, resemble only the clumsy gambols of the ass in the fable. Yet the Scot has his sphere too (in his own country only) where the character which he assumes is allowed to pass current. This Mowbray, now—this brother-in-law of mine —might do pretty well at a Northern Meeting, or the Leith races, where he could give five minutes to the sport of the day, and the next half-hour to country politics, or to farming; but it is scarce necessary to tell you, Harry, that this half fellowship will not pass on the better side of the Tweed.

"Yet for all I have told you, this trout was not easily tickled; nor should I have made much of him, had he not, in the plenitude of his northern conceit, entertained that notion of my being a good subject of plunder, which you had contrived (blessings on your contriving brain!) to insinuate into him by means of Wolverine. He commenced this hopeful experiment, and, as you must have anticipated, caught a Tartar with a vengeance. Of course, I used my victory only so far as to secure his interest in accomplishing my principal object; and yet I could see my *gentleman's pride* was so much injured in the course of *the negotiation*, that not all the advantages which *match offered to his* damned family, were able en-

to subdue the chagrin arising from his defeat. He did gulp it down, though, and we are friends and allies for the present at least—not so cordially so, however, as to induce me to trust him with the whole of the strangely complicated tale. The circumstance of the will it was necessary to communicate, as affording a sufficiently strong reason for urging my suit; and this partial disclosure enabled me for the present to dispense with farther confidence.

"You will observe, that I stand by no means secure; and besides the chance of my cousin's re-appearance—a certain event, unless he is worse than I dare hope for—I have perhaps to expect the fantastic repugnance of Clara herself, or some sulky freak on her brother's part.—In a word—and let it be such a one as conjurors raise the devil with—Harry Jekyl, I *want* you.

"As well knowing the nature of my friend, I can assure you that his own interest, as well as mine, may be advanced by his coming hither on duty. Here is a blockhead, whom I already mentioned, Sir Bingo Binks, with whom something may be done worth *your* while, though scarce worth *mine*. The Baronet is a perfect buzzard, and when I came here he was under Mowbray's training. But the awkward Scot had plucked half-a-dozen pen-feathers from his wing with so little precaution, that the Baronet has become frightened and shy, and is now in the act of rebelling against Mowbray, whom he both hates and fears—the least backing from a knowing hand like you, and the bird becomes your own, feathers and all.—Moreover,

——— by my life,
This Bingo hath a mighty pretty wife.

A lovely woman, Harry—rather plump, and above the *middle size—quite your taste*—A Juno in beauty, looking *with such scorn on her husband*, whom she despises an *hates, and seeming*, as if she *could* look so differently

day one whom she might like better, that, on my faith, 'twere sin not to give her occasion. If you please to venture your luck, either with the knight or the lady, you shall have fair play, and no interference—that is, provided you appear upon this summons; for, otherwise, I may be so placed, that the affairs of the knight and the lady may fall under my own immediate cognisance. And so, Harry, if you wish to profit by these hints, you had best make haste, as well for your own concerns, as to assist me in mine.

"Yours, Harry, as you behave yourself,

"ETHERINGTON."

Having finished this eloquent and instructive epistle, the young Earl demanded the attendance of his own valet, Solmes, whom he charged to put it into the post-office without delay, and with his own hand.

CHAP. XX.

The play's the thing.—HAMLET.

THE important day had now arrived, the arrangements for which had for some time occupied all the conversation and thoughts of the good company at the well of St. Ronan's. To give it, at the same time, a degree of novelty and consequence, Lady Penelope Penfeather had long since suggested to Mr. Mowbray, that the more gifted and accomplished part of the guests might contribute to furnish out entertainment for the rest, by acting a few scenes of some popular drama; an accomplishment in which her self-conceit assured her that she was peculiarly qualified to excel. Mr. Mowbray, who seemed on this occasion to have thrown the reins entirely into her ladyship's hands, made no objection to the plan which she proposed, excepting



that the old-fashioned hedges and walks of the garden at Shaws Castle must necessarily serve for stage and scenery, as there was no time to fit up the old hall for the exhibition of the proposed theatricals. But upon inquiry among the company, this plan was wrecked upon the ordinary shelve, to wit, the difficulty of finding performers who would consent to assume the lower characters of the drama. For the first parts there were candidates more than enough; but most of these were greatly too high-spirited to play the fool, except they were permitted to top the part. Then amongst the few unambitious underlings, who could be coaxed or cajoled to undertake subordinate characters, there were so many bad memories, and short memories, and treacherous memories, that at length the plan was resigned in despair.

A substitute proposed by Lady Penelope was next considered. It was proposed to act what the Italians call a Comedy of Character; that is, not an exact drama, in which the actors deliver what is set down for them by the author; but one in which, the plot having been previously fixed upon, and a few striking scenes adjusted, the actors are expected to supply the dialogue extempore, or, as Petruchio says, from their mother wit. This is an amusement which affords much entertainment in Italy, particularly in the state of Venice, where the characters of their drama have been long since all previously fixed, and are handed down by tradition; and this species of drama, though rather belonging to the mask than the theatre, is distinguished by the name of Commedia dell' Arte. But the shame-faced character of Britons is still more alien from a species of display, where there is a constant and extemporaneous demand for wit, or the sort of ready small-talk which supplies its place, than from the regular exhibitions of the drama, where the author, standing responsible for language and sentiment, leaves to the



ars of the scenes only the trouble of finding
ion and action.

he ardent and active spirit of Lady Penelope, still
after novelty, though baffled in her two first pro-
brought forward a third, in which she was more
essful. This was the proposal to combine a certain
mber, at least, of the guests, properly dressed for the
casion, as representing some well-known historical or
amatic characters, in a group, having reference to his-
ry, or to a scene of the drama. In this representation,
ich may be called playing a picture, action, even pan-
nimical action, was not expected; and all that was
quired of the performers was to throw themselves
:o such a group as might express a marked and striking
int of an easily remembered scene, but where the actors
e at a pause, and without either speech or motion. In
is species of representation there was no tax, either on
e invention or memory of those who might under-
ke parts; and, what recommended it still farther to
e good company, there was no marked difference be-
ixt the hero and heroine of the group, and the less
stinguished characters by whom they were attended on
e stage; and every one who had confidence in a hand-
me shape and a becoming dress, might hope, though
nding in not quite so broad and favourable a light as
e principal personages, to draw, nevertheless, a con-
lerable portion of attention and applause. This
otion, therefore, that the company, or such of them as
ight choose to appear properly dressed for the occa-
on, should form themselves into one or more groups,
ich might be renewed and varied as often as they
eased, was hailed and accepted as a bright idea, which
signed to every one a share of the importance attached
its probable success.

Mowbray, on his side, promised to contrive some
ngement which should separate the actors in



mute drama from the spectators, and enable the former to vary the amusement by withdrawing themselves from the scene, and again appearing upon it under a different and new combination. This plan of exhibition, where fine clothes and affected attitudes supplied all draughts upon fancy or talent, was highly agreeable to most of the ladies present; and even Lady Binks, whose discontent seemed proof against every effort that could be proposed to soothe it, acquiesced in the project, with perfect indifference indeed, but with something less of sullenness than usual.

It now only remained to rummage the circulating library, for some piece of sufficient celebrity to command attention, and which should be at the same time suited to the execution of their project. Bell's British Theatre, Miller's Modern and Ancient Drama, and about twenty odd volumes, in which stray tragedies and comedies were associated, like the passengers in a mail-coach, without the least attempt at selection or arrangement, were all examined in the course of their researches. But Lady Penelope declared loftily and decidedly for Shakespeare, as the author whose immortal works were fresh in every one's recollection. Shakespeare was therefore chosen, and from his works the Midsummer Night's Dream was selected, as the play which afforded the greatest variety of characters, and most scope of course for the intended representation. An active competition presently occurred among the greater part of the company, for such copies of the Midsummer Night's Dream, or the volume of Shakespeare containing it, as could be got in the neighbourhood; for, notwithstanding Lady Penelope's declaration, that every one who could read had Shakespeare's plays by heart, it appeared that such of his dramas as have not kept possession of the stage were very little known at St. Ronan's, save among those people who are uphantically called readers.

ljustment of the parts was the first subject of ation, so soon as those who intended to assume rs had refreshed their recollection on the subject piece. Theseus was unanimously assigned to ıy, the giver of the entertainment, and therefore ıtitled to represent the Duke of Athens. The : of an Amazonian crest and plume, a tucked-up d a tight buskin of sky-blue silk, buckled with ls, reconciled Lady Binks to the part of Hippolyta. ıerior stature of Miss Mowbray to Lady Penelope necessary that the former should perform the part na, and her ladyship rest contented with the ı character of Hermia. It was resolved to com- the young Earl of Etherington with the part of ır, which, however, his Lordship declined, and, ıg comedy to tragedy, refused to appear in any ıaracter than that of the magnanimous Bottom ; gave them such a humorous specimen of his in that part, that all were delighted at once with descension in assuming, and his skill in per- , the presenter of Pyramus.

ıart of Egeus was voted to Captain MacTurk, ıbstinacy in refusing to appear in any other than Highland garb, had nearly disconcerted the ffair. At length this obstacle was got over, on ıority of Childe Harold, who remarks the simi- :twixt the Highland and Grecian costume ; and pany, dispensing with the difference of colour, ıe Captain's variegated kilt, of the MacTurk to be the kirtle of a Grecian mountaineer,— o be an Arnout, and the Captain to be Egeus. ly and the painter, walking gentlemen by pro- *agreed to* walk through the parts of Deme- *l Lysander*, the two Athenian lovers ; and Mr. *ossom*, loath and lazy, after many excuses, *d by* Lady Penelope, with an antique, or

supposed antique cameo, to play the part of Philostratus, master of the revels, provided his gout would permit him to remain so long upon the turf, which was to be their stage.

Muslin trowsers, adorned with spangles, a voluminous turban of silver gauze, and wings of the same, together with an embroidered slipper, converted at once Miss Digges into Oberon, the King of Shadows, whose sovereign gravity, however, was somewhat indifferently represented by the silly gaiety of Miss in her Teens, and the uncontrolled delight which she felt in her fine clothes. A younger sister represented Titania; and two or three subordinate elves were selected, among families attending the salutiferous fountain, who were easily persuaded to let their children figure in fine clothes at so juvenile an age, though they shook their head at Miss Digges and her pantaloons, and no less at the liberal display of Lady Binks's right leg, with which the Amazonian garb gratified the public of St. Ronan's.

Dr. Quackleben was applied to to play Wall, by the assistance of such a wooden horse, or screen, as clothes are usually dried upon; the old Attorney stood for Lion; and the other characters of Bottom's drama were easily found among the unnamed frequenters of the Spring. Dressed rehearsals, and so forth, went merrily on—all voted there was a play fitted.

But even the Doctor's eloquence could not press Mr Blower into the scheme, although she was particularly wanted to represent Thisbe.

"Truth is," she replied, "I dinna greatly like stage plays. John Blower, honest man, as sailors are ay some spree or another, wad take me ance to see *Mrs. Siddons—I thought* we should hae been crush*death before we gat in—a'* my things riven aff my *forby the four* lily-white shillings that it cost, *then it came three* frightsome carlines wi' bes

in their Maker made them ; and then the ch
me which was given them at baptism, is, I
ful falling away from our vows ; and thou
ich I take to be Greek for Tibbie, may be a
me, yet Margaret was I christened, and M
lie."

"You mistake the matter entirely, my
ower," said the Doctor ; "there is nothing
ided—a mere *placebo*—just a divertisement t
irits, and assist the effect of the waters—che
great promoter of health."

"Dinna tell me o' health, Dr. Kittlepin !
r the puir body M'Durk's health to major
rtans like a tobacconist's sign in a frosty n
s poor wizened houghs as blue as a blawa
ot he is a humbling spectacle. Or can it g
ealth or pleasure either to see your ains
anging about wi' a claise screen tied to
[illegible] wi' paper, and painted like a stane a



of style and fashion at the Well settled to attend this exhibition ; there has been nothing else talked of for this month through the whole country, and it will be a year before it is forgotten. And I would have you consider how ill it will look, my dear Mrs. Blower, to stay away—nobody will believe you had a card—no, not though you were to hang it round your neck like a label round a vial of tincture, Mrs. Blower."

"If ye thought *that*, Doctor Kickherben," said the widow, alarmed at the idea of losing caste, "I wad e'en gang to the show, like other folk ; sinful and shameful if it be, let them that make the sin bear the shame. But then I will put on nane of their Popish disguises—me that has lived in North Leith, baith wife and lass, for I shanna say how mony years, and has a character to keep up baith with saint and sinner. —And then, wha's to take care of me, since you are gaun to make a lime-and-stane wa' of yoursell, Doctor Kickinben?"

"My dear Mrs. Blower, if such is your determination, I will not make a wall of myself. Her ladyship must consider my profession—she must understand it is my function to look after my patients, in preference to all the stage-plays in this world—and to attend on a case like yours, Mrs. Blower, it is my duty to sacrifice, were it called for, the whole drama from Shakespeare to O'Keefe."

On hearing this magnanimous resolution, the widow's heart was greatly cheered ; for, in fact, she might probably have considered the Doctor's perseverance in the plan, of which she had expressed such high disapprobation, as little less than a symptom of absolute defection *from his allegiance.* By an accommodation, therefore, *which suited both parties, it* was settled that the Doctor *should attend his loving widow* to Shaws Castle, without *mask or mantle ; and that* the painted screen should be



ared from Quackleben's back to the broad sh
riefless barrister, well qualified for the part o
the composition of his skull might have r
idity the mortar and stone of the most ap
r.

must not pause to dilate upon the various l
ly and spirit which preceded the intervening
t the settlement of this gay scheme, and t
ated to carry it into execution. We w
pt to describe how the wealthy, by letter
issioners, urged their researches through the
Gallery of Fashion for specimens of C
—how they that were scant of diamonds s
place with paste and Bristol stones—ho
y dealers were driven out of patience by
for goods of which they had never before
me—and, lastly, how the busy fingers of th
mical damsels twisted handkerchiefs into t
onverted petticoats into pantaloons, shap
, cut and clipped, and spoiled many a decen
etticoat, to produce something like a Grecia
can describe the wonders wrought by active
issors, aided by thimbles and thread, upo
, and sprigged muslin? or who can show
ir nymphs of the Spring did not entirely s
ining the desired resemblance to heathen
t least contrived to get rid of all similitude t
ians?

ther is it necessary to dwell upon the
es of conveyance which were resorted to ir
nsfer the *beau monde* of the Spa to the s
y at Shaws Castle. These were as various
es and pretensions of the owners; from t
e, with its outriders, to the humble t
ntaxed cart, which conveyed the per
unk. For the latter, indeed, the two



at the Inn seemed converted into hourly stages, so often did they come and go between the Hotel and the Castle —a glad day for the postilions, and a day of martyrdom for the poor post-horses; so seldom is it that every department of any society, however constituted, can be injured or benefited by the same occurrence.

Such, indeed, was the penury of vehicular conveyance, that applications were made in manner most humble, even to Meg Dods herself, entreating she would permit her old whiskie to *ply* (for such might have been the phrase) at St. Ronan's Well, for that day only, and that upon good cause shown. But not for sordid lucre would the undaunted spirit of Meg compound her feud with her neighbours of the detested Well. "Her carriage," she briefly replied, "was engaged for her ain guest and the minister, and deil anither body's fit should gang intill't. Let every herring hing by its ain head." And, accordingly, at the duly appointed hour, creaked forth the leathern convenience, in which, carefully screened by the curtain from the gaze of the fry of the village, sat Nabob Touchwood, in the costume of an Indian merchant, or Shroff, as they are termed. The clergyman would not, perhaps, have been so punctual, had not a set of notes and messages from his friend at the Cleikum, ever following each other as thick as the papers which decorate the tail of a schoolboy's kite, kept him so continually on the alert from daybreak till noon, that Mr. Touchwood found him completely dressed; and the whiskie was only delayed for about ten minutes before the door of the manse, a space employed by Mr. Cargill in searching for his spectacles, which at last were happily discovered upon his own nose.

At length, seated by the side of his new friend, Mr. *Cargill arrived safe at* Shaws Castle, the gate of which *mansion was surrounded* by a screaming group of *children, so extravagantly* delighted at seeing the strange

o whom each successive carriage gave birth, a the stern brow and well-known voice of Johnny ck, the beadle, though stationed in the court on s purpose, was not equal to the task of control- hem. These noisy intruders, however, who, it was ved, were somewhat favoured by Clara Mowbray, e excluded from the court which opened before the use by a couple of grooms or helpers armed with eir whips, and could only salute, with their shrill and wondering hailing, the various personages as they passed down a short avenue leading from the exterior gate.

The Cleikum nabob and the minister were greeted with shouts not the least clamorous; which the former merited by the ease with which he wore the white turban, and the latter, by the infrequency of his appearance in public; and both by the singular association of a decent clergyman of the Church of Scotland, in a dress more old-fashioned than could now be produced in the General Assembly, walking arm-in-arm, and seemingly in the most familiar terms, with a Parsee merchant. They stopped a moment at the gate of the court-yard to admire the front of the old mansion, which had been disturbed with so unusual a scene of gaiety.

Shaws Castle, though so named, presented no appearance of defence; and the present edifice had never been designed for more than the accommodation of a peaceful family, having a low, heavy front, loaded with some of that meretricious ornament, which, uniting, or rather confounding the Gothic and Grecian architecture, was much used during the reigns of James VI. of Scotland, and his unfortunate son. The court formed a small square, two sides of which were occupied by such buildings as were required for the family, and the third by the stables, the only part to which much attention had

rony or ridicule, as if she were secretly scorning whole exhibition, and even herself for condescendin become part of it. Above all, a sense of bashfulness cast upon her cheek a colour, which, though sufficie slight, was more than her countenance was used to play; and when the spectators beheld, in the splen and grace of a rich Oriental dress, her whom they hitherto been accustomed to see attired only in the r careless manner, they felt the additional charms of prise and contrast; so that the bursts of applause w were volleyed towards the stage, might be said t addressed to her alone, and to vie in sincerity with t which have been forced from an audience by the r accomplished performer.

"Oh, that puir Lady Penelope!" said honest I Blower, who, when her scruples against the exhibi were once got over, began to look upon it with partic interest,—"I am really sorry for her puir face, fo gars it work like the sails of John Blower's vesshel stiff breeze.—Oh, Doctor Cacklehen, dinna ye thin wad need, if it were possible, to rin ower her face gusing iron, just to take the wrunkles out o't?"

"Hush, hush! my good dear Mrs. Blower," sa Doctor; "Lady Penelope is a woman of qualit my patient, and such people always act charm you must understand there is no hissing at a theatre—Hem!"

"Ye may say what ye like, Doctor, but there fule like an auld fule—To be sure, if she was a and beautiful as Miss Mowbray—hegh me, and use to think her sae bonny neither—but dre makes an unco difference—That shawl o' hers *say the like o't* was ne'er seen in braid Scotlan *be real Indian, I'se* warrant."

"*Real Indian!*" said Mr. Touchwood, in of *disdain, which* rather disturbed Mr



limity,—why, wha
am?"

I dinna ken, sir," sai
Doctor, not being al
ards allowed, with the
harp tone of the trave
drapery round her should
"There are braw shawls
scarce ken frae foreign."

"Not know Paisley sha
said Touchwood; "why, a
slightest touch of his little
the handsomest I have see
distance I can tell it to be a r

"Cozie may she weel be
Blower. "I declare, now I lo
beauty."

"It is called Tozie, ma'am,
traveller; "the Shroffs at Surat
is made out of the inner coat of

"Of a sheep, sir, I am thinkin
nae woo'."

"Not much of it, indeed, n
understand they use only the inn
lyes—that Tozie now will keep
rag of it left—men bequeath t
randchildren."

"And a very bonny colour
something like a mouse's back
I wonder what they ca' that c

'The colour is much admirec
d, who was now on a favour
s say the colour is betwixt
reast of the *faughta*."

troth, I am as wise as I
e *faughta*, madam, so

the Hindoos call it *hollah*), is a sort of pigeon, hel sacred among the Moslem of India, because they thin it dyed its breast in the blood of Ali.—But I see they a closing the scene.—Mr. Cargill, are you composin your sermon, my good friend, or what can you t thinking of?"

Mr. Cargill had, during the whole scene, remaine with his eyes fixed, in intent and anxious, althoug almost unconscious gaze, upon Clara Mowbray; an when the voice of his companion startled him out of h reverie, he exclaimed, "Most lovely—most unhappy- yes—I must and will see her!"

"See her?" replied Touchwood, too much accustome to his friend's singularities to look for much reason c connection in any thing he said or did; "Why, you sha see her and talk to her too, if that will give you pleasur —They say now," he continued, lowering his voice to whisper, "that this Mowbray is ruined. I see nothin like it, since he can dress out his sister like a Begum Did you ever see such a splendid shawl?"

"Dearly purchased splendour," said Mr. Cargil with a deep sigh; "I wish that the price be yet full paid!"

"Very likely not," said the traveller; "very likely it' gone to the book; and for the price, I have known thousand rupees given for such a shawl in the country.- But hush, hush, we are to have another tune fron Nathaniel—faith, and they are withdrawing the screen- Well, they have some mercy—they do not let us wai long between the acts of their follies at least—I love quick and rattling fire in these vanities—Folly walkin *a funeral pace, and clinking her bells to the time of passing knell, makes sad work indeed.*"

A strain of music, beginning slowly, and terminating a light and wild allegro, introduced on the stage the delightful creatures of the richest imagination that



d with wonders, the Oberon and Titania of Shake-
e. The pigmy majesty of the captain of the fairy had no unapt representative in Miss Digges, whose sty was not so great an intruder as to prevent her e to present him in all his dignity, and she moved, scious of the graceful turn of a pretty ankle, which, ircled with a string of pearls, and clothed in flesh-oloured silk, of the most cobweb texture, rose above the rimson sandal. Her jewelled tiara, too, gave dignity to the frown with which the offended King of Shadows greeted his consort, as each entered upon the scene at the head of their several attendants.

The restlessness of the children had been duly considered; and, therefore, their part of the exhibition had been contrived to represent dumb show, rather than a stationary picture. The little Queen of Elves was not inferior in action to her moody lord, and repaid, with a look of female impatience and scorn, the haughty air which seemed to express his sullen greeting,

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

The other children were, as usual, some clever and forward, some loutish and awkward enough; but the gambols of childhood are sure to receive applause, paid, perhaps, with a mixture of pity and envy, by those in advanced life; and besides, there were in the company several fond papas and mammas, whose clamorous approbation, though given apparently to the whole performers, was especially dedicated in their hearts to their own little Jackies and Marias,—for *Mary*, though the prettiest and most classical of Scottish names, is now unknown in the land. The elves, therefore, played their frolics, danced a measure, and vanished with good *approbation.*

The anti-mask, as it may be called, of Bottom, his company of actors, next appeared on the stage

nder of applause received the young Earl, who with infinite taste and dexterity, transformed him- into the similitude of an Athenian clown; observing Grecian costume, yet so judiciously discriminated n the dress of the higher characters, as at once to fix character of a thick-skinned mechanic on the wearer. uchwood, in particular, was loud in his approbation, om which the correctness of the costume must be in- rred; for that honest gentleman, like many other ritics, was indeed not very much distinguished for good aste, but had a capital memory for petty matters of fact; and while the most impressive look or gesture of an actor might have failed to interest him, would have censured most severely the fashion of a sleeve, or the colour of a shoe-tie.

But the Earl of Etherington's merits were not confined to his external appearance; for, had his better fortunes failed him, his deserts, like those of Hamlet, might have got him a fellowship in a cry of players. He presented, though in dumb show, the pragmatic conceit of Bottom, to the infinite amusement of all present, especially of those who were well acquainted with the original; and when he was "translated" by Puck, he bore the ass's head, his newly-acquired dignity, with an appearance of conscious greatness, which made the metamorphosis, though in itself sufficiently farcical, irresistibly comic. He afterwards displayed the same humour in his frolics with the fairies, and the intercourse which he held with Messrs. Cobweb, Mustard-seed, Pease-blossom, and th rest of Titania's cavaliers, who lost all command of the countenances at the gravity with which he invited the to afford him the luxury of scratching his hairy snou

Mowbray had also found a fitting representative *Puck in a queer-looking,* small-eyed boy of the Anti *f St. Ronan's, with large* ears projecting from his *e turrets from a Gothic* building. This exotic r

personified the merry and mocking spirit of Hobgoblin with considerable power, so that the group bore some resemblance to the well-known and exquisite delineation of Puck by Sir Joshua, in the select collection of the Bard of Memory. It was, however, the ruin of the St. Ronan's Robin Goodfellow, who did no good afterwards,—"gaed an ill gate," as Meg Dods said, and "took on" with a party of strolling players.

The entertainment closed with a grand parade of all the characters that had appeared, during which Mowbray concluded that the young lord himself, unremarked, might have time enough to examine the outward form, at least, of his sister Clara, whom, in the pride of his heart, he could not help considering superior in beauty, dressed as she now was, with every advantage of art, even to the brilliant Amazon, Lady Binks. It is true, Mowbray was not a man to give preference to the intellectual expression of poor Clara's features over the sultana-like beauty of the haughty dame, which promised to an admirer all the vicissitudes that can be expressed by a countenance lovely in every change, and changing as often as an ardent and impetuous disposition, unused to constraint, and despising admonition, should please to dictate. Yet, to do him justice, though his preference was perhaps dictated more by fraternal partiality than by purity of taste, he certainly, on the present occasion, felt the full extent of Clara's superiority: and there was a proud smile on his lip, as, at the conclusion of the divertisement, he asked the Earl how he had been pleased. The rest of the performers had separated, and the young lord remained on the stage, employed in disembarrassing himself of his awkward visor, when Mowbray put this question, to which, *though general in* terms, he naturally gave a particular *meaning.*

"*I could* wear my ass's head for ever," he said, "on

ition my eyes were to be so delightfully employed as have been during the last scene—Mowbray, your r is an angel!"

Have a care that that head-piece of yours has not verted your taste, my lord," said Mowbray. "But ıy did you wear that disguise on your last appearance? ɔu should, I think, have been uncovered."

"I am ashamed to answer you," said the Earl; "but ruth is, first impressions are of consequence, and I hought I might do as wisely not to appear before your sister, for the first time, in the character of Bully Bottom."

"Then you change your dress, my lord, for dinner, if we call our luncheon by that name?" said Mowbray.

"I am going to my room this instant for that very purpose," replied the Earl.

"And I," said Mowbray, "must step in front and dismiss the audience; for I see they are sitting gaping there, waiting for another scene."

They parted upon this; and Mowbray, as Duke Theseus, stepped before the screen, and announcing the conclusion of the dramatic pictures which they had had the honour to present before the worshipful company, thanked the spectators for the very favourable reception which they had afforded; and intimated to them, that if they could amuse themselves by strolling for an hour among the gardens, a bell would summon to the house at the expiry of that time, when some refreshments would wait their acceptance. This annunciation was received with the applause due to the *Amphitryon* or *l'on dine;* and the guests, arising from before the temporary theatre, dispersed through the gardens, which *were of some extent,* to seek for or create amusement *themselves.* The music greatly aided them in this *purpose, and it was not* long ere a dozen of couples *towards were* "tripping it on the light fantastic

phrase that is not hackneyed), to the tune of usk.

rs strolled through the grounds, meeting some disguise at the end of every verdant alley, and nunicating to others the surprise and amusement ch they themselves were receiving. The scene, from variety of dresses, the freedom which it gave to splay of humour amongst such as possessed any, and he general disposition to give and receive pleasure, endered the little masquerade more entertaining than thers of the kind for which more ample and magnificent preparations have been made. There was also a singular nd pleasing contrast between the fantastic figures who vandered through the gardens, and the quiet scene tself, to which the old clipt hedges, the formal distribuion of the ground, and the antiquated appearance of ne or two fountains and artificial cascades, in which he naiads had been for the nonce compelled to resume heir ancient frolics, gave an appearance of unusual implicity and seclusion, and which seemed rather to elong to the last than the present generation.

CHAP. XXI.

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing his way with flowers.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Worthies, away—the scene begins to cloud.—IBIDEM.

MR. TOUCHWOOD and his inseparable friend, Mr. Cargill, wandered on amidst the gay groups we have described, the former censuring with great scorn the frequent attempts which he observed towards an imitation of the costume of the East, and appealing with self-complacence to his own superior presentation, as he greeted in Moorish and in Persic



the several turban'd figures who passed his way; while the clergyman, whose mind seemed to labour with some weighty and important project, looked in every direction for the fair representative of Helena, but in vain. At length he caught a glimpse of the memorable shawl, which had drawn forth so learned a discussion from his companion; and starting from Touchwood's side with a degree of anxious alertness totally foreign to his usual habits, he endeavoured to join the person by whom it was worn.

"By the Lord," said his companion, "the Doctor is beside himself!—the parson is mad!—the divine is out of his senses, that is clear; and how the devil can he, who scarce can find his road from the Cleikum to his own manse, venture himself unprotected into such a scene of confusion?—he might as well pretend to cross the Atlantic without a pilot—I must push off in chase of him, lest worse come of it."

But the traveller was prevented from executing his friendly purpose by a sort of crowd which came rushing down the alley, the centre of which was occupied by Captain MacTurk, in the very act of bullying two pseudo Highlanders, for having presumed to lay aside their breeches before they had acquired the Gaelic language. The sounds of contempt and insult with which the genuine Celt was overwhelming the unfortunate impostors, were not, indeed, intelligible otherwise than from the tone and manner of the speaker; but these intimated so much displeasure, that the plaided forms whose unadvised choice of a disguise had provoked it—two raw lads from a certain great manufacturing town—heartily repented their temerity, and were in the act of seeking for the speediest exit from the gardens; rather choosing to resign their share of the dinner, than to abide the farther consequences that might follow from the displeasure of this Highland Termagant.



Touchwood had scarcely extricated himself from this impediment, and again commenced his researches after the clergyman, when his course was once more interrupted by a sort of press-gang, headed by Sir Bingo Binks, who, in order to play his character of a drunken boatswain to the life, seemed certainly drunk enough, however little of a seaman. His cheer sounded more like a view-hollo than a hail, when, with a volley of such oaths as would have blown a whole fleet of the Bethel Union out of the water, he ordered Touchwood "to come under his lee, and be d—d; for, smash his old timbers, he must go to sea again, for as weather-beaten a hulk as he was."

Touchwood answered instantly, "To sea with all my heart, but not with a land-lubber for commander.—Hark ye, brother, do you know how much of a horse's furniture belongs to a ship?"

"Come, none of your quizzing, my old buck," said Sir Bingo—"What the devil has a ship to do with horses' furniture?—Do you think we belong to the horse-marines?—ha! ha! I think you're matched, brother."

"Why, you son of a fresh-water gudgeon," replied the traveller, "that never in your life sailed farther than the Isle of Dogs, do you pretend to play a sailor, and not know the bridle of the bow-line, and the saddle of the boltsprit, and the bit for the cable, and the girth to hoist the rigging, and the whip to serve for small tackle?—There is a trick for you to find out an Abram-man, and save sixpence when he begs of you as a disbanded seaman.—Get along with you! or the constable shall be charged with the whole press-gang to man the work-house."

A general laugh arose at the detection of the swaggering boatswain; and all that the Baronet had for it *was to sneak off, saying,* "D—n the old quiz, who the *devil thought to* have heard so much slang from an old *muslin nightcap?*"



Touchwood, being now an object of some attention, was followed by two or three stragglers, whom he endeavoured to rid himself of the best way he could, testifying an impatience a little inconsistent with the decorum of his Oriental demeanour, but which arose from his desire to rejoin his companion, and some apprehension of inconvenience which he feared Cargill might sustain during his absence. For, being in fact as good-natured a man as any in the world, Mr. Touchwood was at the same time one of the most conceited, and was very apt to suppose, that his presence, advice, and assistance, were of the most indispensable consequence to those with whom he lived; and that not only on great emergencies, but even in the most ordinary occurrences of life.

Meantime, Mr. Cargill, whom he sought in vain, was, on his part, anxiously keeping in sight of the beautiful Indian shawl, which served as a flag to announce to him the vessel which he held in chase. At length he approached so close as to say, in an anxious whisper, Miss Mowbray—Miss Mowbray—I must speak with you."

"And what would you have with Miss Mowbray?" said the fair wearer of the beautiful shawl, but without turning round her head.

"I have a secret—an important secret, of which to make you aware; but it is not for this place.—Do not turn from me!—Your happiness in this, and perhaps in the next life, depends on your listening to me."

The lady led the way, as if to give him an opportunity of speaking with her more privately, to one of those old-fashioned and deeply-embowered recesses, which are commonly found in such gardens as that of Shaws Castle; and, with her shawl wrapped around her head, so as in some degree to conceal her features, she stood before Mr. Cargill in the doubtful light and shadow of

...ner, yet with a low
... desirous of being heard by her w
ssed, and by no one else,—"Report sa
about to be married."
'And is report kind enough to say t
swered the lady, with a tone of indiffere
med to astound her interrogator.
'Young lady," he answered, with a sole
ad this levity been sworn to me, I could n
eved it? Have you forgot the circumstances
stand?—Have you forgotten that my pi
ecy, sinful perhaps even in that degree, w
itional promise?—or did you think that a l
stered as I am was already dead to the wor
he was walking upon its surface?—Know
that I am indeed dead to the pleasures
ry business of life, but I am even there
live to its duties."
on my honour, sir, unless you ...
xplicit, it is impo...



"Quite unnecessary," answered Lady Binks; "I leave you to adjust your mutual recollections with your new old friend, my lord—he seems to have something to say." So saying, the lady walked on, not perhaps sorry of an opportunity to show apparent indifference for his lordship's society, in the presence of one who had surprised them in what might seem a moment of exuberant intimacy.

"You detain me, sir," said the Earl of Etherington to Mr. Cargill, who, bewildered and uncertain, still kept himself placed so directly before the young nobleman, as to make it impossible for him to pass, without absolutely pushing him to one side. "I must really attend the lady," he added, making another effort to walk on.

"Young man," said Mr. Cargill, "you cannot disguise yourself from me. I am sure—my mind assures me, that you are that very Bulmer whom Heaven has sent here to prevent crime."

"And you," said Lord Etherington, "whom my mind assures me I never saw in my life, are sent hither by the devil, I think, to create confusion."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the clergyman, staggered by the calm and pertinacious denial of the Earl—"I beg pardon if I am in a mistake—that is, if I am *really* in a mistake—but I am not—I am sure I am not—That look—that smile—I am NOT mistaken. You *are* Valentine Bulmer—the very Valentine Bulmer whom I—but I will not make your private affairs any part of this exposition—enough, you *are* Valentine Bulmer."

"Valentine?—Valentine?" answered Lord Etherington, impatiently—"I am neither Valentine nor Orson—*I wish you good-morning*, sir."

"*Stay, sir, stay, I charge* you," said the clergyman; "*if you are unwilling to* be known yourself, it may be *because you have forgotten* who I am—Let me name

. the Reverend Josiah Cargill, minister of St.
."

/ou bear a character so venerable, sir," replied
ıng nobleman,—"in which, however, I am not in
ast interested—I think when you make your morn-
ıraught a little too potent, it might be as well for
. to stay at home and sleep it off, before coming into
mpany."

"In the name of Heaven, young gentleman," said Mr. Cargill, "lay aside this untimely and unseemly jesting! and tell me if you be not—as I cannot but still believe you to be—that same youth, who, seven years since, left in my deposit a solemn secret, which, if I should unfold to the wrong person, woe would be my own heart, and evil the consequences which might ensue!"

"You are very pressing with me, sir," said the Earl; "and, in exchange, I will be equally frank with you.—I am not the man whom you mistake me for, and you may go seek him where you will—It will be still more lucky for you if you chance to find your own wits in the course of your researches; for I must tell you plainly, I think they are gone somewhat astray." So saying, with a gesture expressive of a determined purpose to pass on, Mr. Cargill had no alternative but to make way, and suffer him to proceed.

The worthy clergyman stood as if rooted to the ground, and, with his usual habit of thinking aloud, exclaimed to himself, "My fancy has played me many a bewildering trick, but this is the most extraordinary of them all!—What can this young man think of me? It must have been my conversation with that unhappy young lady that has made such an impression upon me as to deceive my very eye-sight, and causes me to connect with her history the face of the next person that I met—What *must* the stranger think of me!"



"Why, what every one thinks of thee that knows thee, prophet," said the friendly voice of Touchwood, accompanying his speech with an awakening slap on the clergyman's shoulder; "and that is, that thou art an unfortunate philosopher of Laputa, who has lost his flapper in the throng.—Come along—having me once more by your side, you need fear nothing. Why, now I look at you closer, you look as if you had seen a basilisk—not that there is any such thing, otherwise I must have seen it myself, in the course of my travels—but you seem pale and frightened—What the devil is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered the clergyman, "except that I have even this very moment made an egregious fool of myself."

"Pooh, pooh, that is nothing to sigh over, prophet.—Every man does so at least twice in the four-and-twenty hours," said Touchwood.

"But I had nearly betrayed to a stranger a secret deeply concerning the honour of an ancient family."

"That was wrong, Doctor," said Touchwood; "take care of that in future; and, indeed, I would advise you not to speak even to your beadle, Johnny Tirlsneck, until you have assured yourself by at least three pertinent questions and answers, that you have the said Johnny corporcally and substantially in presence before you, and that your fancy has not invested some stranger with honest Johnny's singed periwig and threadbare brown joseph—Come along—come along."

So saying, he hurried forward the perplexed clergyman, who in vain made all the excuses he could think of in order to effect his escape from the scene of gaiety, *in which he was so* unexpectedly involved. He pleaded *headache; and his friend* assured him that a mouthful *of food, and a glass of* wine, would mend it. He stated *he had business;* and Touchwood replied that he could

have none but composing his next sermon, and remin
him that it was two days till Sunday. At length,
Cargill confessed that he had some reluctance agai
see the stranger, on whom he had endeavoured
such pertinacity to fix an acquaintance, which he
now well assured existed only in his own imaginati
The traveller treated his scruples with scorn, and s
that guests meeting in this general manner, had no m
to do with each other than if they were assembled i
caravansary.

"So that you need not say a word to him in the
of apology or otherwise—or, what will be still bette
who have seen so much of the world, will make
pretty speech for you." As they spoke, he dragged
divine towards the house, where they were now s
moned by the appointed signal, and where the comp
were assembling in the old saloon already noticed,
vious to passing into the dining-room, where the refr
ments were prepared. "Now, Doctor," continued
busy friend of Mr. Cargill, "let us see which of all t
people has been the subject of your blunder. Is it
animal of a Highlandman?—or the impertinent b
that wants to be thought a boatswain—or which of t
all is it?—Ay, here they come, two and two, New
fashion—the young Lord of the Manor with old I
Penelope—does he set up for Ulysses, I wonder?—
Earl of Etherington with Lady Bingo — methink
should have been with Miss Mowbray."

"The Earl of what did you say?" quoth the cle
man, anxiously. "How is it you titled that young
in the Spanish dress?"

"Oho!" said the traveller; "what, I have discov
the goblin that has scared you?—Come along—
along—I will make you acquainted with him."
saying, he dragged him towards Lord Etherington
before the divine could make his negative in

the ceremony of introduction had taken place. "My Lord Etherington, allow me to present Mr. Cargill, minister of this parish—a learned gentleman, whose head is often in the Holy Land, when his person seems present among his friends. He suffers extremely, my lord, under the sense of mistaking your lordship for the Lord knows who; but when you are acquainted with him, you will find that he can make a hundred stranger mistakes than that, so we hope that your lordship will take no prejudice or offence."

"There can be no offence taken where no offence is intended," said Lord Etherington with much urbanity. "It is I who ought to beg the reverend gentleman's pardon, for hurrying from him without allowing him to make a complete *éclaircissement*. I beg his pardon for an abruptness which the place and the time—for I was immediately engaged in a lady's service—rendered unavoidable."

Mr. Cargill gazed on the young nobleman as he pronounced these words, with the easy indifference of one who apologises to an inferior in order to maintain his own character for politeness, but with perfect indifference whether his excuses are or are not held satisfactory. And as the clergyman gazed, the belief which had strongly clung to him that the Earl of Etherington and young Valentine Bulmer were the same individual person, melted away like frost-work before the morning sun, and that so completely that he marvelled at himself for having ever entertained it. Some strong resemblance of features there must have been to have led him into such a delusion; but the person, the tone, the manner of expression, were absolutely different; and his conviction being now especially directed towards these particulars, Mr. Cargill was inclined to think the two ages almost totally dissimilar.

The clergyman had now only to make his

and fall back from the head of the table to some lower seat, which his modesty would have preferred, when he was suddenly seized upon by the Lady Penelope Penfeather, who, detaining him in the most elegant and persuasive manner possible, insisted that they should be introduced to each other by Mr. Mowbray, and that Mr. Cargill should sit beside her at table.—She had heard so much of his learning—so much of his excellent character—desired so much to make his acquaintance, that she could not think of losing an opportunity, which Mr. Cargill's learned seclusion rendered so very rare—in a word, catching the Black Lion was the order of the day; and her ladyship having trapped her prey, soon sat triumphant with him by her side.

A second separation was thus effected betwixt Touchwood and his friend; for the former, not being included in the invitation, or, indeed, at all noticed by Lady Penelope, was obliged to find room at a lower part of the table, where he excited much surprise by the dexterity with which he dispatched boiled rice with chop-sticks.

Mr. Cargill being thus exposed, without a consort, to the fire of Lady Penelope, speedily found it so brisk and incessant, as to drive his complaisance, little tried as it had been for many years by small talk, almost to extremity. She began by begging him to draw his chair close, for an instinctive terror of fine ladies had made him keep his distance. At the same time she hoped "he was not afraid of her as an Episcopalian; her father had belonged to that communion; for," she added, with what was intended for an arch smile, "we were somewhat naughty in the forty-five, as you may have heard; but all that was over, and she was sure Mr. Cargill was too liberal to entertain any dislike or shyness on that score. —She could assure him she was far from disliking the Presbyterian form—indeed she had often wished to hear



it, where she was sure to be both delighted and edified" (here a gracious smile), "in the church of St. Ronan's—and hoped to do so whenever Mr. Mowbray had got a stove, which he had ordered from Edinburgh, on purpose to air his pew for her accommodation."

All this, which was spoken with wreathed smiles and nods, and so much civility as to remind the clergyman of a cup of tea over-sweetened to conceal its want of strength and flavour, required and received no farther answer than an accommodating look and acquiescent bow.

"Ah, Mr. Cargill," continued the inexhaustible Lady Penelope, "your profession has so many demands on the heart as well as the understanding—is so much connected with the kindnesses and charities of our nature—with our best and purest feelings, Mr. Cargill! You know what Goldsmith says :—

> —— to his duty prompt at every call,
> He watched, and wept, and felt, and prayed for all.

And then Dryden has such a picture of a parish priest, so inimitable, one would think, did we not hear now and then of some living mortal presuming to emulate its features" (here another insinuating nod and expressive smile).

> "Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense
> And almost made a sin of abstinence.
> Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
> But such a face as promised him sincere;
> Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
> But sweet regard and pleasing sanctity."

While her ladyship declaimed, the clergyman's wandering eye confessed his absent mind; his thoughts travelling, perhaps, to accomplish a truce betwixt Saladin and Conrade of Mountserrat, unless they chanced to be occupied with some occurrences of that very day, so that



' was obliged to recall her indocile
.ding question, "You are well acq
n, of course, Mr. Cargill?"
. have not the honour, madam," said
ding from his reverie, and but half under
estion he replied to.
"Sir!" said the lady, in surprise.
"Madam!—my lady!" answered Mr. Ca
barrassment.
"I asked you if you admired Dryden;
learned men are so absent—perhaps you thou
Leyden."
"A lamp too early quenched, madam,"
Cargill; "I knew him well."
"And so did I," eagerly replied the lad
cerulian buskin; "he spoke ten languages—hc
fying to poor me, Mr. Cargill, who could only
five!—but I have studied a little since that time
have you to help me in my studies, Mr. Cargill
be charitable—but perhaps you are afraid of a
pupil?"
A thrill, arising from former recollections,
rough poor Cargill's mind with as much acute
e pass of a rapier might have done through hi
id we cannot help remarking, that a forward p
ciety, like a busy bustler in a crowd, besides a
neral points of annoyance, is eternally rubbir
ne tender point, and galling men's feelings,
owing or regarding it.
'You must assist me, besides, in my little c
Cargill, now that you and I are become so
inted.—There is that Ann Heggie—I sent he
erday, but I am told—I should not mentic
one would not have the little they have
ed on an improper object—I am told she
—*an unwedded mother in short, Mr.*



especially unbecoming in me to encourage

, madam," said the clergyman, gravely, oman's distress may justify your ladyship's if her conduct has been faulty."

n no prude, neither, I assure you, Mr. wered the Lady Penelope. "I never with- intenance from any one but on the most grounds. I could tell you of an intimate own, whom I have supported against the ir of the people at the Well, because I be- ie bottom of my soul, she is only thoughtless the world but thoughtless—O Mr. Cargill, look across the table so intelligently?—who hought it of you?—Oh fie, to make such lications!"

y word, madam, I am quite at a loss to

ie, Mr. Cargill," throwing in as much cen- orise as a confidential whisper can convey— at my Lady Binks—I know what you think, uite wrong, I assure you; you are entirely sh she would not flirt quite so much with Lord Etherington though, Mr. Cargill— is particular—Indeed, I believe she wears nce; for see he is leaving the room before -how singular!—And then do you not think oo, that Miss Mowbray has not come down

wbray!—what of Miss Mowbray—is she not Mr. Cargill, starting, and with an expression ich he had not yet bestowed on any of her *ral communications.*

Miss Mowbray," said Lady Penelope, *oice, and* shaking her head; "she has not *brother* went up stairs a few minutes since,



to bring her down, and so we are all left here
at each other—How very awkward !—But you
ara Mowbray."
adam?" said Mr. Cargill, who was now suffi-
ttentive; "I really—I know Miss Mowbray—
[knew her some years since—But your ladyship
he has been long in bad health—uncertain health
and I have seen nothing of the young lady for a
g time."
ow it, my dear Mr. Cargill—I know it," con-
he Lady Penelope, in the same tone of deep
y, "I know it; and most unhappy surely have
e circumstances that have separated her from
vice and friendly counsel.—All this I am aware
to say truth, it has been chiefly on poor
ccount that I have been giving you the trouble
g an acquaintance upon you.—You and I to-
Mr. Cargill, might do wonders to cure her un-
tate of mind—I am sure we might—that is, if
ld bring your mind to repose absolute confidence

; Miss Mowbray desired your ladyship to con-
th me upon any subject which interests her?"
clergyman, with more cautious shrewdness than
nelope had suspected him of possessing. "I will
ase be happy to hear the nature of her commu-
; and whatever my poor services can perform,
yship may command them."
[—I cannot just assert," said her ladyship, with
n, "that I have Miss Mowbray's direct instruc-
speak to you, Mr. Cargill, upon the present sub-
ut my affection for the dear girl is so very great
hen, you know, the inconveniences which may
m this match."
a *which* match, Lady Penelope?" said V

/ay, now, Mr. Cargill, you really carry the privilege otland too far—I have not put a single question to but what you have answered by another—let us 'erse intelligibly for five minutes, if you can but con- end so far."

"For any length of time which your ladyship may ase to command," said Mr. Cargill, "provided the bject regard your ladyship's own affairs or mine— uld I suppose these last for a moment likely to interest ou."

"Out upon you," said the lady, laughing affectedly 'you should really have been a Catholic priest instead of a Presbyterian. What an invaluable father confessor have the fair sex lost in you, Mr. Cargill, and how dex terously you would have evaded any cross-examination which might have committed your penitents!"

"Your ladyship's raillery is far too severe for me to withstand or reply to," said Mr. Cargill, bowing with more ease than her ladyship expected; and, retiring gently backward, he extricated himself from a conversation which he began to find somewhat embarrassing.

At that moment a murmur of surprise took place the apartment, which was just entered by Miss Mowbray, leaning on her brother's arm. The cause of murmur will be best understood by narrating what passed betwixt the brother and sister.

CHAP. XXII.

Seek not the feast in these irreverent robes;
Go to my chamber—put on clothes of mine.

THE TAMING OF THE S

IT was with a mixture of anxiety, vexat resentment, that Mowbray, just whe handed Lady Penelope into the r here the tables were covered, observed th

[redacted]nt, and that Lady Binks was hanging on the
Lord Etherington, to whose rank it would pro-
ve fallen to escort the lady of the house. An
and hasty glance cast through the room ascer-
iat she was absent, nor could the ladies present
account of her after she had quitted the gardens,
iat Lady Penelope had spoken a few words with
:r own apartment, immediately after the scenic
ment was concluded.

r Mowbray hurried, complaining aloud of his
aziness in dressing, but internally hoping that
y was occasioned by nothing of a more impor-
acter.

stened up stairs, entered her sitting-room with-
nony, and knocking at the door of her dressing-
:gged her to make haste.

: is the whole company impatient," he said,
; a tone of pleasantry; "and Sir Bingo Binks
ıg for your presence, that he may be let loose
)ld meat."

lock calls," said Clara from within; "anon—

, it is no jest, Clara," continued her brother;
dy Penelope is miauling like a starved cat!"

me—I come, graymalkin," answered Clara, in
: vein as before, and entered the parlour as she
er finery entirely thrown aside, and dressed in
g-habit which was her usual and favourite attire.

rother was both surprised and offended. "On
," he said, "Clara, this is behaving very ill. I
you in every freak upon ordinary occasions, but
ht surely on this day, of all others, have con-
:d to appear something like my sister, and
man receiving company in her own house."

dearest John," said Clara, "so that the gu
gh to eat and drink, I cannot conceive v



should concern myself about their finery, or they trouble themselves about my plain clothes."

"Come, come, Clara, this will not do," answered Mowbray; "you must positively go back into your dressing-room, and huddle your things on as fast as you can. You cannot go down to the company dressed as you are."

"I certainly can, and I certainly will, John—I have made a fool of myself once this morning to oblige you, and for the rest of the day I am determined to appear in my own dress; that is, in one which shows I neither belong to the world, nor wish to have anything to do with its fashions."

"By my soul, Clara, I will make you repent this!" said Mowbray, with more violence than he usually exhibited where his sister was concerned.

"You cannot, dear John," she coolly replied; "unless by beating me; and that I think you would repent of yourself."

"I do not know but what it were the best way of managing you," said Mowbray, muttering between his teeth; but, commanding his violence, he only said aloud, "I am sure, from long experience, Clara, that your obstinacy will at the long run beat my anger. Do let us compound the point for once—keep your old habit, since you are so fond of making a sight of yourself, and only throw the shawl round your shoulders—it has been exceedingly admired, and every woman in the house longs to see it closer—they can hardly believe it genuine."

"Do be a man, Mowbray," answered his sister; "meddle with your horse-sheets, and leave shawls alone."

"Do you be a woman, Clara, and think a little on *them, when custom and decency* render it necessary.—*Nay, is it possible!—Will* you not stir?—not oblige me *such a trifle as this?"*



. indeed if I could," said Clara; "but since
now the truth—do not be angry—I have not
I have given it away—given it up, perhaps I
y, to the rightful owner.—She has promised me
g or other in exchange for it, however. I have
to Lady Penelope."

s," answered Mowbray, "some of the work of her
air hands, I suppose, or a couple of her ladyship's
ings, made up into fire-screens.—On my word—on
soul, this is too bad!—It is using me too ill, Clara—
too ill. If the thing had been of no value, my giving
you should have fixed some upon it.—Good-even to
.; we will do as well as we can without you."

'Nay, but, my dear John—stay but a moment," said
ra, taking his arm as he sullenly turned towards the
r; "there are but two of us on the earth—do not let
quarrel about a trumpery shawl."

'Trumpery!" said Mowbray; "it cost fifty guineas,
G—, which I can but ill spare—trumpery!"

'Oh, never think of the cost," said Clara; "it was
r gift, and that should, I own, have been enough to
e made me keep to my death's day the poorest rag of
But really Lady Penelope looked so very miserable.
l twisted her poor face into so many odd expressions
nger and chagrin, that I resigned it to her, and agreed
ay she had lent it to me for the performance. I believe
was afraid that I would change my mind, or that you
ld resume it as a seignorial waif; for, after she had
ked a few turns with it wrapped around her, merely
way of taking possession, she dispatched it by a
cial messenger to her apartment at the Well."

'She may go to the devil," said Mowbray, "for a
edy unconscionable jade, who has varnished over a
ish, spiteful heart, that is as hard as a flint, with a fine
sing of taste and sensibility."

Nay, but, John," replied his sister, "she really
03



something to complain of in the present case. The shawl had been bespoken on her account, or very nearly so—she showed me the tradesman's letter—only some agent of yours had come in between with the ready money, which no tradesman can resist.—Ah, John! I suspect half of your anger is owing to the failure of a plan to mortify poor Lady Pen, and that she has more to complain of than you have.—Come, come, you have had the advantage of her in the first display of this fatal piece of finery, if wearing it on my poor shoulders can be called a display—e'en make her welcome to the rest for peace's sake, and let us go down to these good folks, and you shall see how pretty and civil I shall behave."

Mowbray, a spoiled child, and with all the petted habits of indulgence, was exceedingly fretted at the issue of the scheme which he had formed for mortifying Lady Penelope; but he saw at once the necessity of saying nothing more to his sister on the subject. Vengeance he privately muttered against Lady Pen, whom he termed an absolute harpy in blue stockings; unjustly forgetting, that, in the very important affair at issue, he himself had been the first to interfere with and defeat her ladyship's designs on the garment in question.

"But I will blow her," he said, "I will blow her ladyship's conduct in the business! She shall not outwit a poor whimsical girl like Clara, without hearing it on more sides than one."

With this Christian and gentleman-like feeling towards Lady Penelope, he escorted his sister into the eating-room, and led her to her proper place at the head of the table. It was the negligence displayed in her dress which occasioned the murmur of surprise that greeted Clara on her entrance. Mowbray, as he placed his sister in her chair, made her general apology for her late appearance, and her riding-habit. "Some fairies," he supposed, "Puck, or such like tricksy goblin, had been in her

d carried off whatever was fit for wear-

answers from every quarter—that it would
o much to expect Miss Mowbray to dress
isement a second time—that nothing she
r could misbecome Miss Mowbray—that
ike the sun, in her splendid scenic dress,
s like the full moon in her ordinary attire
as by the Reverend Mr. Chatterly),—and
lowbray being at hame, had an unco gude
e hersell;" which last piece of politeness,
t as much to the purpose as any that had
as the contribution of honest Mrs. Blower,
ied to by Miss Mowbray with a particular
cious bow.

r ought to have rested her colloquial fame,
n would have said, upon a compliment so
ptable, but no one knows where to stop.
r broad, good-natured, delighted counte-
l, and sending her voice from the bottom
the table, like her umquhile husband when
nate during a breeze, wondered "why Miss
ie didna wear that grand shawl she had on
king, and her just sitting upon the wind of
doubt it was for fear of the soup, and the
nd the like;—but *she* had three shawls,
lly fand was ane ower mony—if Miss Mow-
to wear ane o' them—it was but imitashion
ut it wad keep her shouthers as warm as if
ndian, and if it were dirtied it was the less

liged, Mrs. Blower," said Mowbray, unable
emptation which this speech offered; "but
ot yet of quality sufficient to entitle her to
s of their shawls."

ope coloured to the eyes, and bitter



the retort that arose to her tongue ; but she suppressed it, and nodding to Miss Mowbray in the most friendly way in the world, yet with a very particular expression, she only said, "So you have told your brother of the little transaction which we have had this morning?—*T'u me lo pagherai*—I give you fair warning, take care none of your secrets come into my keeping—that's all."

Upon what mere trifles do the important events of human life sometimes depend! If Lady Penelope had given way to her first movements of resentment, the probable issue would have been some such half-comic, half-serious skirmish, as her ladyship and Mr. Mowbray had often amused the company withal. But revenge, which is suppressed and deferred, is always most to be dreaded ; and to the effects of the deliberate resentment which Lady Penelope cherished upon this trifling occasion, must be traced the events which our history has to record. Secretly did she determine to return the shawl, which she had entertained hopes of making her own upon very reasonable terms ; and as secretly did she resolve to be revenged both upon brother and sister, conceiving herself already possessed, to a certain degree, of a clew to some part of their family history,' which might serve for a foundation on which to raise her projected battery. The ancient offences and emulation of importance of the Laird of St. Ronan's, and the superiority which had been given to Clara in the exhibition of the day, combined with the immediate cause of resentment ; and it only remained for her to consider how her revenge could be most signally accomplished.

Whilst such thoughts were passing through Lady Penelope's mind, Mowbray was searching with his eyes for the Earl of Etherington, judging that it might be proper, in the course of the entertainment, or before the guests had separated, to make him formally acquainted with his sister, as a preface to the more intimate con-



ich must, in prosecution of the plan agreed
: place betwixt them. Greatly to his surprise,
; Earl was nowhere visible, and the place which
occupied by the side of Lady Binks had been
appropriated by Winterblossom, as the best and
chair in the room, and nearest to the head of
ible, where the choicest of the entertainment is
lly arranged. This honest gentleman, after a few
pid compliments to her ladyship upon her perform-
ce as Queen of the Amazons, had betaken himself to
ie much more interesting occupation of ogling the
lishes, through the glass which hung suspended at his
neck by a gold chain of Maltese workmanship. After
looking and wondering for a few seconds, Mowbray ad-
dressed himself to the old beau-garçon, and asked him
what had become of Etherington.

"Retreated," said Winterblossom, "and left but his compliments to you behind him—a complaint, I think, in his wounded arm.—Upon my word, that soup has a most appetising flavour!—Lady Penelope, shall I have the honour to help you?—no!—nor you, Lady Binks?—you are too cruel! I must comfort myself like a heathen priest of old, by eating the sacrifice which the deities have scorned to accept of."

Here he helped himself to the plate of soup which he had in vain offered to the ladies, and transferred the further duty of dispensing it to Mr. Chatterly; "it is part of your profession, sir, to propitiate the divinities—ahem!"

"I did not think Lord Etherington would have left us so soon," said Mowbray; "but we must do the best we can without his countenance."

So saying, he assumed his place at the bottom of the table, and did his best to support the character of a hospitable and joyous landlord, while on her part, with much natural grace, and delicacy of attention calculated

to set every body at their ease, his sister presided at th upper end of the board. But the vanishing of Lor Etherington in a manner so sudden and unaccountable– the obvious ill-humour of Lady Penelope—and the steady though passive sullenness of Lady Binks, spread amon the company a gloom like that produced by an autumna mist upon a pleasing landscape. The women were low spirited, dull, nay, peevish, they did not well know why and the men could not be joyous, though the read resource of old hock and champagne made some of them talkative. Lady Penelope broke up the party by well feigned apprehension of the difficulties, nay, dangers o returning by so rough a road. Lady Binks begged seat with her ladyship, as Sir Bingo, she said, judgin from his devotion to the green flask, was likely to nee their carriage home. From the moment of their de parture, it became bad tone to remain behind; and all as in a retreating army, were eager to be foremost, ex cepting MacTurk and a few stanch topers, who, un used to meet with such good cheer every day of thei lives, prudently determined to make the most of th opportunity.

We will not dwell on the difficulties attending th transportation of a large company by a few carriages though the delay and disputes thereby occasioned wer of course more intolerable than in the morning, for th parties had no longer the hopes of a happy day befor them, as a bribe to submit to temporary inconvenience The impatience of many was so great, that, though th evening was raw, they chose to go on foot rather tha await the dull routine of the returning carriages; and a they retired, they agreed, with one consent, to throw th blame of whatever inconvenience they might sustain o their host and hostess, who had invited so large a part before getting a shorter and better road made betwee the Well and Shaws Castle.



ld have been so easy t
.e!"

.is was all the thanks w
or an entertainment which
. and expense, and had bee
.od society at the Well w
.tion.

It was an unco pleasant s
.ured Mrs. Blower, "only it
diousome; and there was su
gauze and muslin."

But so well had Dr. Quacklebe
ous opportunities, that the good
ciled to affairs in general, by t
rheumatisms, and other maladi
occasion, which were likely to aff
man, in whose prosperity she mu
very profitable harvest.

Mowbray, somewhat addicted t
did not find himself freed, by the
proportion of the company, from
god, although, upon the present
have dispensed with his orgies.
the pun, nor the jest had any po
spirit, mortified as he was by t
being so different from the brilliar
he had anticipated. The gues
panions, suffered not, however,
want of the landlord's participa
drink bottle after bottle, with a
Mowbray's grave looks, as if they
the Mowbray Arms, instead of
house. Midnight at length relea
unsteady step, he sought his c
himself and his companions, c
with all despatch to his bed, a



white, as old Mick would say, what only rested before on our private conversation. An especial cure for the headache, such a billet as this is a morning."

So saying, he sat him down and wrote an answer, expressing the pleasure he should have in seeing his lordship as soon as he thought proper. He watched even the departure of the groom, and beheld him gallop off, with the speed of one who knows that his quick return was expected by an impatient master.

Mowbray remained for a few minutes by himself, and reflected with delight upon the probable consequences of this match;—the advancement of his sister—and, above all, the various advantages which must necessarily accrue to himself, by so close an alliance with one whom he had good reason to think deep *in the secret*, and capable of rendering him the most material assistance in his speculations on the turf, and in the sporting world. He then sent a servant to let Miss Mowbray know that he intended to breakfast with her.

"I suppose John," said Clara, as her brother entered the apartment, "you are glad of a weaker cup this morning than those you were drinking last night—you were carousing till after the first cock."

"Yes," said Mowbray, "that sandbed, old MacTurk, upon whom whole hogsheads make no impression, did make a bad boy of me—but the day is over, and they will scarce catch me in such another scrape.—What did you think of the masks?"

"Supported as well," said Clara, "as such folk support the disguise of gentlemen and ladies during life; and that is, with a great deal of bustle, and very little propriety."

"*I saw only one good mask there, and that was a Spaniard,*" *said her brother.*

"*Oh, I saw him too,*" answered Clara; "but he wore a visor on. An old Indian merchant, or some such



seemed to me a better character—the Spaniard did g but stalk about and twangle his guitar, for the ement of my Lady Binks, as I think."

He is a very clever fellow, though, that same Span- l," rejoined Mowbray—"Can you guess who he is?"

"No, indeed; nor shall I take the trouble of trying. o set to guessing about it, were as bad as seeing the whole mummery over again."

"Well," replied her brother, "you will allow one thing at least—Bottom was well acted—you cannot deny that."

"Yes," replied Clara, "that worthy really deserved to wear his ass's head to the end of the chapter—but what of him?"

"Only conceive that he should be the very same person with that handsome Spaniard," replied Mowbray.

"Then there is one fool fewer than I thought there was," replied Clara with the greatest indifference.

Her brother bit his lip.

"Clara," he said, "I believe you are an excellent good girl, and clever to boot, but pray do not set up for wit and oddity; there is nothing in life so intolerable as pretending to think differently from other people.—That gentleman was the Earl of Etherington."

This annunciation, though made in what was meant to be an imposing tone, had no impression on Clara.

"I hope he plays the peer better than the Hidalgo," she replied carelessly.

"Yes," answered Mowbray, "he is one of the handsomest men of the time and decidedly fashionable—you will like him much when you see him in private."

"It is of little consequence whether I do or no," answered Clara.

"*You mistake* the matter," said Mowbray, gravely "*it may be* of considerable consequence."

"*Indeed!*" said Clara, with a smile; "I must sup



myself, then, too important a person not to make my approbation necessary to one of your first-rates. He cannot pretend to pass muster at St. Ronan's without it.—Well, I will depute my authority to Lady Binks, and she shall pass your new recruits instead of me."

"This is all nonsense, Clara," said Mowbray. "Lord Etherington calls here this very morning, and wishes to be made known to you. I expect you will receive him as a particular friend of mine."

"With all my heart—so you will engage, after this visit, to keep him down with your other particular friends at the Well.—You know it is a bargain that you bring neither buck nor pointer into my parlour—the one worries my cat, and the other my temper."

"You mistake me entirely, Clara—this is a very different visitor from any I have ever introduced to you. I expect to see him often here, and I hope you and he will be better friends than you think of. I have more reasons for wishing this than I have now time to tell you."

Clara remained silent for an instant, then looked at her brother with an anxious and scrutinising glance, as if she wished to penetrate into his inmost purpose.

"If I thought"—she said, after a minute's consideration, and with an altered and disturbed tone; "but no—I will not think that Heaven intends me such a blow—least of all, that it should come from your hands." She walked hastily to the window, and threw it open—then shut it again, and returned to her seat, saying, with a constrained smile, "May Heaven forgive you, brother, but you frightened me heartily."

"I did not mean to do so, Clara," said Mowbray, who saw the necessity of soothing her; "I only alluded in joke to those chances that are never out of other girls' heads, though you never seem to calculate on them.

"I wish you, my dear John," said Clara, struggling gain to regain entire composure, "I wish you would



ly my example, and give up the science of chance
it will not avail you."

"How d'ye know that?—I'll show you the contrary, silly wench," answered Mowbray—"Here is a banker's , payable to your own order, for the cash you lent me, d something over—don't let old Mick have the finger- ng, but let Bindloose manage it for you—he is the honester man between two d—d knaves."

"Will not you, brother, send it to the man Bindloose yourself?"

"No,—no," replied Mowbray—"he might confuse it with some of my transactions, and so you forfeit your stake."

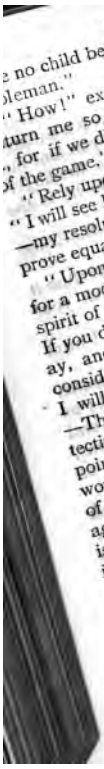
"Well, I am glad you are able to pay me, for I want to buy Campbell's new work."

"I wish you joy of your purchase—but don't scratch me for not caring about it.—I know as little of books as you of the long odds. And come now, be serious, and tell me if you will be a good girl—lay aside your whims, and receive this English young nobleman like a lady as you are?"

"That were easy," said Clara—"but—but—Pray, ask no more of me than just to see him.—Say to him at once, I am a poor creature in body, in mind, in spirits, in temper, in understanding—above all, say that I can receive him only once,"

"I shall say no such thing," said Mowbray, bluntly; "it is good to be plain with you at once.—I thought of putting off this discussion—but since it must come, the sooner it is over the better.—You are to understand, Clara Mowbray, that Lord Etherington has a particular view in this visit, and that his view has my full sanction and approbation."

"*I thought* so," said Clara, in the same altered tone *of voice in* which she had before spoken; "my mo *foreboded this* last of misfortunes!—But, Mowbray



ST. RO

e no child before you—I neither w

oleman."

"How!" exclaimed Mowbray, fiercely; "do you dar

turn me so peremptory an answer?—Think better of

, for if we differ, you will find you will have the worst

of the game."

"Rely upon it," she continued, with more vehemence,

"I will see him nor no man upon the footing you mention

—my resolution is taken, and threats and entreaties will

prove equally unavailing."

"Upon my word, madam," said Mowbray, "you have,

for a modest and retired young lady, plucked up a goodly

spirit of your own!—But you shall find mine equals it.

If you do not agree to see my friend Lord Etherington,

ay, and to receive him with the politeness due to the

consideration I entertain for him, by Heaven! Clara,

I will no longer regard you as my father's daughter,

—Think what you are giving up—the affection and pro-

tection of a brother—and for what?—merely for an idle

point of etiquette.—You cannot, I suppose, even in the

workings of your romantic brain, imagine that the days

of Clarissa Harlowe and Harriet Byron are come back

again, when women were married by main force? and it

is monstrous vanity in you to suppose that Lord Ether-

ington, since he has honoured you with any thoughts at

all, will not be satisfied with a proper and civil refusal—

You are no such prize, methinks, that the days of romance

are to come back for you."

"I care not what days they are," said Clara—"I tell

you I will not see Lord Etherington, or any one else

upon such preliminaries as you have stated—I cannot—

will not—and I ought not.—Had you meant me

receive him, which can be a matter of no consequ

Whatever, you should have left him on the footing o

ordinary visitor—as it is, I will not see him."

"*You shall* see and hear him both," said Mo



shall find me as obstinate as you are—as willing
,et I am a brother, as you to forget that you have

It is time, then," replied Clara, "that this house,
e our father's, should no longer hold us both. I can
ovide for myself, and may God bless you!"

"You take it coolly, madam," said her brother, walk-
ng through the apartment with much anxiety both of
look and gesture.

"I do," she answered; "for it is what I have often
foreseen—Yes, brother, I have often foreseen that you
would make your sister the subject of your plots and
schemes, so soon as other stakes failed you. That
hour is come, and I am, as you see, prepared to meet
it."

"And where may you propose to retire to?" said
Mowbray. "I think that I, your only relation and
natural guardian, have a right to know that—my honour
and that of my family is concerned."

"Your honour!" she retorted, with a keen glance at
him; "your interest, I suppose you mean, is somehow
connected with the place of my abode.—But keep your-
self patient—the den of the rock, the linn of the brook,
should be my choice, rather than a palace without my
freedom."

"You are mistaken, however," said Mowbray, sternly,
"if you hope to enjoy more freedom than I think
you capable of making a good use of. The law autho-
rises, and reason, and even affection, require that you
should be put under restraint for your own safety,
and that of your character. You roamed the woods
a little too much in my father's time, if all stories be
true."

"*I did*—*I did* indeed, Mowbray," said Clara, weeping
"*God pity* me and forgive you for upbraiding me w
ny state of mind—I know I cannot sometimes

my own judgment; but is it for you to remind me of this?"

Mowbray was at once softened and embarrassed.

"What folly is this?" he said; "you say the most cutting things to me—are ready to fly from my house—and when I am provoked to make an angry answer, you burst into tears!"

"Say you did not mean what you said, my dearest brother!" exclaimed Clara; "Oh say you did not mean it!—Do not take my liberty from me—it is all I have left, and, God knows, it is a poor comfort in the sorrows I undergo. I will put a fair face on everything—will go down to the Well—will wear what you please, and say what you please—but oh! leave me the liberty of my solitude here—let me weep alone in the house of my father—and do not force a broken-hearted sister to lay her death at your door.—My span must be a brief one, but let not your hand shake the sand-glass!—Disturb me not—let me pass quietly—I do not ask this so much for my sake as for your own. I would have you think of me, sometimes, Mowbray, after I am gone, and without the bitter reflections which the recollection of harsh usage will assuredly bring with it. Pity me, were it but for your own sake.—I have deserved nothing but compassion at your hand—There are but two of us on earth, why should we make each other miserable?"

She accompanied these entreaties with a flood of tears, and the most heart-bursting sobs. Mowbray knew not what to determine. On the one hand he was bound by his promise to the Earl; on the other, his sister was in no condition to receive such a visitor; nay, it was most probable, that if he adopted the strong measure of compelling her *to receive him*, her behaviour would probably be such as *totally to break off the projected* match, on the success of *which he had founded so many* castles in the air. In this *dilemma, he had again recourse* to argument.

"Clara," he said, "I am, as I have repeatedly said, your only relation and guardian—if there be any real reason why you ought not to receive, and, at least, make a civil reply to such a negotiation as the Earl of Etherington has thought fit to open, surely I ought to be intrusted with it. You enjoyed far too much of that liberty which you seem to prize so highly during my father's lifetime—in the last years of it at least—have you formed any foolish attachment during that time, which now prevents you from receiving such a visit as Lord Etherington has threatened?"

"Threatened!—the expression is well chosen," said Miss Mowbray; "and nothing can be more dreadful than such a threat, excepting its accomplishment."

"I am glad your spirits are reviving," replied her brother; "but that is no answer to my question."

"Is it necessary," said Clara, "that one must have actually some engagement or entanglement, to make them unwilling to be given in marriage, or even to be pestered upon such a subject?—Many young men declare they intend to die bachelors, why may not I be permitted to commence old maid at three-and-twenty?—Let me do so, like a kind brother, and there were never nephews and nieces so petted and so scolded, so nursed and so cuffed by a maiden aunt, as your children, when you have them, shall be by aunt Clara."

"And why not say all this to Lord Etherington?" said Mowbray; "wait until he propose such a terrible bugbear as matrimony, before you refuse to receive him. Who knows, the whim that he hinted at may have passed away—he was, as you say, flirting with Lady Binks, and her ladyship has a good deal of address, as well as beauty."

"*Heaven improve* both (in an honest way), if she will *but keep his lordship* to herself!" said Clara.

"*Well, then*," continued her brother, "things stand-



ing thus, I do not think you will have much trouble with his lordship—no more, perhaps, than just to give him a civil denial. After having spoken on such a subject to a man of my condition, he cannot well break off without you give him an apology."

"If that is all," said Clara, "he shall, as soon as he gives me an opportunity, receive such an answer as will leave him at liberty to woo any one whatsoever of Eve's daughters, excepting Clara Mowbray. Methinks I am so eager to set the captive free, that I now wish as much for his lordship's appearance as I feared it a little while since."

"Nay, nay, but let us go fair and softly," said her brother. "You are not to refuse him before he asks the question."

"Certainly," said Clara; "but I well know how to manage that—he shall never ask the question at all. I will restore Lady Binks's admirer, without accepting so much as a civility in ransom."

"Worse and worse, Clara," answered Mowbray; "you are to remember he is my friend and guest, and he must not be affronted in my house. Leave things to themselves.—Besides, consider an instant, Clara—had you not better take a little time for reflection in this case? The offer is a splendid one—title—fortune—and, what is more, a fortune which you will be well entitled to share largely in."

"This is beyond our implied treaty," said Clara. "I have yielded more than ever I thought I should have done, when I agreed that this Earl should be introduced to me on the footing of a common visitor; and now you talk favourably of his pretensions. This is an encroachment, Mowbray, and now I shall relapse into my obstinacy, and refuse to see him at all."

"Do as you will," replied Mowbray, sensible that it was only by working on her affections that he had any



ınce of carrying a point against her
you will, my dear Clara ; but for H
our eyes."

"And behave myself," said she, tryi
obeyed him,—"behave myself, you wc
of this world ; but the quotation is lost
read either Prior or Shakespeare."

"I thank Heaven for that," said Mc
enough to burden my brain, without
lumber of rhymes in it as you and Lad
that is right ; go to the mirror, and make

A woman must be much borne down i
suffering, when she loses all respect fo
pearance. The madwoman in Bedlam
of straw with a certain air of pretens
seen a widow whom we knew to be m
ted by a recent deprivation, whose w
were arranged with a dolorous degre
amounted almost to coquetry. Cla
also, negligent as she seemed to be of
own art of the toilet, although of th
most simple character. She took off h
and, unbinding a lace of Indian gold
locks, shook them in dark and glossy
very handsome form, which they overs
her slender waist ; and while her brot
on her with a mixture of pride, affec
sion, she arranged them with a large c
the assistance of any *femme d'atours*,
course of a few minutes, into such a
as we see on the statues of the Grecian

"Now let me but find my best muff,
prince and peer, I shall be ready to rec

"*Pshaw ! your* muff—who has he
these twenty years? Muffs were o
you were born."

"No matter, John," replied his sister; "when a woman wears a muff, especially a determined old maid like myself, it is a sign she has no intentions to scratch; and therefore the muff serves all the purposes of a white flag, and prevents the necessity of drawing on a glove, so prudentially recommended by the motto of our cousins, the M'Intoshes."

"Be it as you will, then," said Mowbray; "for other than you do will it, you will not suffer it to be.—But how is this? another billet?—We are in request this morning."

"Now, Heaven send his lordship may have judiciously considered all the risks which he is sure to encounter on this charmed ground, and resolved to leave his adventure unattempted," said Miss Mowbray.

Her brother glanced a look of displeasure at her as he broke the seal of the letter, which was addressed to him with the words, "Haste and secrecy," written on the envelope. The contents, which greatly surprised him, we remit to the commencement of the next chapter.

CHAP. XXIV.

—— Ope this letter,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there——.—KING LEAR.

THE billet which Mowbray received, and read in his sister's presence, contained these words:—

"SIR,—Clara Mowbray has few friends—none, perhaps, excepting yourself, in right of blood, and the writer of this letter, by right of the fondest, truest and most disinterested attachment that ever man bore woman. I am thus explicit with you, because, though it is unlikely that I should ever again see or speak your sister, I am desirous that you should be de acquainted with the cause of that interest, whi

must always, even to my dying breath, take in her affairs.

"The person, calling himself Lord Etherington, is, I am aware, in the neighbourhood of Shaws Castle, with the intention of paying his addresses to Miss Mowbray; and it is easy for me to foresee, arguing according to the ordinary views of mankind, that he may place his proposals in such a light as may make them seem highly desirable. But ere you give this person the encouragement which his offers may seem to deserve, please to inquire whether his fortune is certain, or his rank indisputable; and be not satisfied with light evidence on either point. A man may be in possession of an estate and title, to which he has no better right than his own rapacity and forwardness of assumption; and supposing Mr. Mowbray jealous, as he must be, of the honour of his family, the alliance of such a one cannot but bring disgrace. This comes from one who will make good what he has written."

On the first perusal of a billet so extraordinary, Mowbray was inclined to set it down to the malice of some of the people at the Well, anonymous letters being no uncommon resource of the small wits who frequent such places of general resort, as a species of deception safely and easily executed, and well calculated to produce much mischief and confusion. But upon closer consideration, he was shaken in his opinion, and, starting suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen, asked for the messenger who had brought the letter. "He was in the hall," the servant thought, and Mowbray ran to the hall. No—the messenger was not there, but Mowbray might see his back as he walked up the avenue.—He hollo'd—no answer was returned—he ran after the fellow, whose appearance was that of a countryman. The man quickened his pace as he saw himself pursued, and when he got out of the avenue, threw himself into one



of the numerous bypaths which wanderers, who strayed in quest of nuts, or for the sake of exercise, had made in various directions through the extensive copse which surrounded the Castle, and were doubtless the reason of its acquiring the name of Shaws, which signifies, in the Scottish dialect, a wood of this description.

Irritated by the man's obvious desire to avoid him, and naturally obstinate in all his resolutions, Mowbray pursued for a considerable way, until he fairly lost breath ; and the flier having been long out of sight, he recollected at length that his engagement with the Earl of Etherington required his attendance at the Castle.

The young lord, indeed, had arrived at Shaws Castle, so few minutes after Mowbray's departure, that it was wonderful they had not met in the avenue. The servant to whom he applied, conceiving that his master must return instantly, as he had gone out without his hat, ushered the Earl, without farther ceremony, into the breakfast-room, where Clara was seated upon one of the window-seats, so busily employed with a book, or perhaps with her own thoughts while she held a book in her hands, that she scarce raised her head, until Lord Etherington, advancing, pronounced the words, "Miss Mowbray." A start, and a loud scream, announced her deadly alarm, and these were repeated as he made one pace nearer, and in a firmer accent said, "Clara."

"No nearer—no nearer," she exclaimed, "if you would have me look upon you and live!" Lord Etherington remained standing, as if uncertain whether to advance or retreat, while with incredible rapidity she poured out her hurried entreaties that he would begone, sometimes addressing him as a real personage, sometimes, and more frequently, as a delusive phantom, the offspring of her own excited imagination. "I knew it," she muttered, "I knew what would happen, if my thoughts were forced into that fearful channel—Speak

—…u man, come t
…have been unjustly withheld from
…d with power as well as justice, and
…heard."
"Never—never!" replied Clara Mc
extremity is my portion, let extremity gi
—You have no rights—none—I know you
you."
"Defy me not, Clara Mowbray," answ
in a tone and with a manner—how differe
which delighted society! for now he was s
and almost stern, like the judge when he p
on a criminal. "Defy me not," he repe
your fate, and it rests with you to make m
severe one."
"Dare you speak thus?" said Clara, her
with anger, while her lips grew white, and
fear—"Dare you speak thus, and remem
same heaven is above our heads
solemnly vowed



meet—he saw you—you spoke to him. And me also you must see—me also you must hear! Or I will first claim you for my own in the face of the world; and, having vindicated my rights, I will seek out and extinguish the wretched rival who has dared to interfere with them."

"Can you speak thus?" said Clara—"can you so burst through the ties of nature?—Have you a heart?"

"I have; and it shall be moulded like wax to your slightest wishes, if you agree to do me justice; but not granite, nor aught else that nature has of hardest, will be more inflexible if you continue a useless opposition! —Clara Mowbray, I am your Fate."

"Not so, proud man," said Clara rising; "God gave not one potsherd the power to break another, save by his divine permission—my fate is in the will of Him, without whose will even a sparrow falls not to the ground. —Begone—I am strong in faith of heavenly protection."

"Do you speak thus in sincerity?" said the Earl of Etherington; "consider first what is the prospect before you. I stand here in no doubtful or ambiguous character —I offer not the mere name of a husband—propose to you not an humble lot of obscurity and hardship, with fears for the past, and doubts for the future; yet there *was* a time when to a suit like this you could listen favourably.—I stand high among the nobles of the country, and offer you, as my bride, your share in my honours, and in the wealth which becomes them.—Your brother is my friend, and favours my suit. I will raise from the ground, and once more render illustrious, your ancient house—your motions shall be regulated by your wishes, even by your caprices—I will even carry my self-denial so far, that you shall, should you insist on so *severe a measure*, have your own residence, your own *establishment*, and without intrusion on my part, until *the most devoted* love, the most unceasing attentions, *shall make way* on your inflexible disposition.—All this



I will consent to for the fu
concealed from the public
you must be.

"Never—never!" she sa
"I can but repeat a neg
force of an oath.—Your
fortune I scorn—my broth
Scotland, or of nature, to
detest your treachery, and
propose to attain by it.—
hand, it would but award

"Alas! Clara," said the
the net; but I will urge
another encounter before n

He was turning away, w
caught him by the arm, a
pressive voice, the comma
murder!"

"Fear not any violence,
and attempting to take h
from your own severity.—I
you are altogether unreas
you cannot deny to any fri
of seeing you at times—sus
of your dislike to me, ar
the current of my just
resentment."

Clara, extricating herse
only replied, "There is a
shall be judged our actio
abuse a power most treac
a heart that never did you
with a wretch who only wis
—*If my brother* brings you
if your coming prevents h
it is so far well.—But by n

were the choice mine, I would rather be struck with life-long blindness, than that my eyes should again open on your person—rather that my ears were stuffed with the earth of the grave, than that they should again hear your voice!"

The Earl of Etherington smiled proudly, and replied, "Even this, madam, I can hear without resentment. Anxious and careful as you are to deprive your compliance of every grace and of every kindness, I receive the permission to wait on you, as I interpret your words."

"Do not so interpret them," she replied; "I do but submit to your presence as an unavoidable evil. Heaven be my witness, that, were it not to prevent greater and more desperate evil, I would not even so far acquiesce."

"Let acquiescence, then, be the word," he said; "and so thankful will I be, even for your acquiescence, Miss Mowbray, that all shall remain private, which I conceive you do not wish to be disclosed; and, unless absolutely compelled to it in self-defence, you may rely, no violence will be resorted to by me in any quarter.—I relieve you from my presence."

So saying, he withdrew from the apartment.

CHAP. XXV.

——— By your leave, gentle wax.—SHAKESPEARE.

IN the hall of Shaws Castle the Earl of Etherington met Mowbray, returned from his fruitless chase after the bearer of the anonymous epistle before recited; and who had but just learned, on his *return, that the* Earl of Etherington was with his sister. *There was a degree* of mutual confusion when they met; *for Mowbray had the* contents of the anonymous letter *fresh in his mind,* and Lord Etherington, notwithstand-

[illegible] company for several
[illegible] not now intrude farther upon Miss M
[illegible]
[illegible] have had such a reception as was agre
[illegible] trust?" said Mowbray. "I hope Clar
[illegible] of the house with propriety during my a
Miss Mowbray seemed a little fluttered
[illegible] appearance," said the Earl; "the servar
a rather abruptly; and, circumstanced as
[illegible] is always awkwardness in a first meeti
[illegible] is no third party to act as master of the ce
suspect, from the lady's looks, that you
[illegible] kept my secret, my good friend. I m
[illegible] little consciousness in approaching Miss
[illegible]t it is over now; and the ice being fairly
[illegible] to have other and more convenient opp
[illegible]prove the advantage I have just gained in
[illegible] lovely sister's personal acquaintance."
So be it," said Mowbray; "but, as you c



doning the "fair play of the world," endeavour to work out their purposes by a process of deception and intrigue.

"My lord," said Mowbray, when they had entered a little apartment, in which the latter kept his guns, fishing tackle, and other implements of sport, "you have played on the square with me; nay, more—I am bound to allow you have given me great odds. I am therefore not entitled to hear any reports to the prejudice of your lordship's character, without instantly communicating them. There is an anonymous letter which I have just received. Perhaps your lordship may know the hand, and thus be enabled to detect the writer."

"I do know the hand," said the Earl, as he received the note from Mowbray; "and allow me to say, it is the only one which could have dared to frame any calumny to my prejudice. I hope, Mr. Mowbray, it is impossible for you to consider this infamous charge as anything but a falsehood."

"My placing it in your lordship's hands, without farther inquiry, is a sufficient proof that I hold it such, my lord; at the same time that I cannot doubt for a moment that your lordship has it in your power to overthrow so frail a calumny by the most satisfactory evidence."

"Unquestionably I can, Mr. Mowbray," said the Earl; "for, besides my being in full possession of the estate and title of my father, the late Earl of Etherington, I have my father's contract of marriage, my own certificate of baptism, and the evidence of the whole country to establish my right. All these shall be produced with the least delay possible. You will not think it surprising that one does not travel with this sort of documents in *one's post-chaise.*"

"*Certainly not,* my lord," said Mowbray; "*it is sufficient they are forthcoming when called for. But, may I inquire, my lord,* who the writer of this letter is, and

...y own—in fact, a broth
side, but illegitimate.—My father wa
loved him also, for he has uncomm
nd is accounted highly accomplished.
n of something irregular in his mind,—
madness, which breaks out in the usua
g the poor young man a dupe to vain
his own dignity and grandeur, which is
t ordinary effect of insanity, and insp
version against his nearest relatives an
particular. He is a man extremely p
peech and manners; so much so, that
's think there is more vice than insani
ies which he commits; but I may, I h
if I have formed a milder judgment
to be my father's son. Indeed, I cann
y for poor Frank, who might have a
guished figure in the world."
[ask the gentleman's name ...



sons, whose imaginations are excited, to rush into causeless quarrels, and then to make discreditable retreats from them."

"Or," said Mr. Mowbray, "he may have, after all, been prevented from reaching the place of rendezvous—it was that very day on which your lordship, I think, received your wound; and, if I mistake not, you hit the man from whom you got the hurt."

"Mowbray," said Lord Etherington, lowering his voice, and taking him by the arm, "it is true that I did so, and truly glad I am to observe, that, whatever might have been the consequences of such an accident, they cannot have been serious.—It struck me afterwards, that the man by whom I was so strangely assaulted had some resemblance to the unfortunate Tyrrel—but I had not seen him for years.—At any rate, he cannot have been much hurt, since he is now able to resume his intrigues to the prejudice of my character."

"Your lordship views the thing with a firm eye," said Mowbray; "firmer than I think most people would be able to command, who had so narrow a chance of a scrape so uncomfortable."

"Why, I am, in the first place, by no means sure that the risk existed," said the Earl of Etherington; "for, as I have often told you, I had but a very transient glimpse of the ruffian; and, in the second place, I *am* sure that no permanent bad consequences have ensued. I am too old a fox-hunter to be afraid of a leap after it is cleared, as they tell of the fellow who fainted in the morning at the sight of the precipice he had clambered over when he was drunk on the night before. The man who wrote that letter," touching it with his finger, "is alive, and able to *threaten me*; and if he did come to any hurt from my *hand, it was in the* act of attempting my life, of which I *shall carry the mark* to my grave."

"*Nay, I am far from blaming your lordship,*" said



Mowbray, "for what you
circumstance might have t
May I ask what you intend
gentleman, who is in all p
hood?"

"I must first discover th
Lord Etherington, "and t
done, both for his safety, p
is probable, too, that he ma
what fortune he still posse
sufficient to attract a set
they humour him.—May I
the outlook, and let me kno
him?"

"I shall, most certainly
bray; "but the only one of
the old Cleikum Inn, where
dence. He has now left it,
of a landlady may know son

"I will not fail to inqui
and, with these words, he t
bray, mounted his horse, ar

"A cool fellow," said M
him, "a d—d cool fellow,
that is to be—takes a shot
little remorse as at a black-
me, were we to quarrel?—
and strike out the ace of h
go wrong, he has no Jack
Mowbray."

Meanwhile the Earl of E
his own apartments at th
pleased with the events of
to *his correspondent*, ag
Jekyl, which we have fortu
to our readers :—



"FRIEND HARRY,

"They say a falling house is best known by the rats leaving it—a falling state, by the desertion of confederates and allies—and a falling man by the desertion of his friends. If this be true augury, your last letter may be considered as ominous of my breaking down. Methinks, you have gone far enough, and shared deep enough with me, to have some confidence in my *savoir faire*—some little faith both in my means and management.—What cross-grained fiend has at once inspired you with what I suppose you wish me to call politic doubts and scruples of conscience, but which I can only regard as symptoms of fear and disaffection? You can have no idea of 'duels betwixt relations so nearly connected'—and 'the affair seems very delicate and intricate'—and again, 'the matter has never been fully explained to you'—and, moreover, 'if you are expected to take an active part in the business, it must be when you are honoured with my full and unreserved confidence, otherwise, how could you be of the use to me which I might require?' Such are your expressions.

"Now, as to scruples of conscience about near relations, and so forth, all that has blown by without much mischief, and certainly is not likely to occur again—besides, did you never hear of friends quarrelling before? And are they not to exercise the usual privileges of gentlemen when they do? Moreover, how am I to know that this plaguy fellow *is* actually related to me?—They say it is a wise child knows its own father; and I cannot be expected wise enough to know to a certainty my father's son.—So much for relationship.—Then, as to full and unreserved confidence—why, Harry, this is just *as if I were to ask* you to look at a watch, and tell what *it was o'clock, and you* were to reply, that truly you *could not inform me,* because you had not examined the *springs, the counter-balances,* the wheels, and the whole



nal machinery of the little timepiece.—But the up- of the whole is this,—Harry Jekyl, who is as sharp ellow as any other, thinks he has his friend Lord therington at a deadlock, and that he knows already o much of the said noble lord's history as to oblige his ordship to tell him the whole. And perhaps he not unreasonably concludes, that the custody of a whole secret is more creditable, and probably more lucrative, than that of a half one ; and, in short, he is resolved to make the most of the cards in his hand. Another, mine honest Harry, would take the trouble to recall to your mind past times and circumstances, and conclude with expressing an humble opinion, that if Harry Jekyl were asked *now* to do any service for the noole lord aforesaid, Harry had got his reward in his pocket aforehand. But I do not argue thus, because I would rather be leagued with a friend who assists me with a view to future profit, than from respect to benefits already received. The first lies like the fox's scent when on his last legs, increasing every moment; the other is a back-scent, growing colder the longer you follow it, until at last it becomes impossible to puzzle it out. I will, therefore, submit to circumstances, and tell you the whole story, though somewhat tedious, in hopes that I can conclude with such a trail as you will open upon breast-high.

"Thus then it was.—Francis, fifth Earl of Etherington, and my much honoured father, was what is called a very eccentric man—that is, he was neither a wise man nor a fool—had too much sense to walk into a well, and yet, in some of the furious fits which he was visited with, I have seen him quite mad enough to throw any one else into it.—Men said there was a lurking insanity—but it is an ill bird, etc., and I will say no more about it. *This shatter-brained* peer was, in other respects, a *handsome accomplished* man, with an expression some- *what haughty,* yet singularly pleasing when he chose it



—a man, in short, who might push his fortune with the fair sex.

"Lord Etherington, such as I have described him, being upon his travels in France, formed an attachment of the heart—ay, and some have pretended, of the hand also, with a certain beautiful orphan, Marie de Martigny. Of this union is said to have sprung (for I am determined not to be certain on that point) that most incommodious person, Francis Tyrrel, as he calls himself, but as I would rather call him, Francis Martigny; the latter suiting my views, as perhaps the former name agrees better with his pretensions. Now, I am too good a son to subscribe to the alleged regularity of the marriage between my right honourable and very good lord father, because my said right honourable and very good lord did, on his return to England, become wedded, in the face of the church, to my very affectionate and well-endowed mother, Ann Bulmer of Bulmer Hall, from which happy union sprung I, Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, lawful inheritor of my father and mother's joint estates, as I was the proud possessor of their ancient names. But the noble and wealthy pair, though blessed with such a pledge of love as myself, lived mighty ill together, and the rather, when my right honourable father, sending for this other Sosia, this unlucky Francis Tyrrel, senior, from France, insisted, in the face of propriety, that he should reside in his house, and share, in all respects, in the opportunities of education by which the real Sosia, Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, then commonly called Lord Oakendale, hath profited in such an uncommon degree.

"Various were the matrimonial quarrels which arose *between the* honoured lord and lady, in consequence of *this unseemly* conjunction of the legitimate and illegitimate: *and to these*, we, the subjects of the dispute, were *sometimes* very properly, as well as decorously, made

pruner my into a pitch of more uncontroll
id my right honourable father; and, in t
mply, he adopted my mother's phraseol
er, that if there *was* a whore and ba
with his house, it was herself and her b
as even then a sharp little fellow, an
y struck with this communication, wh
f ungovernable irritation, had escaped
able father. It is true, he instantly gath
again; and, he perhaps recollecting su
my, and my mother, on her side consi
uences of such a thing as a descent
ss of Etherington into Mrs. Bulmer, ne
nor widow, there was an apparent rec
n them, which lasted for some time.
remained deeply imprinted on my reme
re so, that once, when I was exerting
Francis Tyrrel, the authority of a
', and Lord Oakendale, old Cecil. m

and twelve thousand a-year! All this prosing seemed to my anxious mind designed to prepare me for some unfortunate change; and when I was old enough to make such private enquiries as lay in my power, I became still more persuaded that my right honourable father nourished some thoughts of making an honest woman of Marie de Martigny, and a legitimate elder brother of Francis, after his death at least, if not during his life. I was the more convinced of this, when a little affair, which I chanced to have with the daughter of my Tu——, drew down my father's wrath upon me in great abundance, and occasioned my being banished to Scotland, along with my brother, under a very poor allowance, without introductions, except to one steady, or call it rusty, old Professor, and with the charge that I should not assume the title of Lord Oakendale, but content myself with my maternal grandfather's name of Valentine Bulmer, that of Francis Tyrrel being pre-occupied.

"Upon this occasion, notwithstanding the fear which I entertained of my father's passionate temper, I did venture to say, that since I was to resign my title, I thought I had a right to keep my family name, and that my brother might take his mother's. I wish you had seen the look of rage with which my father regarded me when I gave him this spirited hint, 'Thou art'—he said, and paused, as if to find out the bitterest epithet to supply the blank—'thou art thy mother's child, and her perfect picture,'—(this seemed the severest reproach that occurred to him).—'Bear her name then, and bear it with patience and in secrecy; or, I here give you my word, you shall never bear another the whole days of your life.' This sealed my mouth with a witness; and then, in allusion to my flirtation with the daughter of my Tu—— aforesaid, he enlarged on the folly and iniquity of private marriages, warned me that, in the country I was going to, the matrimonial noose often lies hid und

flowers, and that folks find it twitched round their neck when they least expect such a cravat; assured me, that he had very particular views for settling Francis and me in life, and that he would forgive neither of us who should, by any rash entanglement, render them unavailing.

"This last minatory admonition was the more tolerable, that my rival had his share of it; and so we were bundled off to Scotland, coupled up like two pointers in a dog-cart, and—I can speak for one at least—with much the same uncordial feelings towards each other. I often, indeed, detected Francis looking at me with a singular expression, as of pity and anxiety, and once or twice he seemed disposed to enter on something respecting the situation in which we stood towards each other, but I felt no desire to encourage his confidence. Meantime, as we were called, by our father's directions, not brothers, but cousins, so we came to bear towards each other the habits of companionship, though scarcely of friendship. What Francis thought, I know not; for my part, I must confess, that I lay by on the watch for some opportunity when I might mend my own situation with my father, though at the prejudice of my rival. And Fortune, while she seemed to prevent such an opportunity, involved us both in one of the strangest and most entangled mazes that her capricious divinity-ship ever wove, and out of which I am even now struggling, by sleight or force, to extricate myself. I can hardly help wondering, even yet, at the odd conjunction, which has produced such an intricacy of complicated incidents.

"My father was a great sportsman, and Francis and I had both inherited his taste for field-sports, but I in a keener and more ecstatic degree. Edinburgh, which is a tolerable residence in winter and spring, becomes disagreeable *in summer*, and in autumn is the most melancholy *séjour that* ever poor mortals were condemned to. *No public* places are open, no inhabitant of any



consideration remains in the town ; those who cannot get away, hide themselves in obscure corners, as if ashamed to be seen in the streets. The gentry go to their country-houses—the citizens to their sea-bathing quarters—the lawyers to their circuits—the writers to visit their country clients—and all the world to the moors to shoot grouse. We, who felt the indignity of remaining in town during this deserted season, obtained, with some difficulty, permission from the Earl to betake ourselves to any obscure corner, and shoot grouse, if we could get leave to do so on our general character of English students at the University of Edinburgh, without quoting anything more.

"The first year of our banishment we went to the neighbourhood of the Highlands ; but finding our sport interrupted by gamekeepers and their gillies, on the second occasion we established ourselves at this little village of St. Ronan's, where there were then no Spa, no fine people, no card-tables, no quizzes, excepting the old quiz of a landlady with whom we lodged. We found the place much to our mind ; the old landlady had interest with some old fellow, agent of a non-residing nobleman, who gave us permission to sport over his moors, of which I availed myself keenly, and Francis with more moderation. He was, indeed, of a grave musing sort of habit, and often preferred solitary walks, in the wild and beautiful scenery with which the village is surrounded, to the use of the gun. He was attached to fishing, moreover, that dullest of human amusements, and this also tended to keep us considerably apart. This gave me rather pleasure than concern ;—not that I hated Francis at that time ; nay, not that I greatly disliked his society ; but merely because it was unpleasant to be always with one, whose fortunes I looked upon as standing in direct opposition to my own. I also rather despised his indifference about sport, which indeed seemed to grow

but my gentleman had better taste than I
of. If he sought no grouse on the hill, he had
pheasant in the wood.

. Mowbray, daughter of the Lord of the more
que than wealthy domain of St. Ronan's, was at
ne scarce sixteen years old, and as wild and
ul a woodland nymph as the imagination can
—simple as a child in all that concerned the world
its ways, acute as a needle in every point of know-
ge which she had found an opportunity of becoming
quainted with ; fearing harm from no one, and with a
rely and natural strain of wit, which brought amuse-
nent and gaiety wherever she came. Her motions were
under no restraint, save that of her own inclination ; for
her father, though a cross, peevish old man, was confined
to his chair with the gout, and her only companion, a
girl of somewhat inferior caste, bred up in the utmost
deference to Miss Mowbray's fancies, served for company
indeed in her strolls through the wild country on foot and
on horseback, but never thought of interfering with her
will and pleasure.

"The extreme loneliness of the country (at that time),
and the simplicity of its inhabitants, seemed to render
these excursions perfectly safe. Francis, happy dog,
became the companion of the damsels on such occasions
through the following accident. Miss Mowbray had
dressed herself and her companion like country wenches,
with a view to surprise the family of one of their better
sort of farmers. They had accomplished their purpose
greatly to their satisfaction, and were hying home after
sunset, when they were encountered by a country fellow
—a sort of Harry Jekyl in his way—who, being equipped
with a glass or two of whisky, saw not the nobility of
blood through her disguise, and accosted the daughter of
a hundred sires as he would have done a ewe-milker
Miss Mowbray remonstrated—her companion scream

up came cousin Francis with a fowling-piece on his boulder, and soon put the sylvan to flight.

"This was the beginning of an acquaintance, which had gone great lengths before I found it out. The fair Clara, it seems, found it safer to roam in the woods with an escort than alone, and my studious and sentimental relative was almost her constant companion. At their age it was likely that some time might pass ere they came to understand each other; but full confidence and intimacy was established between them ere I heard of their amour.

"And here, Harry, I must pause till next morning, and send you the conclusion under a separate cover. The rap which I had over the elbow the other day, is still tingling at the end of my fingers, and you must not be critical with my manuscript."

CHAP. XXVI.

——— Must I then ravel out
My weaved-up follies?———

SHAKESPEARE.

I RESUME my pen, Harry, to mention, without attempting to describe my surprise, that Francis, compelled by circumstances, made me the confidant of his love-intrigue. My grave cousin in love, and very much in the mind of approaching the perilous verge of clandestine marriage—he who used every now and then, not much to the improvement of our cordial regard, to lecture me upon filial duty, just upon the point of slipping the bridle himself! I could not for my life tell whether surprise, or a feeling of mischievous satisfaction, was predominant. I tried to talk to him as he used to talk to me; but I had not the gift of persuasion, nor the power of understanding the words of wisdom. Assisted our situation was different—that his und

s against Scottish marriages, and secr
all sorts, — denunciations perhaps
ient that he might feel some secret
on the subject himself. I remember
brother had always been a favourite
—how was it possible I could forget?
xpressions, which intimated a possibilit
estate and honours being transferred
ead of the younger son. Now, it requ
o foresee, that should Francis commit tl
me of secretly allying himself with a
ir sire would lose all wish to accomplish
ce in his favour; and while my b
e altogether obscured by such an unpar
bedience, my own, no longer overshad



than I could have supposed; for they were absolute novices in any sort of intrigue, which to me seemed as easy and natural as lying. Francis had been detected by some tattling spy in his walks with Clara, and the news had been carried to old Mowbray, who was greatly incensed at his daughter, though little knowing that her crime was greater than admitting an unknown English student to form a personal acquaintance with her. He prohibited farther intercourse—resolved, in justice-of-peace phrase, to rid the country of us; and, prudently sinking all mention of his daughter's delinquency, commenced an action against Francis, under pretext of punishing him as an encroacher upon his game, but in reality to scare him from the neighbourhood. His person was particularly described to all the keepers and satellites about Shaws Castle, and any personal intercourse betwixt him and Clara became impossible, except under the most desperate risks. Nay, such was their alarm, that Master Francis thought it prudent, for Miss Mowbray's sake, to withdraw as far as a town called Marchthorn, and there to conceal himself, maintaining his intercourse with Clara only by letter.

"It was then I became the sheet-anchor of the hope of the lovers; it was then my early dexterity and powers of contrivance were first put to the test; and it would be too long to tell you in how many shapes, and by how many contrivances, I acted as agent, letter-carrier, and go-between, to maintain the intercourse of these separated turtles. I have had a good deal of trouble in that way on my own account, but never half so much as I took on account of this brace of lovers. I scaled walls and swam rivers, set blood-hounds, quarter-staves, and *blunderbusses* at defiance; and excepting the distant *prospect of self-interest* which I have hinted at, I was *neither to have honour* nor reward for my pains. I will *own to you that* Clara Mowbray was so very beautiful—



so absolutely confiding in her lover's friend into such close intercourse with me, that th when I thought that, in conscience, she have scrupled to have contributed a mite faithful labourer. But then she looked like and I was such a novice at that time of d not know how it might have been possi retreat, if I had made too bold an adv short, I thought it best to content myself true love to run smooth, in the hope t would assure me, in the long-run, an Earl' Earl's fortune.

"Nothing was, therefore, ventured on could raise suspicion, and, as the confide the lovers, I prepared everything for their se The pastor of the parish agreed to perf mony, prevailed upon by an argument wh him, and which Clara, had she guessed i little thanked me for. I led the honest m that, in declining to do his office, he mi too successful lover from doing justice t maiden; and the parson, who, I found, h romance in his disposition, resolved, under circumstances, to do them the kind office o together, although the consequence might irregularity against himself. Old Mowbr confined to his room, his daughter less Frank had removed from the neighbourhoo (which, by the bye, I should have said befo the country—and it was settled that the meet at the Old Kirk of St. Ronan's, wh became deep, and go off in a chaise for E as the ceremony was performed.

"*When all this was* arranged save the *ment of the day,* you cannot conceiv *and the gratitude of* my sage brother.

himself as approaching to the seventh heaven, instead of losing his chance of a good fortune, and encumbering himself at nineteen with a wife, and all the probabilities of narrow circumstances, and an increasing family. Though so much younger myself, I could not help wondering at his extreme want of knowledge of the world, and feeling ashamed that I had ever allowed him to take the airs of a tutor with me ; and this conscious superiority supported me against the thrill of jealousy which always seized me when I thought of his carrying off the beautiful prize, which, without my address, he could never have made his own.—But at this important crisis, I had a letter from my father, which, by some accident, had long lain at our lodgings in Edinburgh ; and then visited our former quarters in the Highlands ; again returned to Edinburgh, and at length reached me at Marchthorn in a most critical time.

"It was in reply to a letter of mine, in which, among other matters, such as good boys send to their papas, descriptions of the country, accounts of studies, exercises, and so forth, I had, to fill up the sheet to a dutiful length, thrown in something about the family of St. Ronan's, in the neighbourhood of which I was writing. I had no idea what an effect the name would produce on the mind of my right honourable father, but his letter sufficiently expressed it. He charged me to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Mowbray as fast and as intimately as possible ; and, if need were, to inform him candidly of our real character and situation in life. Wisely considering, at the same time, that his filial admonition might be neglected if not backed by some sufficient motive, his lordship frankly let me into the secret of my *grand-uncle* by the mother's side, Mr. S. Mowbray of *Nettlewood's* last will and testament, by which I saw, to *my astonishment* and alarm, that a large and fair estate *was bequeathed* to the eldest son and heir of the Earl of



Etherington, on condition of his forming alliance with a lady of the house of M Ronan's.—Mercy of Heaven! how I starc I been making every preparation for wedd the very girl, whose hand would insure to and independence!—And even the firs great, was not likely to be the last. My i the marriage like a land surveyor, but of Nettlewood like an impassioned lover. dote on every acre of it, and dwelt on it his own domains as a circumstance which union of the estates not desirable merely, l an arrangement pointed out by the hand o although he observed, that, on account of the parties, a treaty of marriage could not undertaken, it was yet clear he would appi any bold stroke which would abolish the i that might otherwise intervene, ere Oakend wood became one property.

"Here, then, were shipwrecked my l was clear as sunshine, that a private pardonable in the abstract, would becon highly laudable, in my father's eyes, if heir with Clara Mowbray; and if he rec fears suggested, the means of establish on my brother's part, nothing was so l him to use them, as the certainty that, by Nettlewood and Oakendale would be ui The very catastrophe which I had prepa exclude my rival from his father's fav likely, unless it could be prevented, to b motive and argument for the Earl plac above mine.

"*I shut myself* up in my bedroom, l*read and again* read my father's letter *giving way to idle* passion (beware of

in the most desperate circumstances), I considered, with keen investigation, whether some remedy could not yet be found.—To break off the match for the time would have been easy—a little private information to Mr. Mowbray would have done that with a vengeance—but then the treaty might be renewed under my father's auspices; —at all events, the share which I had taken in the intrigue between Clara and my brother, rendered it almost impossible for me to become a suitor in my own person. —Amid these perplexities, it suddenly occurred to my adventurous heart and contriving brain—what if I should personate the bridegroom?—This strange thought, you will recollect, occurred to a very youthful brain—it was banished—it returned—returned again and again—was viewed under every different shape—became familiar—was adopted—It was easy to fix the appointment with Clara and the clergyman, for I managed the whole correspondence—the resemblance between Francis and me in stature and in proportion—the disguise which we were to assume—the darkness of the church—the hurry of the moment—might, I trusted, prevent Clara from recognising me. To the minister I had only to say, that, though I had hitherto talked of a friend, I myself was the happy man. My first name was Francis as well as his; and I had found Clara so gentle, so confiding, so flatteringly cordial in her intercourse with me, that, once within my power, and prevented from receding by shame and a thousand contradictory feelings, I had, with the vanity of an *amoureux de seize ans*, the confidence to believe I could reconcile the fair lady to the exchange.

"There certainly never came such a thought into a *madcap's brain*; and, what is more extraordinary—but *that you already know*—it was so far successful, that *the marriage ceremony was performed between us in the presence of a servant of mine, her accommodating com-*

[illegible] a jumped out of the carriage,
[illegible]ediately to the devil, and, betwixt desperation
[illegible]thing very like shame, began to cut away with
[illegible]de chasse, which I had provided in case of
[illegible]ity.—All was in vain—I was hustled down under
[illegible]eel of the carriage, and, the horses taking fright,
[illegible] over my body.

Here ends my narrative; for I neither heard nor
more until I found myself stretched on a sick-bed
miles from the scene of action, and Solmes en-
in attending on me. In answer to my passionate
ries, he briefly informed me that Master Francis had
back the young lady to her own dwelling, and that
ppeared to be extremely ill in consequence of the
shc had sustained. My own health, he assured
was considered as very precarious, and added, that
l, who was in the same house, was in the utmost
rbation on my account. The very mention of his
accelerated a crisis in which I brought up much
; and it is singular that the physician who attended
a grave gentleman, with a wig—considered that
was of service to me. I know it frightened me
ily, and prepared me for a visit from Master
k, which I endured with a tameness he would not
experienced, had the usual current of blood flowed
y veins. But sickness and the lancet make one very
ant of sermonising.—At last, in consideration of
relieved from his accursed presence, and the sound
infernally calm voice, I slowly and reluctan
sced in an arrangement, by which he prop

that we should for ever bid adieu to each other, and t
Clara Mowbray. I would have hesitated at this las
stipulation. 'She was,' I said, 'my wife, and I wa
entitled to claim her as such.'

"This drew down a shower of most moral reproaches
and an assurance that Clara disowned and detested m
alliance, and that where there had been an essential erro
in the person, the mere ceremony could never be ac
counted binding by the law of any Christian country
I wonder this had not occurred to me; but my ideas o
marriage were much founded on plays and novels, wher
such devices as I had practised are often resorted to fo
winding up the plot, without any hint of their illegality
besides, I had confided, as I mentioned before, a littl
too rashly perhaps, in my own powers of persuading a
young a bride as Clara to be contented with one hand
some fellow instead of another.

"Solmes took up the argument, when Francis re
leased me by leaving the room. He spoke of my father'
resentment, should this enterprise reach his ears—of th
revenge of Mowbray of St. Ronan's, whose nature wa
both haughty and rugged—of risk from the laws of th
country, and God knows what bugbears besides, whic
at a more advanced age I would have laughed at. In
word, I sealed the capitulation, vowed perpetual absence
and banished myself, as they say in this country, forth o
Scotland.

"And here, Harry, observe and respect my genius
Every circumstance was against me in this negotiation
I had been the aggressor in the war; I was wounded
and, it might be said, a prisoner in my antagonist'
hands; yet I could so far avail myself of Monsieu
Martigny's greater eagerness for peace, that I clogge
the treaty with a condition highly advantageous t
myself, and equally unfavourable to him.—Said M
Francis Martigny was to take upon himself the burd



ST. RONAN'S WE

honourable father's d
ich was certain to gi
esented as his work,
-hearted, dutiful soul
: to no measure which
isure; this was a *si*

ola ce que c'est d'avoir d

Francis would, I supp
houlders, to have place
is turtledove and the fa
ance at her.—What h
is for myself, in all dut
ny health from an ac
companion having be
me cause which he h
: necessary to get to I
only waited his lords
paternal mansion. Tl
I expected, that he wa
rother for his disobe
ven had reason to thi
Harry?), that, on b
the merits and amia
he lost any desire w
tertained, of accompli
ces in relation to the v
d a little ashamed of h
· to the congregation c
intly in his latter day
e seems to have been g
the death of my right
/ favour, since, while
–there is no saying v
–Enough, he died-

uthers, and I became, without opposition,
rable in his stead.
have borne my new honours, thou, Harry,
erry set know full well. Newmarket and
may tell the rest.—I think I have been as
ost men where luck is most prized, and so
no more on that subject.
ow, Harry, I will suppose thee in a moralising
lat is, I will fancy the dice have run wrong—or
ble-barrel has hung fire—or a certain lady has
ross—or any such weighty cause of gravity has
l, and you give me the benefit of your serious-
'My dear Etherington,' say you pithily, 'you are
ous fool!—Here you are stirring up a business
scandalous in itself, and fraught with mischief to
ncerned—a business which might sleep for ever, if
et it alone, but which is sure, like a sea-coal fire, to
into a flame if you go on poking it. I would like
sk your lordship only two questions,'—say you with
r usual graceful attitude of adjusting your perpen-
ular shirt-collar, and passing your hand over the
ot of your cravat, which deserves a peculiar place in
e *Tietania*—'only two questions—that is, whether
ou do not repent the past, and whether you do not
ear the future?' Very comprehensive queries these
of yours, Harry; for they respect both the time
past and the time to come—one's whole life, in short
However, I shall endeavour to answer them as well
I may.

"Repent the past, said you?—Yes, Harry, I think
do repent the past—that is, not quite in the pure
style of repentance, which resembles yours when
have a headache, but as I would repent a hand at
which I had played on false principles. I should
begun with the young lady—availed myself in
different manner of Monsieur Martigny's absence



:y with her, and th
: damsel's affection:
.ere was, I think, bo
.s that of a novice of
.t calculate chances. S
not fear the future?—Ha
. for supposing you to hav
.y assure you, that I never
I was born without the s
it it is perfectly unknown to
sed wheel pass across my b
ol-ball benumb my arm, I f
a at the bounce of a champagn
have you think that I am fool e
tble, and danger (all of which,
ense, I am now prepared to enco
luate motive,—and here it is.
From various quarters, hints,
i have reached me, that an attac
ank and status in society, whi
f of this fellow Martigny (for I
den name of Tyrrel). Now, t
of the paction betwixt us, by
uich I am determined to esteem
rport—he was to leave my righ
i to settle our own matters
which amounted to a virtual
f the scoundrel ever had an
resign my wife, and what is
lowbray's estate of Nettlew
f a fellow who sets up clain
perty? No, by ——! If
nportant, I will retaliate
ill feel as keenly; and t
! now, methinks, you co
on of your grave r

family feuds, unnatural rencontres, offence to all ... feelings of all the world, et cætera, et cætera, which you might usher in most delectably with the old stave about brethren dwelling together in unity. I will not stop to inquire whether all these delicate apprehensions are on account of the Earl of Etherington, his safety, and his reputation; or whether my friend Harry Jekyl be not considering how far his own interference with such a naughty business will be well taken at head-quarters; and so, without pausing on that question, I shall barely and briefly say, that you cannot be more sensible than I am of the madness of bringing matters to such an extremity—I have no such intention, I assure you, and it is with no such purpose that I invite you here.—Were I to challenge Martigny, he would refuse me the meeting; and all less ceremonious ways of arranging such an affair are quite old-fashioned.

"It is true at our first meeting I was betrayed into the scrape I told you of—just as you may have shot (or shot at, for I think you are no downright hitter) a hen-pheasant, when flushed within distance, by a sort of instinctive movement, without reflecting on the enormity you were about to commit. The truth is, there is an ignis fatuus influence, which seems to govern our house—it poured its wildfire through my father's veins—it has descended to me in full vigour, and every now and then its impulse is irresistible. There was my enemy, and here were my pistols, was all I had time to think about the matter. But I will be on my guard in future, th more surely, as I cannot receive any provocation fro him; on the contrary, if I must confess the truth, thou I was willing to gloss it a little in my first account of matter (like the Gazette, when recording a defeat), I certain he would never voluntarily have fired at me, that his pistol went off as he fell. You know me enough to be assured, that I will never be again



ttacking an unresisting antagonist, were he
ıy brother.

, as to this long tirade about hating my brother
I do not hate him more than the first-born of
re in general hated by those whom they exclude
ıtailed estates, and so forth—not one landed man
nty of us that is not hated by his younger brothers,
extent of wishing him quiet in his grave, as an
ınable stumbling-block in their path of life; and so
only do I hate Monsieur Martigny. But for the rest,
ather like him as otherwise; and would he but die
ould give my frank consent to his being canonised;
ınd while he lives, I am not desirous that he should be
exposed to any temptation from rank and riches, those
main obstacles to the self-denying course of life, by
which the odour of sanctity is attained.

"Here again you break in with your impertinent queries—If I have no purpose of quarrelling personally with Martigny, why do I come into collision with him at all?—why not abide by the treaty of Marchthorn, and remain in England, without again approaching St, Ronan's, or claiming my maiden bride?

"Have I not told you, I want him to cease all threatened attempts upon my fortune and dignity? Have I not told you that I want to claim my wife, Clara Mowbray, and my estate of Nettlewood, fairly won by marrying her?—And, to let you into the whole secret, though Clara is a very pretty woman, yet she goes for so little in the transaction with me, her unimpassioned bridegroom, that I hope to make some relaxation of my rights over her the means of obtaining the concessions which I think most important.

"I will not deny, that an aversion to awakening bustle, and encountering reproach, has made me so slow in looking after my interest, that the period will shortly expire within which I ought, by old Scrog Mowbray's will

myself for becoming his heir, by being the ac-
husband of Miss Mowbray of St. Ronan's. Time
ime is—and if I catch it not by the forelock as it
, time will be no more—Nettlewood will be for-
—and if I have in addition a law-suit for my title,
for Oakendale, I run a risk of being altogether
oted. I must, therefore, act at all risks, and act
vigour—and this is the general plan of my cam-
gn, subject always to be altered according to circum-
nces. I have obtained—I may say purchased—
owbray's consent to address his sister. I have this
dvantage, that if she agrees to take me, she will for
ver put a stop to all disagreeable reports and recollec-
tions, founded on her former conduct. In that case I
secure the Nettlewood property, and am ready to wage
war for my paternal estate. Indeed, I firmly believe,
that should this happy consummation take place,
Monsieur Martigny will be too much heart-broken t
make further fight, but will e'en throw helve aft
hatchet, and run to hide himself, after the fashion
a true lover, in some desert beyond seas.

"But, supposing the lady has the bad taste to be
stinate, and will none of me, I still think that her he
ness, or her peace of mind, will be as dear to Marti
as Gibraltar is to the Spaniards, and that he will sac
a great deal to induce me to give up my preten
Now, I shall want some one to act as my agent ir
municating with this fellow; for I will not deny t
old appetite for cutting his throat may awaken su
were I to hold personal intercourse with him.
thou, therefore, without delay, and hold my be
—Come, for you know me, and that I never le
ness unrewarded. To be specific, you shall ha
to pay off a certain inconvenient mortgag
troubling the tribe of Issachar, if you will
to me in this matter—Come, therefore, wi

ologies or further delay. There shall, I give you my rd, be neither risk nor offence in the part of the drama ich I intend to commit to your charge.

'Talking of the drama, we had a miserable attempt a sort of bastard theatricals, at Mowbray's rat-gnawed ansion. There were two things worth noticing—One, that I lost all the courage on which I pique myself, and fairly fled from the pit, rather than present myself before Miss Clara Mowbray, when it came to the push. And upon this I pray you to remark, that I am a person of singular delicacy and modesty, instead of being the Drawcansir and Daredevil that you would make of me. The other memorable is of a more delicate nature, respecting the conduct of a certain fair lady, who seemed determined to fling herself at my head. There is a wonderful degree of free-masonry among us folk of spirit; and it is astonishing how soon we can place ourselves on a footing with neglected wives and discontented daughters. If you come not soon, one of the rewards held out to you in my former letter will certainly not be forthcoming. No schoolboy keeps gingerbread for his comrade without feeling a desire to nibble at it; so, if you appear not to look after your own interest, say you had fair warning. For my own part, I am rather embarrassed than gratified by the prospect of such an affair, when I have on the tapis another of a different nature. This enigma I will explain at meeting.

"Thus finishes my long communication. If my motives of action do not appear explicit, think in what a maze fortune has involved me, and how much must necessarily depend on the chapter of accidents.

"Yesterday I may be said to have opened my siege, for I presented myself before Clara. I had no very flattering reception—that was of little consequence, for I did not expect one. By alarming her fears, I made

an impression thus far, that she acquiesces in my a pearing before her as her brother's guest, and this is small point gained. She will become accustomed look on me, and will remember with less bitterness t trick which I played her formerly; while I, on the oth hand, by a similar force of habit, will get over certa awkward feelings with which I have been compunctiou visited whenever I look upon her.—Adieu! Health a brotherhood.

"Thine,

"ETHERINGTON."

CHAP. XXVII.

Thou bear'st a precious burden, gentle post,
Nitre and sulphur—See that it explode not.—OLD PL

I HAVE received your two long letters, my de Etherington, with equal surprise and interes for what I knew of your Scottish adventu before, was by no means sufficient to prepare me for statement so perversely complicated. The Ignus Fatu which, you say, governed your father, seems to ha ruled the fortunes of your whole house, there is so mu eccentricity in all that you have told me. But *n'impor* Etherington, you were my friend—you held me up wh I was completely broken down; and, whatever y may think, my services are at your command, mu more from reflections on the past, than hopes for t future. I am no speech-maker, but this you m rely on while I continue to be Harry Jekyl. You ha deserved some love at my hands, Etherington, and y have it.

"*Perhaps I love you the* better since your perplexiti *have become known to me*; for, my dear Etherington *you were before too much* an object of envy to be *entirely an object of affection.* What a happy fell

was the song of all who named you. Rank, and a fortune to maintain it—luck sufficient to repair all the waste that you could make in your income, and skill to back that luck, or supply it, should it for a moment fail you. —The cards turning up as if to your wish—the dice rolling, it almost seemed, at your wink—it was rather your look than the touch of your cue that sent the ball into the pocket. You seemed to have fortune in chains, and a man of less honour would have been almost suspected of helping his luck by a little art.—You won every bet; and the instant that you were interested, one might have named the winning horse—it was always that which you were to gain most by.—You never held out your piece but the game went down—and then the women!—with face, manners, person, and, above all, your tongue—what wild work have you made among them! Good heaven! and have you had the old sword hanging over your head by a horsehair all this while? Has your rank been doubtful?—Your fortune unsettled? —And your luck, so constant in everything else, has that, as well as your predominant influence with the women, failed you, when you wished to form a connection for life, and when the care of your fortune required you to do so?—Etherington, I am astonished!—The Mowbray scrape I always thought an inconvenient one, as well as the quarrel with this same Tyrrel, or Martigny; but I was far from guessing the complicated nature of your perplexities.

"But I must not run on in a manner which, though it relieves my own marvelling mind, cannot be very pleasant to you. Enough, I look on my obligations to you as more light to be borne, now I have some chance of repaying them to a certain extent; but, even were the full debt *paid, I would* remain as much attached to you *as ever. It is your* friend who speaks, Etherington; *and, if he offers his* advice in somewhat plain language,



do not, I entreat you, suppose that your confidence has encouraged an offensive familiarity, but consider me as one who, in a weighty matter, writes plainly, to avoid the least chance of misconstruction.

Etherington, your conduct hitherto has resembled anything rather than the coolness and judgment which are so peculiarly your own when you choose to display them. I pass over the masquerade of your marriage—it was a boy's trick, which could hardly have availed you much, even if successful; for what sort of a wife would you have acquired, had this same Clara Mowbray proved willing to have accepted the change which you had put upon her, and transferred herself, without repugnance, from one bridegroom to another?—Poor as I am, I know that neither Nettlewood nor Oakendale should have bribed me to marry such a ——. I cannot decorously fill up the blank.

"Neither, my dear Etherington, can I forgive you the trick you put on the clergyman, in whose eyes you destroyed the poor girl's character to induce him to consent to perform the ceremony, and have thereby perhaps fixed an indelible stain on her for life—this was not a fair *ruse de guerre*.—As it is, you have taken little by your stratagem—unless, indeed, it should be difficult for the young lady to prove the imposition put upon her—for that being admitted, the marriage certainly goes for nothing. At least, the only use you can make of it would be to drive her into a more formal union, for fear of having this whole unpleasant discussion brought into a court of law; and in this, with all the advantages you possess, joined to your own arts of persuasion, and her brother's influence, I should think you very likely to *succeed. All* women are necessarily the slaves of their *reputation. I* have known some who have given up *their virtue* to preserve their character, which is, after *all, only the* shadow of it. I therefore would not con-

a place that I think with pleasure I may
s to you,—under this special condition
ll be no thoughts of farther violence taking
you. However you may have smoothe
contre to yourself, there is no doubt th
ould have regarded any accident which
llen on that occasion, as a crime of the d
that the law would have followed it wi
ere punishment. And for all that I have
ceable disposition, I would fain stop sh
of the gallows—my neck is too long a
a jest, Etherington, you must be ru
n this matter. I detect your hatred to th
line of your letter, even when you write w
coolness ; even where there is an affecta
read your sentiments on this subject ; a

as you have twice narrowly escaped. I do ... to like this man, for I know well the deep root which your prejudices hold in your mind ; I merely ask you to avoid him, and to think of him as one who, if you do meet him, can never be the object of personal resentment.

"On these conditions I will instantly join you at your Spa, and wait but your answer to throw myself into the post-chaise. I will seek out this Martigny for you, and I have the vanity to think I shall be able to persuade him to take the course which his own true interest, as well as yours, so plainly points out—and that is to depart and make us free of him. You must not grudge a round sum of money, should that prove necessary—we must make wings for him to fly with, and I must be empowered by you to that purpose. I cannot think you have anything serious to fear from a lawsuit. Your father threw out this sinister hint at a moment when he was enraged at his wife, and irritated by his son ; and I have little doubt that his expressions were merely flashes of anger at the moment, though I see they have made a deep impression on you. At all events, he spoke of a preference to his illegitimate son, as something which it was in his own power to give or to withhold ; and he has died without bestowing it. The family seem addicted to irregular matrimony, and some left-handed marriage there may have been used to propitiate the modesty, and save the conscience, of the French lady; but that anything of the nature of a serious and legal ceremony took place, nothing but the strongest proof can make me believe.

"I repeat, then, that I have little doubt that the *claims of Martigny*, whatever they are, may be easily *compounded, and England* made clear of him. This *will be more easily* done, if he really entertains such *romantic passion as* you describe, for Miss Clara Mo...

ST

ld be e
o accep
ace of m
ely on it
, and whe
and you, is
the one poi
and the other
ned the subje
nment.—Speal
grateful and d

To this admonitc
urse of post, the

"My truly grat
adopted a tone w
occasion. Why,
repeated a hundr
foolish rencontre,
and be on my g
come upon me, v
and punishment,
with an argume
he shoots, which
the second barr
have been for a
forth upon the

ort of a marriage depending between
I could make the motion to her bro
in such society there is nothing talke
ng and giving in marriage ; and this, w
, as connected with my own private purp
bare rumour, arising out of the gossip o
(et I feel like the poor woman in the old st
herself watched by an eye that glared upon
ind the tapestry.
ould have told you in my last, that I had l
ed at a public entertainment, by the old cle
o pronounced the matrimonial blessing on C
nearly eight years ago. He insisted upon
me by the name of Valentine Bulmer, u
was then best known. It did not suit m
to put him into my confidence, so I cut
is I would an old pencil. The task was the
that I had to do with one of the most absent
dreamed with his eyes open. I verily believ
e persuaded that the whole transaction w
nd that he had never in reality seen me be
his rebuke, therefore, about what I told him
ncerning the lovers is quite thrown away.
iat I said was not accurately true, as I certa
t was an exaggeration, it was all Saint Franc
y's fault, I suppose. I am sure he had love
ility on his side.
e you have a postscript, Harry, longer than
ut it must conclude with the same burde
nd come quickly."

CHAP. XXVIII.

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When sudden whirlwinds rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies.
* * * * *

IT had been settled by all who took the matter into consideration, that the fidgety, fiery old Nabob would soon quarrel with his landlady, Mrs. Dods, and become impatient of his residence at St. Ronan's. A man so kind to himself, and so inquisitive about the affairs of others, could have, it was supposed, a limited sphere for gratification either of his tastes or of his curiosity, in the Aultoun of St. Ronan's; and many a time the precise day and hour of his departure were fixed by the idlers at the Spa. But still old Touchwood appeared amongst them, when the weather permitted, with his nut-brown visage, his throat carefully wrapped up in an immense Indian kerchief, and his gold-headed cane, which he never failed to carry over his shoulder; his short, but stout limbs, and his active step, showing plainly that he bore it rather as a badge of dignity than a means of support. There he stood, answering shortly and gruffly to all questions proposed to him, and making his remarks aloud upon the company, with great indifference as to the offence which might be taken; and as soon as the ancient priestess had handed him his glass of the salutiferous water, turned on his heel with a brief good-morning, and either marched back to hide himself in the Manse, with his crony, Mr. Morgill, or to engage in some hobbyhorsical pursuit connected with his neighbours in the Aultoun.

The truth was, that the honest gentleman having, so *far as Mrs. Dods* would permit, put matters to rights *within her residence,* wisely abstained from pushing his

.ny farther, aware that it is not every stone
ible of receiving the last degree of polish.
aimself about putting Mr. Cargill's house into
, without leave asked or given by that reverend
., he actually accomplished as wonderful a
on in the Manse, as could have been effected by
lent Brownie. The floors were sometimes swept
arpets were sometimes shaken—the plates and
were cleaner—there was tea and sugar in the tea-
, and a joint of meat at proper times was to be
und in the larder. The elder maid-servant wore a good stuff gown—the younger snooded up her hair, and now went about the house a damsel so trig and neat, that some said she was too handsome for the service of a bachelor divine; and others, that they saw no business so old a fool as the Nabob had to be meddling with the lassie's busking. But for such evil bruits Mr. Touchwood cared not, even if he happened to hear of them, which was very doubtful. Add to all these changes, that the garden was weeded, and the glebe was regularly laboured.

The talisman by which all this desirable alteration was wrought, consisted partly in small presents, partly in constant attention. The liberality of the singular old gentleman gave him a perfect right to scold when he saw things wrong; the domestics, who had fallen into total sloth and indifference, began to exert themselves under Mr. Touchwood's new system of rewards and surveillance; and the minister, half unconscious of the cause, reaped the advantage of the exertions of his busy friend. Sometimes he lifted his head, when he heard workmen thumping and bouncing in the neighbourhood of his study, and demanded the meaning of the clatter which annoyed him; *but on* receiving for answer that it was by order of *Mr. Touchwood*, he resumed his labours, under the persuasion that all was well.

of putting the Manse in
ic activity of Mr. Touch-
l dominion in the Aultoun
t men of an ardent temper,
e, to possess himself of the
for. Then was there war
etty but perpetual nuisances,
of the old stamp—then was
hich had reeked before the
fourscore years, transported
as the broken wheelbarrow, or
ed out of the footpath—the old
:en from the window into which
, expel the winter's flaw," was
and its place supplied by good
e means by which such reforma-
: the same as resorted to in the
admonition. The latter given
et little attention—perhaps would
ition—but, softened and sweetened
assist the reform recommended, it
of the hearers, and in general over-
ons. Besides, an opinion of the
s high among the villagers; and an
ongst them, that, notwithstanding his
its or equipage, he was able to pur
ed, half the land in the country.
rriages and fine liveries that made hea
ner helped to lighten them; and th
nded to know what they were talk
Turnpenny, and Mr. Bindloose to b
n more money on Mr. Touchwood's
on the joint bond of half the fine fo
:h an opinion smoothed everything
e, who showed himself neither w
d; and it by no means diminishe

puta
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h
t

his wealth, that in transactions of business he
relessly negligent of his interest, but plainly
understood the value of what he was parting
ew, therefore, cared to withstand the humours
imsical old gentleman, who had both the will
means of obliging those disposed to comply with
cies; and thus the singular stranger contrived, in
ourse of a brief space of days or weeks, to place the
gers more absolutely at his devotion, than they had
n to the pleasure of any individual since their ancient
rds had left the Aultoun. The power of the baron-
ailie himself, though the office was vested in the person of old Meiklewham, was a subordinate jurisdiction, compared to the voluntary allegiance which the inhabitants paid to Mr. Touchwood.

There were, however, recusants, who declined the authority thus set up amongst them, and, with the characteristic obstinacy of their countrymen, refused to hearken to the words of the stranger, whether they were for good or for evil. These men's dunghills were not removed, nor the stumbling-blocks taken from the foot-path, where it passed the front of their houses. And it befell, that while Mr. Touchwood was most eager in abating the nuisances of the village, he had very nearly experienced a frequent fate of great reformers—that of losing his life by means of one of those enormities which as yet had subsisted in spite of all his efforts.

The Nabob, finding his time after dinner hang somewhat heavy on his hand, and the moon being tolerably bright, had, one harvest evening, sought his usual remedy for dispelling ennui by a walk to the Manse, where he was sure, that, if he could not succeed in engaging the minister himself in some disputation, he would at least find *something* in the establishment to animadvert upon *and to restore* to order.

Accordingly, he had taken the opportunity to lecture

the younger of the minister's lasses upon the duty of wearing shoes and stockings; and, as his advice came fortified by a present of six pair of white cotton hose, and two pair of stout leathern shoes, it was received, not with respect only, but with gratitude, and the chuck under the chin that rounded up the oration, while she opened the outer door for his honour, was acknowledged with a blush and a giggle. Nay, so far did Grizzy carry her sense of Mr. Touchwood's kindness, that, observing the moon was behind a cloud, she very carefully offered to escort him to the Cleikum Inn with a lantern, in case he should come to some harm by the gate. This the traveller's independent spirit scorned to listen to; and, having briefly assured her that he had walked the streets of Paris and of Madrid whole nights without such an accommodation, he stoutly strode off on his return to his lodgings.

An accident, however, befell him, which, unless the police of Madrid and Paris be belied, might have happened in either of those two splendid capitals, as well as in the miserable Aultoun of St. Ronan's. Before the door of Saunders Jaup, a feuar of some importance, "who held his land free, and caredna a bodle for ony ane," yawned that odoriferous gulf, ycleped, in Scottish phrase, the jaw-hole, in other words, an uncovered common sewer. The local situation of this receptacle of filth was well known to Mr. Touchwood; for Saunders Jaup was at the very head of those who held out for the practices of their fathers, and still maintained those ancient and unsavoury customs which our traveller had in so many instances succeeded in abating. Guided, therefore, by his nose, the Nabob made a considerable circuit to avoid the displeasure and danger of passing *this filthy puddle* at the nearest, and by that means fell *upon Scylla as he* sought to avoid Charybdis. In plain language, he approached so near the bank of a little



:h in that place passed betwixt the
rse-road, that he lost his footing, and
:l of the streamlet from a height of
It was thought that the noise of his fa
call for assistance, must have been hearc
f Saunders Jaup; but that honest perso
ıg to his own account, at that time enga
rcise of the evening—an excuse which
although Saunders was privately heard to
: town would have been quieter, "if the
g busy-body had bidden still in the burn for

ɔrtune had provided better for poor Touchw
oibles, as they arose out of the most exce.
would have ill deserved so severe a fate.
:r who heard him shout for help, ventu
y to the side of the bank, down which he l
nd, after ascertaining the nature of the grou
ly as the darkness permitted, was at length, a
it some effort, enabled to assist him out of t
the rivulet.
ɔu hurt materially?" said this good Samarit
ct of his care.
ɔ—d—n it—no," said Touchwood, extreme
s disaster, and the cause of it. "Do y
ɔ have been at the summit of Mount Athc
ecipice sinks a thousand feet on the sea, ca
out such a fall as this is?"
: spoke, he reeled, and his kind assista
y the arm to prevent his falling.
ɯ are more hurt than you suppose, sir
ger; "permit me to go home along w

y heart," said Touchwood; "for, th
can need help in such a foolish
y obliged to you, friend; and



" It is much at your service, sir," said the s
"indeed, I was thinking to lodge there for the n
" I am glad to hear it," resumed Touchwood
shall be my guest, and I will make them look a
in proper fashion—You seem to be a very civil
fellow, and I do not find your arm inconvenie
the rheumatism makes me walk so ill—the pe
that have been in hot climates when they settle
these d—d fogs."
" Lean as hard and walk as slow as you will, s
the benevolent assistant—" this is a rough street.
" Yes, sir—and why is it rough?" answered
wood. " Why, because the old pig-headed fool, S
Jaup, will not allow it to be made smooth. T
sits, sir, and obstructs all rational improvement ;
a man would not fall into his infernal putrid gut
so become an abomination to himself and o
others, for his whole life to come, he runs the
breaking his neck, as I have done to-night."
" I am afraid, sir," said his companion, " y
fallen on the most dangerous side. —You re
Swift's proverb, ' The more dirt the less hurt.' "
" But why should there be either dirt or h
well-regulated place?" answered Touchwood—
should not men be able to go about their affairs
in such a hamlet as this, without either endangerin
or noses?—Our Scottish magistrates are worth
sir—nothing at all. Oh for a Turkish cadi,
trounce the scoundrel—or the Mayor of Calc
bring him into his court—or were it but an
Justice of the Peace that is newly included in t
mission—they would abate the villain's nuisance
vengeance on him—But here we are—this is the
Inn.—Hallo—hilloa—house!—Eppie Anderson



—boy Boots!—Mrs. Dods!—are you all
and dead?—Here have I been half mur-
u let me stand bawling at the door!"
rson came with a light, and so did Beenie
with another; but no sooner did they look
r who stood in the porch under the huge
ng to and fro with heavy creaking, than
ned, flung away her candle, though a four
and in a newly-japanned candlestick, and
while Eppie Anderson, echoing the yell,
r light round her head like a Bacchante
torch, and ran off in another direction.
ist be a bloody spectacle," said Mr. Touch-
himself fall heavily upon his assistant's
wiping his face, which trickled with wet—
hink I had been so seriously hurt; but I
ess now—I must have lost much blood."
ou are still mistaken," said the stranger;
the way to the kitchen—we shall find light
one chooses to bring it to us."
the old gentleman into the kitchen, where
ll as a bright fire, was burning, by the light
uld easily discern that the supposed blood
r of the rivulet, and, indeed, none of the
ugh much more so than the sufferer would
a little lower, where the stream is joined by
s of Saunders Jaup's palladium. Relieved
nd's repeated assurances that such was the
r began to bustle up a little, and his com-
us to render him every assistance, went to
he kitchen to call for a basin and water.
about to open the door, the voice of Mrs.
rd, as she descended the stairs, in a tone of
no means unusual to her, yet mingled a
with a few notes that sounded like unto
onsternation.



At this critical moment the stranger opened th of the kitchen, and beheld the dame advancing head of her household troops. The ostler and backed postilion, one bearing a stable-lantern and fork, the other a rushlight and a broom, constitu advanced guard ; Mrs. Dods herself formed he talking loud and brandishing a pair of tongs ; wh two maids, like troops not to be much trusted aft recent defeat, followed, cowering, in the rear. B withstanding this admirable disposition, no soon the stranger shown his face, and pronounced the "Mrs. Dods," than a panic seized the whole arra advanced guard recoiled in consternation, the ost setting Mrs. Dods in the confusion of his retreat she, grappling with him in her terror, secured him ears and hair, and they joined their cries toge hideous chorus. The two maidens resumed their flight, and took refuge in the darksome den, their bedroom, while the humpbacked postilion fl the wind into the stable, and, with professional i began in the extremity of his terror to saddle a h

Meanwhile, the guest whose appearance had this combustion, plucked the roaring ostler from Mrs. Dods, and pushing him away with a heart *on the shoulder,* proceeded to raise and encoura *fallen landlady, inquiring,* at the same time, " *in the devil's name,* was the cause of all this s *confusion ?* "



hat is the reason, in Heaven's name," an-
e matron, keeping her eyes firmly shut, and
ish in her expostulation, though in the very
of terror, "that you should come and frighten
t house, where you met naething, when ye was
body, but the height of civility?"
id why should I frighten you, Mrs. Dods, or, in
rd, what is the meaning of all this nonsensical
"
e you not," said Mrs. Dods, opening her eyes a
she spoke, "the ghaist of Francis Tirl?"
m Francis Tyrrel, unquestionably, my old friend."
tend it! I kend it!" answered the honest woman,
ng into her agony; "and I think ye might be
ed of yoursell, that are a ghaist, and have nae
to do than to frighten a puir auld alewife."
a my word, I am no ghost, but a living man,"
ed Tyrrel.
ere you no murdered then?" demanded Mrs. Dods,
an uncertain voice, and only partially opening her
"Are ye very sure ye werena murdered?"
hy, not that I ever heard of, certainly, dame,"
Tyrrel.
it *I* shall be murdered presently," said old Touch-
from the kitchen, where he had hitherto remained
auditor of this extraordinary scene—"*I* shall be
red, unless you fetch me some water without delay."
oming, sir, coming," answered Dame Dods, her
sional reply being as familiar to her as that of poor
s's "Anon, anon, sir." "As I live by honest
ings," said she, fully collecting herself, and giving
ce of more composed temper at Tyrrel, "I believe
ursell, Maister Frank, in blood and body after a'—
e if I dinna gie a proper sorting to yon twa sill
hat gard me mak a bogle of you, and a fule
-Ghaist! my certie, I sall ghaist them—if I

had their heads as muckle on their wark as on the daffing, they wad play nae sic pliskies—it's the wante steed that scaurs at the windlestrae—Ghaist! wha e' heard of ghaists in an honest house? Naebody nee fear bogles that has a conscience void of offence.—But am blithe that MacTurk hasna murdered ye when a' dune, Maister Francie."

"Come this way, Mother Dods, if you would not ha me do a mischief!" exclaimed Touchwood, grasping plate which stood on the dresser, as if he were about heave it at the landlady, by way of recalling her atte tion.

"For the love of Heaven, dinna break it!" exclaime the alarmed landlady, knowing that Touchwood's effe vescence of impatience sometimes expended itself at th expense of her crockery, though it was afterwards lib rally atoned for. "Lord, sir, are ye out of your wits?- it breaks a set, ye ken—Godsake, put doun the cheer plate, and try your hand on the delf-ware!—it will ju make as good a jingle—But, Lord haud a grip o' us now I look at ye, what can hae come ower ye, and wh sort of a plight are ye in?—Wait till I fetch water an a towel."

In fact, the miserable guise of her new lodger no overcame the dame's curiosity to inquire after the fate her earlier acquaintance, and she gave her instant an exclusive attention to Mr. Touchwood, with many excl mations, while aiding him to perform the task of ablutio and abstersion. Her two fugitive handmaidens had b this time returned to the kitchen, and endeavoured suppress a smuggled laugh at the recollection of the mistress's panic, by acting very officiously in Mr. Touch wood's service. By dint of washing and drying, th token of the sable stains was at length removed, and th veteran became, with some difficulty, satisfied that had been more dirtied and frightened than hurt.



he meantime, stood looking on with wonder,
at he beheld in the features which emerged
ak of mud the countenance of an old friend.
operation was ended, he could not help ad-
himself to Mr. Touchwood, to demand whether
not the pleasure to see a friend to whom he had
liged when at Smyrna, for some kindness respect-
noney matters?

worth speaking of—not worth speaking of," said
ood hastily. "Glad to see you, though—glad
ou. Yes, here I am; you will find me the same
tured old fool that I was at Smyrna—never look
n to get in money again—always laying it out.
ind—it was written in my forehead, as the Turk
will go up now and change my dress—you will
me when I come back—Mrs. Dods will toss us
thing—a brandered fowl will be best, Mrs. Dods,
ne mushrooms, and get us a jug of mulled wine
, as you call it—to put the recollection of the
byterian's common sewer out of my head."

ying, upstairs marched the traveller to his own
nt, while Tyrrel, seizing upon a candle, was
do the same.

Touchwood is in the blue room, Mrs. Dods; I
I may take possession of the yellow one?"

pose naething about the matter, Maister Francie
ye tell me downright where ye hae been a' this
d whether ye hae been murdered or no."

ink you may be pretty well satisfied of that, Mrs.

th! and so I am in a sense; and yet it gars me
look upon ye, sae mony days and weeks it has
ce I thought ye were rotten in the moulds. And
ee ye standing before me hale and feir, and cry-
bedroom like ither folk!"

would almost suppose, my good friend,"

Tyrrel, "that you were sorry at my having come alive again."

"It's no for that," replied Mrs. Dods, who was peculiarly ingenious in the mode of framing and stating what she conceived to be her grievances; "but is it no a queer thing for a decent man like yoursell, Maister Tirl, to be leaving your lodgings without a word spoken, and me put to a' these charges in seeking for your dead body, and very near taking my business out of honest Maister Bindloose's hands, because he kend the cantrips of the like of you better than I did?—and than they has putten up an advertisement down at the Waal yonder, wi' a' their names at it, setting ye forth, Maister Francie, as ane of the greatest blackguards unhanged; and wha, div ye think, is to keep ye in a creditable house, if that's the character ye get?"

"You may leave that to me, Mrs. Dods—I assure you that matter shall be put to rights to your satisfaction; and I think, so long as we have known each other, you may take my word that I am not undeserving the shelter of your roof for a single night (I shall ask it no longer), until my character is sufficiently cleared. It was for that purpose chiefly I came back again."

"Came back again!" said Mrs. Dods. "I profess ye made me start, Maister Tirl, and you looking sae pale, too. But I think," she added, straining after a joke, "if ye were a ghaist, seeing we are such auld acquaintance, ye wadna wish to spoil my custom, but would just walk decently up and down the auld castle wa's, or maybe down at the kirk yonder—there have been awfu' things dune in that kirk and kirkyard—I whiles dinna like to look that way, Maister Francie."

"I am much of your mind, mistress," said Tyrrel, *with a sigh*; "and, indeed, I do in one sense resemble *the apparitions* you talk of; for, like them, and to as *little purpose*, I stalk about scenes where my happiness



3ut I speak riddles to you, Mrs. Dc
is, that I met with an accident on th
ur house, the effects of which detaine
nce from St. Ronan's till this very day.
, sirs, and ye were sparing of your troub
rite a bit line, or send a bit message!—Ye
ught folk wad hae been vexed eneugh abo
undertaking journeys, and hiring folk to se
ead body."
shall willingly pay all reasonable charges
appearance may have occasioned," answere
"and I assure you, once for all, that my ren
some time quiet at Marchthorn, arose partly f
and partly from business of a very pressing
lar nature."
Marchthorn!" exclaimed Dame Dods, "he
an the like o' that!—And where did ye put up
horn, an ane may mak bauld to speer?"
he Black Bull," replied Tyrrel.
that's auld Tam Lowrie's—a very decent ma
—and a douce creditable house—nane of yo
oys—I am glad ye made choice of sic gud
neighbour; for I am beginning to think ye a
ser ane—ye look as if butter wadna melt i
h, but I sall warrant cheese no choke ye.—Bu
ye to gang your ways into the parlour, for
to get muckle mair out o' ye, it's like; an
ding here just in the gate, when we hae th
ish."
ad to be released from the examination t
andlady's curiosity had without ceremon
n, walked into the parlour, where he wa
ed by Mr. Touchwood, newly attired, a
.
es our supper!" he exclaimed.—"S
s see what Mrs. Dods has done for

I profess, mistress, your plottie is excellent, ever since I taught you to mix the spices in the right proportion."

"I am glad the plottie pleases ye, sir—but I think I kend gay weel how to make it before I saw your honour—Maister Tirl can tell that, for mony a browst o' it I hae brewed lang syne for him and the callant Valentine Bulmer."

This ill-timed observation extorted a groan from Tyrrel; but the traveller, running on with his own recollections, did not appear to notice his emotion.

"You are a conceited old woman," said Mr. Touchwood; "how the devil should any one know how to mix spices so well as he who has been where they grow?—I have seen the sun ripening nutmegs and cloves, and here it can hardly fill a peascod, by Jupiter! Ah, Tyrrel, the merry nights we have had at Smyrna!—Gad, I think the gammon and the good wine taste all the better in a land where folks hold them to be sinful indulgences—Gad, I believe many a good Moslem is of the same opinion—that same prohibition of their prophet's gives a flavour to the ham, and a relish to the Cyprus.—Do you remember old Cogia Hassein, with his green turban?—I once played him a trick, and put a pint of brandy into his sherbet. Egad, the old fellow took care never to discover the cheat until he had got to the bottom of the flagon, and then he strokes his long white beard, and says, 'Ullah Kerim'—that is, 'Heaven is merciful,' Mrs. Dods, Mr. Tyrrel knows the meaning of it.—Ullah Kerim, says he, after he had drunk about a gallon of brandy-punch!—Ullah Kerim, says the hypocritical old rogue, as if he had done the finest thing in the world!"

"And what for no? What for shouldna the honest man say a blessing after his drap punch?" demanded *Mrs. Dods; "it* was better, I ween, than blasting, and *blawing, and swearing,* as if folks shouldna be thankful *for the creature-comforts."*

...st and terror u...
...yne, and what wi' the bit taste that
s of the plottie while I was making it, n
enough distressed the night already.—Ma
yellow room is ready for ye when ye lil
ntlemen, as the morn is the Sabbath, I canna
g the servant queans out of their beds to wa
my langer, for they will mak it an excuse for l
ught o'clock on the Lord's Day. So, when you
s done, I'll be muckle obliged to ye to light the b
andles, and put out the double moulds, and e'e
oursells to your beds; for douce folks, sic as the
ou, should set an example by ordinary.—And so,
ght to ye baith."

"By my faith," said Touchwood, as she with
our dame turns as obstinate as a Pacha with
s !—We have her gracious permission to finis
g, however; so here is to your health once mor
rel, wishing you a hearty welcome to
ntry."

land—as for the bills, we will speak of them another
e—something due for picking me out of the gutter."

'I shall make no deduction on that account," said
rrel, smiling, though in no jocose mood; "and I beg
u not to mistake me. The circumstances of embarrass-
ent under which you found me at Smyrna were merely
mporary—I am most able and willing to pay my debt;
nd, let me add, I am most desirous to do so."

"Another time—another time," said Mr. Touchwood
—"time enough before us, Mr. Tyrrel—besides, at
Smyrna, you talked of a lawsuit—law is a lick-penny,
Mr. Tyrrel—no counsellor like the pound in purse."

"For my lawsuit," said Tyrrel, "I am fully provided."

"But have you good advice?—Have you good ad-
vice?" said Touchwood; "answer me that."

"I have advised with my lawyers," answered Tyrrel,
internally vexed to find that his friend was much disposed
to make his generosity upon the former occasion a pre-
text for prying farther into his affairs now than he
thought polite or convenient.

"With your counsel learned in the law—eh? my dear
boy? But the advice you should take is of some travelled
friend, well acquainted with mankind and the world—
some one that has lived double your years, and is maybe
looking out for some bare young fellow that he may do
a little good to—one that might be willing to help you
farther than I can pretend to guess—for, as to your
lawyer, you get just your guinea's worth from him—not
even so much as the baker's bargain, thirteen to the
dozen."

"I think I should not trouble myself to go far in search
of a friend such as you describe," said Tyrrel, who did
not affect to misunderstand the senior's drift, "when I
was near Mr. Peregrine Touchwood; but the truth is
my affairs are at present so much complicated with
those of others, whose secrets I have no right to commu-

s right—confidential is the word—No per
a confidant of me who repented it—Th
ucha might have made of it, had he taken
l cut through the Isthmus of Suez.—Turk
men of all tongues and countries, used to c
uchwood, from the building of a mosque d
lling of an *agio*.—But come—Good-nigh
."
g, he took up his bedroom light, and ex
e of those which stood on the table, nodde
lischarge his share of the duty imposed by N
the same punctuality, and they withdrew
al apartments, entertaining very different se
ach other.
blesome, inquisitive old gentleman," said Ty
; "I remember him narrowly escaping
at Smyrna, for thrusting his advice on
di—and then I lie under a considerable obl

CHAP. XXIX.

We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.
——*So begone!*
KING HENRY IV. Part I.

IT had been the purpose of Tyrrel, by rising and breakfasting early, to avoid again meeting Mr. Touchwood, having upon his hands a matter in ch that officious gentleman's interference was likely to ve troublesome. His character, he was aware, had en assailed at the Spa in the most public manner, and the most public manner he was resolved to demand edress, conscious that whatever other important concerns had brought him to Scotland, must necessarily be post- poned to the vindication of his honour. He was deter- mined, for this purpose, to go down to the rooms when the company was assembled at the breakfast hour, and had just taken his hat to set out, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Dods, who, announcing "a gentleman that was speering for him," ushered into the chamber a very fashionable young man in a military surtout, covered with silk lace and fur, and wearing a foraging-cap; dress now too familiar to be distinguished, but which that time was used only by geniuses of a superior ord The stranger was neither handsome nor plain, but in his appearance a good deal of pretension, and the easy superiority which belongs to high breeding. part, he surveyed Tyrrel; and, as his appearance Perhaps, from that for which the exterior of the Ion had prepared him, he abated something *with which he had entered the room, and* p *nounced himself as Captain Jekyl, of the* — *(presenting, at the same time, his ticket).*

"He presumed he spoke to Mr. Martin



Francis Tyrrel, sir," replie
–"Martigny was my mothe
e it."
not here for the purpose o
.r. Tyrrel, though I am not e
y principal's information leads hi
ur principal, I presume, is Sir Bin
. "I have not forgotten that the
e affair between us."
I have not the honour to know Sir Bing
tain Jekyl. "I come on the part o
erington."
yrrel stood silent for a moment, and t
at a loss to know what the gentleman wh
Earl of Etherington can have to say to
medium of such a messenger as yours
l. I should have supposed that, consi
ppy relationship, and the terms on which
rds each other, the lawyers were the fitter n
en us."
r," said Captain Jekyl, "you are misun
y errand. I am come on no message
from Lord Etherington—I am aware o
betwixt you, which would render such
er contradictory to common sense and
e; and I assure you, I would lay dow
an be concerned in an affair so unn
t, if possible, as a mediator betwixt yo
ad hitherto remained standing. M
ed his guest a seat; and, having ass
e broke the awkward pause which
"I should be happy, after experien
rse of injustice and persecution
arn, even at this late period, Ca
ich can make me think bett
r purpose towards me and tow



"Mr. Tyrrel," said Captain Jekyl, "you must allow me to speak with candour. There is too great a stake betwixt your brother and you to permit you to be friends; but I do not see it is necessary that you should therefore be mortal enemies."

"I am not my brother's enemy, Captain Jekyl," said Tyrrel—"I have never been so—His friend I cannot be, and he knows but too well the insurmountable barrier which his own conduct has placed between us."

"I am aware," said Captain Jekyl, slowly and expressively, "generally, at least, of the particulars of your unfortunate disagreement."

"If so," said Tyrrel, colouring, "you must be also aware with what extreme pain I feel myself compelled to enter on such a subject with a total stranger—a stranger, too, the friend and confidant of one who——But I will not hurt your feelings, Captain Jekyl, but rather endeavour to suppress my own. In one word, I beg to be favoured with the import of your communication, as I am obliged to go down to the Spa this morning, in order to put to rights some matters there which concern me nearly."

"If you mean the cause of your absence from an appointment with Sir Bingo Binks," said Captain Jekyl, "the matter has been already completely explained. I pulled down the offensive placard with my own hand, and rendered myself responsible for your honour to any one who should presume to hold it in future doubt."

"Sir," said Tyrrel, very much surprised, "I am obliged to you for your intention, the more so as I am ignorant how I have merited such interference. It is not, however, quite satisfactory to me, because I am accustomed to be the guardian of my own honour."

"*An easy task*, I presume, in all cases, Mr. Tyrrel," *answered Jekyl*, "but peculiarly so in the present, when ye *will find no one* so hardy as to assail it.—My interferen



ld have been unjustifiably officious, had I not moment undertaking a commission implying l intercourse with you. For the sake of my cter, it became necessary to establish yours. I truth of the whole affair from my friend, the Etherington, who ought to thank Heaven so long ives, that saved him on that occasion from the ission of a very great crime."

Your friend, sir, has had, in the course of his life, h to thank Heaven for, but more for which to ask d's forgiveness."

"I am no divine, sir," replied Captain Jekyl, with pirit; "but I have been told that the same may be said of most men alive."

"I, at least, cannot dispute it," said Tyrrel; "but to proceed.—Have you found yourself at liberty, Captain Jekyl, to deliver to the public the whole particulars of a rencontre so singular as that which took place between your friend and me?"

"I have not, sir," said Jekyl—"I judged it a matter of great delicacy, and which each of you had the like interest to preserve secret."

"May I beg to know, then," said Tyrrel, "how it was possible for you to vindicate my absence from Sir Bingo's rendezvous otherwise?"

"It was only necessary, sir, to pledge my word as a gentleman and a man of honour, characters in which I am pretty well known to the world, that, to my certain personal knowledge, you were hurt in an affair with a friend of mine, the further particulars of which prudence required should be sunk into oblivion. I think no one will venture to dispute my word, or to require more than my assurance.—If there should be any one very hard of faith on *the occasion*, I shall find a way to satisfy him. In *the meanwhile*, your outlawry has been rescinded in a *most honourable* manner; and Sir Bingo, in consid

tion of his share in giving rise to reports so injurio you, is desirous to drop all further proceedings i original quarrel, and hopes the whole matter will be got and forgiven on all sides.

"Upon my word, Captain Jekyl," answered Ty "you lay me under the necessity of acknowledging gation to you. You have cut a knot which I sh have found it very difficult to unloose; for I fra confess, that, while I was determined not to re under the stigma put upon me, I should have had difficulty in clearing myself without mentioning cir stances, which, were it only for the sake of my fat memory, should be buried in eternal oblivion. I your friend feels no continued inconvenience from hurt?"

"His lordship is nearly quite recovered," said Je

"And I trust he did me the justice to own, tha far as my will was concerned, I am totally guiltless o purpose of hurting him?"

"He does you full justice in that and everything e replied Jekyl; "regrets the impetuosity of his own per, and is determined to be on his guard against future."

"That," said Tyrrel, "is so far well; and now, I ask once more, what communication you have to r to me on the part of your friend?—Were it from any but him, whom I have found so uniformly false and cherous, your own fairness and candour would in me to hope that this unnatural quarrel might be in sort ended by your mediation."

"I then proceed, sir, under more favourable aus than I expected," said Captain Jekyl, "to enter o commission.—You are about to commence a law *Mr. Tyrrel, if Fame does* not wrong you, for the pur *of depriving your brother* of his estate and title."

"The case is not fairly stated, Captain Jekyl,"

ommence a lawsuit, when I do commence
ke of ascertaining my own just rights."
es to the same thing eventually," said the
"I am not called upon to decide upon the
your claims, but they are, you will allow, newly
The late Countess of Etherington died in pos-
—open and undoubted possession—of her rank
ety."
f she had no real claim to it, sir," replied Tyrrel,
e had more than justice who enjoyed it so long ; and
injured lady whose claims were postponed, had just
much less.—But this is no point for you and me to
iscuss between us—it must be tried elsewhere."

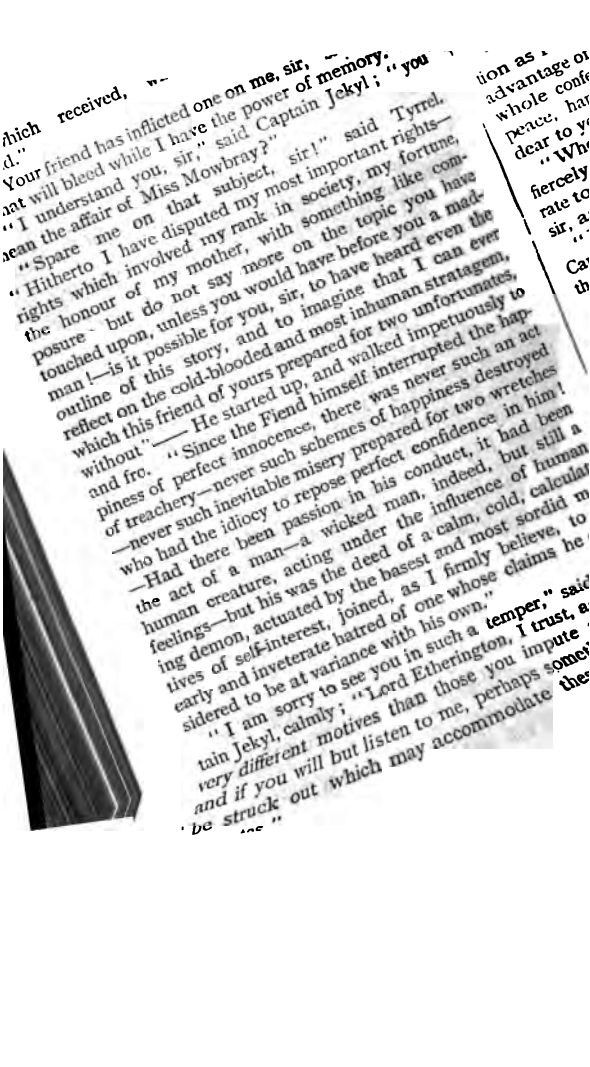
"Proofs, sir, of the strongest kind, will be necessary to overthrow a right so well established in public opinion as that of the present possessor of the title of Etherington."

Tyrrel took a paper from his pocket-book, and, handing it to Captain Jekyl, only answered, "I have no thoughts of asking you to give up the cause of your friend ; but methinks the documents of which I give you a list, may shake your opinion of it."

Captain Jekyl read, muttering to himself, "'*Certificate of marriage, by the Rev. Zadock Kemp, chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, between Marie de Bellroche, Comtesse de Martigny, and the Right Honourable John Lord Oakendale—Letters between John Earl of Etherington and his lady, under the title of Madame de Martigny—Certificate of baptism—Declaration of the Earl of Etherington on his deathbed.*'—All this is very well—but may I ask you, Mr. Tyrrel, if it is really your purpose to go to extremity with your brother?"

"He has forgot that he is one—he has lifted his hand *against my life.*"

"*You have shed* his blood—twice shed it," said Jekyl ; "*the world will not* ask which brother gave the offence.



which received, w
d."
Your friend has inflicted one on me, sir, ... of memory.
at will bleed while I have the power of memory.
"I understand you, sir," said Captain Jekyl; "you
ean the affair of Miss Mowbray?"
"Spare me on that subject, sir!" said Tyrrel.
"Hitherto I have disputed my most important rights—
rights which involved my rank in society, my fortune,
the honour of my mother, with something like com-
posure—but do not say more on the topic you have
touched upon, unless you would have before you a mad-
man!—is it possible for you, sir, to have heard even the
outline of this story, and to imagine that I can ever
reflect on the cold-blooded and most inhuman stratagem,
which this friend of yours prepared for two unfortunates,
without"—He started up, and walked impetuously to
and fro. "Since the Fiend himself interrupted the hap-
piness of perfect innocence, there was never such an act
of treachery—never such schemes of happiness destroyed
—never such inevitable misery prepared for two wretches
who had the idiocy to repose perfect confidence in him!
—Had there been passion in his conduct, it had been
the act of a man—a wicked man, indeed, but still a
human creature, acting under the influence of human
feelings—but his was the deed of a calm, cold, calculat-
ing demon, actuated by the basest and most sordid m
tives of self-interest, joined, as I firmly believe, to
early and inveterate hatred of one whose claims he
sidered to be at variance with his own."
"I am sorry to see you in such a temper," said
tain Jekyl, calmly; "Lord Etherington, I trust, a
very different motives than those you impute
and if you will but listen to me, perhaps some
be struck out which may accommodate the



d Tyrrel, sitting down again, "I will listen calmness, as I would remain calm under the surgeon tenting a festered wound. But when ı me to the quick, when you prick the very ıu cannot expect me to endure without wincing." ıll endeavour, then, to be as brief in the opera- I can," replied Captain Jekyl, who possessed the ıtage of the most admirable composure during the .e conference. "I conclude, Mr. Tyrrel, that the ce, happiness, and honour of Miss Mowbray, are ar to you?"

"Who dare impeach her honour?" said Tyrrel, iercely; then checking himself, added in a more moderate tone, but one of deep feeling, "They are dear to me, sir, as my eyesight."

"My friend holds them in equal regard," said the Captain; "and has come to the resolution of doing her the most ample justice."

"He can do her justice no otherwise, than by ceasing to haunt this neighbourhood, to think, to speak, even to dream of her."

"Lord Etherington thinks otherwise," said Captain Jekyl; "he believes that if Miss Mowbray has sustained any wrong at his hands, which, of course, I am not called upon to admit, it will be best repaired by the offer to share with her his title, his rank, and his fortune."

"His title, rank, and fortune, sir, are as much a falsehood as he is himself," said Tyrrel, with violence—"Marry Clara Mowbray? never!"

"My friend's fortune, you will observe," replied Jekyl, "does not rest entirely upon the event of the lawsuit with which you, Mr. Tyrrel, now threaten him.—Deprive him, if you can, of the Oakendale estate, he has still a large patrimony by his mother; and besides, as to his marriage with Clara Mowbray, he conceives, that unle it should be the lady's wish to have the ceremony

peated, to which he is most desirous to defer his own opinion, they have only to declare that it has already passed between them."

"A trick, sir!" said Tyrrel, "a vile infamous trick! of which the lowest wretch in Newgate would be ashamed —the imposition of one person for another."

"Of that, Mr. Tyrrel, I have seen no evidence whatever. The clergyman's certificate is clear—Francis Tyrrel is united to Clara Mowbray in the holy bands of wedlock —such is the tenor—there is a copy—nay, stop one instant, if you please, sir. You say there was an imposition in the case—I have no doubt but you speak what you believe, and what Miss Mowbray told you. She was surprised—forced in some measure from the husband she had just married—ashamed to meet her former lover, to whom, doubtless, she had made many a vow of love, and ne'er a true one—what wonder that, unsupported by her bridegroom, she should have changed her tone, and thrown all the blame of her own inconstancy on the absent swain?—A woman, at a pinch so critical, will make the most improbable excuse, rather than be found guilty on her own confession."

"There must be no jesting in this case," said Tyrrel, his cheek becoming pale, and his voice altered with passion.

"I am quite serious, sir," replied Jekyl; "and there is no law court in Britain that would take the lady's word —all she has to offer, and that in her own cause—against a whole body of evidence, direct and circumstantial, showing that she was by her own free consent, married to the gentleman who now claims her hand.—Forgive me, sir, I see you are much agitated—I do not mean to dispute your right of believing what you think is most credible—I only use the freedom of pointing out to you *the impression which* the evidence is likely to make on *the minds of indifferent* persons."



riend," answered Tyrrel, affecting a com-
ich, however, he was far from possessing,
nk by such arguments to screen his villany;
nnot avail him—the truth is known to Heaven—
wn to me—and there is, besides, one indifferent
s upon earth, who can testify that the most abomin-
nposition was practised on Miss Mowbray."

"You mean her cousin—Hannah Irwin, I think is her
e," answered Jekyl; "you see I am fully acquainted
h all the circumstances of the case. But where is
annah Irwin to be found?"

"She will appear, doubtless, in Heaven's good time, and to the confusion of him who now imagines the only witness of his treachery—the only one who could tell the truth of this complicated mystery—either no longer lives, or, at least, cannot be brought forward against him, to the ruin of his schemes. Yes, sir, that slight observation of yours has more than explained to me why your friend, or to call him by his true name, Mr. Valentine Bulmer, has not commenced his machinations sooner, and also why he has commenced them now. He thinks himself certain that Hannah Irwin is not now in Britain, or to be produced in a court of justice—he may find himself mistaken."

"My friend seems perfectly confident of the issue of his cause," answered Jekyl; "but for the lady's sake, he is most unwilling to prosecute a suit which must be attended with so many circumstances of painful exposure."

"Exposure, indeed!" answered Tyrrel; "thanks to the traitor who laid a mine so fearful, and who now affects to be reluctant to fire it.—Oh! how I am bound to curse that affinity that restrains my hands! I would be content to be the meanest and vilest of society, for one hour *of vengeance* on this unexampled hypocrite!—On*thing is certain, sir*—your friend will have no living victi*His persecution* will kill Clara Mowbray, and fill up

cup of his crimes with the murder of one of the sweetest ——I shall grow a woman if I say more on the subject!"

"My friend," said Jekyl, "since you like best to have him so defined, is as desirous as you can be to spare the lady's feelings; and with that view, not reverting to former passages, he has laid before her brother a proposal of alliance, with which Mr. Mowbray is highly pleased."

"Ha!" said Tyrrel, starting—"And the lady?"—

"And the lady so far proved favourable, as to consent that Lord Etherington shall visit Shaws Castle."

"Her consent must have been extorted!" exclaimed Tyrrel.

"It was given voluntarily," said Jekyl, "as I am led to understand; unless, perhaps, in so far as the desire to veil these very unpleasing transactions may have operated, I think naturally enough, to induce her to sink them in eternal secrecy, by accepting Lord Etherington's hand.—I see, sir, I give you pain, and am sorry for it,—I have no title to call upon you for any exertion of generosity; but should such be Miss Mowbray's sentiments, is it too much to expect of you, that you will not compromise the lady's honour by insisting upon former claims, and opening up disreputable transactions so long past?"

"Captain Jekyl," said Tyrrel solemnly, "I have no claims. Whatever I might have had were cancelled by the act of treachery through which your friend endeavoured too successfully to supplant me. Were Clara Mowbray as free from her pretended marriage as law could pronounce her, still with me—*me*, at least of all men in world—the obstacle must ever remain, that the nup benediction has been pronounced over her and the whom I must for once call *brother*."—He stopped at *word, as if it had* cost him agony to pronounce it, *then resumed*:—"No, sir, I have no views of per *advantage in this matter*—they have been long anni —*But I will* not permit Clara Mowbray to bec

llain—I will watch over her with thoughts as those of her guardian angel. I have been the ll the evil she has sustained—I first persuaded it the path of duty—I, of all men who live, am o protect her from the misery—from the guilt nust attach to her as this man's wife. I will never e that she wishes it—I will never believe that, in mind and sober reason, she can be brought to listen ich a guilty proposal.—But her mind—alas !—is not he firm texture it once could boast; and your friend ows well how to press on the spring of every passion at can agitate and alarm her. Threats of exposure may extort her consent to this most unfitting match, if they do not indeed drive her to suicide, which I think the most likely termination. I will, therefore, be strong where she is weak.—Your friend, sir, must at least strip his proposals of their fine gilding. I will satisfy Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's of his false pretences, both to rank and fortune; and I rather think he will protect his sister against the claim of a needy profligate, though he might be dazzled with the alliance of a wealthy peer."

"Your cause, sir, is not yet won," answered Jekyl; "and when it is, your brother will retain property enough to entitle him to marry a greater match than Miss Mowbray, besides the large estate of Nettlewood, to which that alliance must give him right. But I would wish to make some accommodation between you, if it were possible. You profess, Mr. Tyrrel, to lay aside all selfish wishes and views in this matter, and to look entirely to Miss Mowbray's safety and happiness?"

"Such, upon my honour, is the exclusive purpose of my interference—I would give all I am worth to procure her an hour of quiet—for happiness she will never know again."

"Your anticipations of Miss Mowbray's distress," replied Jekyl, "are, I understand, founded upon the

WELL.

think him a man of light
rreached you in a juvenile
ıow, in his more steady and
ss of the lady in whom you
ıt not to be trusted to him?"
rounds," said Tyrrel hastily;
ɔn those you have named, as
ıterference."

d propose some accommodation
therington does not pretend to
ate lover. He lives much in the
sire to quit it. Miss Mowbray's
r spirits variable—and retirement
y be her choice—Suppose—I am
ɔposition—suppose that a marriage
ıs so circumstanced were rendered
ageous to both—suppose that such a
secure to one party a large estate—
other against all the consequences of
posure—still, both ends might be ob-
e ceremony of marriage passing between
ight be a previous contract of separation,
ɔvisions for the lady, and stipulations, by
oand should renounce all claim to her
things happen every season, if not on the
day, yet before the honey-moon is over.—
reedom would be the lady's, and as much
sir, supposing your claims just, may think
ave them."

ıs a long pause, during which Tyrrel under-
changes of countenance, which Jekyl watched
without pressing him for an answer. At lengt
!, "There is much in your proposal, Capta
ch I might be tempted to accede to, as
unloosing this Gordian knot, and a con
ıich Miss Mowbray's future tranquillity

be in son
trust a fa
fettered
certain t
connect
single
altar.
He
calm
even
in th
title
I a
ori
m
a
F



me degree provided for. But
nged adder than your friend, u
y the strongest ties of interest.
ie unhappy lady could never su
d with him in this manner, thou
ment when they should appear
here are other objections"——
cked himself, paused, and then
l self-possessed tone. "You
that I have some selfish and i
siness; and probably you may
ntertain the same suspicion tov
ly harbour respecting every pr
s with your friend.—I cannot he
e disadvantageous impressions w
sty; and it is in the spirit of botl
on to *you*.—Your friend is attach
l worldly advantages, in the usua
which they are pursued by men
nust admit, and I will not offe
ore."

w few people who do not desi
swered Captain Jekyl; "and I fi
no particular degree of philosop
g them."

so," answered Tyrrel. "Indee
just made indicates that his pre
g lady's hand is entirely, or almo
notives of interest, since you are
be contented to separate from h
riage day, provided that, in dc
f the Nettlewood property."

roposition was unauthorised by
Jekyl; "but it is needless
implies an idea, on my part
10 passionate lover."

"Well then," answered Tyrrel. "Consider, sir, and
him consider well, that the estate and rank he now
assumes depend upon my will and pleasure—that, if I
prosecute the claims of which that scroll makes you
aware, he must descend from the rank of an earl into that
of a commoner, stripped of by much the better half of
his fortune—a diminution which would be far from being
compensated by the estate of Nettlewood, even if he
could obtain it, which could only be by means of a law
suit, precarious in the issue, and most dishonourable in
its very essence."

"Well, sir," replied Jekyl, "I perceive your argument
—What is your proposal?"

"That I will abstain from prosecuting my claim on
those honours and that property—that I will leave
Valentine Bulmer in possession of his usurped title and
ill-deserved wealth—that I will bind myself under the
strongest penalties never to disturb his possession of the
Earldom of Etherington, and estates belonging to it—
on condition that he allows the woman, whose peace of
mind he has ruined for ever, to walk through the world
in her wretchedness, undisturbed either by his marriag
suit, or by any claim founded upon his own most treach
ous conduct—in short, that he forbear to molest C
Mowbray, either by his presence, word, letter, or thr
the intervention of a third party, and be to her in
as if he did not exist."

"This is a singular offer," said the Captain
I ask if you are serious in making it?"

"I am neither surprised nor offended at the
said Tyrrel. "I am a man, sir, like others
no superiority to that which all men desire t
of—a certain consideration and station in s
no romantic fool, to undervalue the sacri
to make. I renounce a rank, which is
the more valuable to me, because it in

poke) the fame of an honoured moth
ag to claim it, I disobey the comman
, who wished that by doing so I shou
orld the penitence which hurried hin
grave, and the making which public h
ght be some atonement for his errors
moured place in the land, I descend v
come a nameless exile ; for, once certai
owbray's peace is assured, Britain no long
ll this I do, sir, not in any idle strain o
eling, but seeing, and knowing, and de
ery advantage which I renounce—yet I d
willingly, rather than be the cause of
one, on whom I have already broug
uch."

His voice, in spite of his exertions, falter
uded the sentence, and a big drop, whic
e, required him for the moment to turn
indow.

"I am ashamed of this childishness," he
ain to Captain Jekyl ; "if it excites your
t it be at least a proof of my sincerity."

"I am far from entertaining such senti
kyl, respectfully—for, in a long train o
llies, his heart had not been utterly hard
r indeed. To a proposal so singular as yo
expected to answer—except thus far—
the peerage is, I believe, indelible, an
signed or assumed at pleasure. If you a
Etherington, I cannot see how your resign

that his honour and conscience will be easily
ed."
May I take a copy of the memorandum containing
ist of documents," said Captain Jekyl, "for the in-
ation of my constituent?"
The paper is at your pleasure, sir," replied Tyrrel;
is itself but a copy. But Captain Jekyl," he added,
h a sarcastic expression, "is, it would seem, but im-
rfectly let into his friend's confidence—he may be
sured his principal is completely acquainted with the
ontents of this paper, and has accurate copies of the
leeds to which it refers."
"I think it scarce possible," said Jekyl, angrily.
"Possible and certain!" answered Tyrrel. "My father,
shortly preceding his death, sent me—with a most affect-
ing confession of his errors—this list of papers, and
acquainted me that he had made a similar communica-
tion to your friend. That he did so I have no doubt,
however Mr. Bulmer may have thought proper to dis-
guise the circumstance in communication with you.
One circumstance, among others, stamps at once his
character, and confirms me of the danger he apprehended
by my return to Britain. He found means, through a
scoundrelly agent, who had made me the usual remit-
tances from my father while alive, to withhold those
which were necessary for my return from the Levant,
and I was obliged to borrow from a friend."
"Indeed?" replied Jekyl. "It is the first time I have
heard of these papers—May I inquire where the originals
are, and in whose custody?"
"I was in the East," answered Tyrrel, "during my
father's last illness, and these papers were by him depo
sited with a respectable commercial house, with whic
he was connected. They were enclosed in a cover directe
to me, and that again in an envelope addressed to
principal person in their firm."



must be sensible," said Captain Jekyl, "that I cely decide on the extraordinary offer which you een pleased to make, of resigning the claim ed on these documents, unless I had a previous rtunity of examining them."

You shall have that opportunity — I will write to e them sent down by the post—they lie but in small mpass."

"This, then," said the Captain, "sums up all that can be said at present. Supposing these proofs to be of unexceptionable authenticity, I certainly would advise my friend Etherington to put to sleep a claim so important as yours, even at the expense of resigning his matrimonial speculation—I presume you design to abide by your offer?"

"I am not in the habit of altering my mind—still less of retracting my word," said Tyrrel, somewhat haughtily.

"We part friends, I hope?" said Jekyl, rising, and taking his leave.

"Not enemies, certainly, Captain Jekyl. I will own to you I owe you my thanks, for extricating me from that foolish affair at the Well—nothing could have put me to more inconvenience than the necessity of following to extremity a frivolous quarrel at the present moment."

"You will come down among us, then?" said Jekyl.

"I certainly shall not wish to appear to hide myself," answered Tyrrel; "it is a circumstance might be turned against me—there is a party who will avail himself of every advantage. I have but one path, Captain Jekyl—that of truth and honour."

Captain Jekyl bowed, and took his leave. So soon as he was gone, Tyrrel locked the door of the apartment, and drawing from his bosom a portrait, gazed on it with a *mixture of* sorrow and tenderness, until the tears *dropped from his* eyes.

It was the picture of Clara Mowbray, such as he

known her in the days of their youthful love, and taken by himself, whose early turn for painting had already developed itself. The features of the blooming girl might be yet traced in the fine countenance of the more matured original. But what was now become of the glow which had shaded her cheek?—what of the arch, yet subdued pleasantry, which lurked in the eye?—what of the joyous content, which composed every feature to the expression of an Euphrosyne?—Alas! these were long fled!—Sorrow had laid his hand upon her—the purple light of youth was quenched—the glance of innocent gaiety was exchanged for looks now moody with ill-concealed care, now animated by a spirit of reckless and satirical observation.

"What a wreck! what a wreck!" exclaimed Tyrrel; "and all of one wretch's making.—Can I put the last hand to the work, and be her murderer outright? I cannot—I cannot! I will be strong in the resolve I have formed—I will sacrifice all—rank—station—fortune—and fame. Revenge!—Revenge itself, the last good left me—revenge itself I will sacrifice to obtain for her such tranquillity as she may be yet capable to enjoy."

In this resolution he sat down, and wrote a letter to the commercial house with whom the documents of his birth, and other relative papers, were deposited, requesting that the packet containing them should be forwarded to him through the post-office.

Tyrrel was neither unambitious, nor without those sentiments respecting personal consideration, which are usually united with deep feeling and an ardent mind. It was with a trembling hand and a watery eye, but with a heart firmly resolved, that he sealed and despatched *the letter; a step towards* the resignation, in favour of *his mortal enemy*, of that rank and condition in life *which was his own* by right of inheritance, but had *long hung in doubt* betwixt them.



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

CHAP. XXX.

y troth, I will go with thee to the lane's-end!—I am a burr—I shall stick.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

IT was now far advanced in autumn. The dew lay thick on the long grass, where it was touched by the sun; but where the sward lay in shadow, covered with hoar frost, and crisped under Jekyl's s he returned through the woods of St. Ronan's. aves of the ash-trees detached themselves from the ıes, and, without an air of wind, fell spontaneously path. The mists still lay lazily upon the heights, he huge old tower of St. Ronan's was entirely led with vapour, except where a sunbeam, strug- with the mist, penetrated into its wreath so far as w a projecting turret upon one of the angles of the rtress, which, long a favourite haunt of the raven, ɔpularly called the Corbie's Tower. Beneath, the was open and lightsome, and the robin redbreast hirping his best, to atone for the absence of all ɔhoristers. The fine foliage of autumn was seen in a glade, running up the sides of each little ravine, ·hued and golden-specked, and tinged frequently he red hues of the mountain-ash; while here and ı huge old fir, the native growth of the soil, flung ɔad shadow over the rest of the trees, and seemed ılt in the permanence of his dusky livery over the showy but transitory brilliance by which he was ınded.

h is the scene, which, so often described in prose ı poetry, yet seldom loses its effect upon the ear or the eye, and through which we wander with a *of mind* congenial to the decline of the year. *are few* who do not feel the impression, and ever *though* bred to far different pursuits than tho

most favourable to such contemplati
to admire the uncommon beauty of t

Perhaps, also, he was in no hurr
of Etherington, towards whose ser
more disinclined since his interview
clear that that nobleman had not
friend the confidence promised; he
aware of the existence of those impo
proof on which the whole fate of his n
now to hinge, and in so far had
when he pulled from his pocket
Etherington's explanatory letter, Je
being more sensible than he had been
how much the present possessor of t
at his brother's claims; and he ha
for the natural feeling that must hav
of communicating at once the ver
case, even to his most confidentia
whole, he remembered that Lord E
his benefactor to an unusual exten
had promised the young noblema
voted assistance, in extricating hi
with which he seemed at presen
quality of his confidant, he had h
the most secret transactions of hi
only be some very strong cau
justify breaking off from him a
could not help wishing either
had been less, his friend's
friend himself more worth

"A beautiful morning
climate as this," said a
made him at once start
turned half round, an
friend Touchwood, his
handkerchief, huge g



; well powdered, and the gold-headed cane in
id, carried upright as a sergeant's halberd. One
: of contemptuous survey entitled Jekyl, according
s modish ideas, to rank the old gentleman as a
ilar-built quiz, and to treat him as the young gentle-
n of his Majesty's Guards think themselves entitled
use every unfashionable variety of the human species.
slight inclination of a bow, and a very cold "You
ve the advantage of me, sir," dropped as it were un-
sciously from his tongue, were meant to repress the
gentleman's advances, and moderate his ambition to
hail fellow well met with his betters. But Mr. Touch-
od was callous to the intended rebuke; he had lived
much at large upon the world, and was far too con-
nt of his own merits, to take a repulse easily, or to
mit his modesty to interfere with any purpose which
had formed.

'Advantage of you, sir?" he replied; "I have lived
long in the world not to keep all the advantages I
ve, and get all I can—and I reckon it one that I have
ertaken you, and shall have the pleasure of your com-
ny to the Well."

"I should but interrupt your worthier meditations,
," said the other; "besides, I am a modest young
n, and think myself fit for no better company than my
n—moreover, I walk slow—very slow.—Good morn-
g to you, Mr. A—A—I believe my treacherous memory
s let slip your name, sir."

"My name!—Why, your memory must have been
e Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go
fore he caught it. You never heard my name in your
e. Touchwood is my name. What d'ye think of it,
w you know it?"

"I am really no connoisseur in surnames," answered
cyl; "and it is quite the same to me whether you c
urself Touchwood or Touchstone. Don't let me k

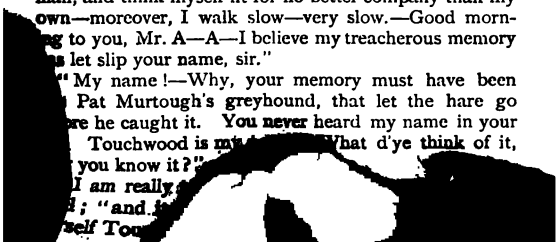

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to admire the uncommon beauty o
Perhaps, also, he was in no hurry to
of Etherington, towards whose service he felt
more disinclined since his interview with Tyrrel.
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"My name!—Why, your memory must have been Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go ere he caught it. You never heard my name in your Touchwood is m[illegible] What d'ye think of it, you know it?"



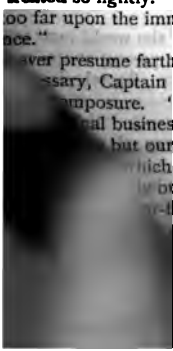
I am really [illegible]; "and [illegible]
self Tou[illegible]

, for all that.

this is either a very great mistake, or wilful im-
nce," answered the officer. "However absurd or
ive you may be, I cannot allow you, either in igno-
or incivility, to use the name of Captain Jekyl with
pect.—I am Captain Jekyl, sir."

ery like, very like," said Touchwood, with the
provoking indifference; "I guessed as much be-

hen, sir, you may guess what is likely to follow,
a gentleman hears himself unwarrantably and un-
slandered," replied Captain Jekyl, surprised and
ked that his annunciation of name and rank seemed
treated so lightly. "I advise you, sir, not to pro-
oo far upon the immunities of your age and insig-
nce."



ver presume farther than I have good reason to
ssary, Captain Jeykl," answered Touchwood,
mposure. "I am too old, as you say, for
al business as a duel, which no nation I
but our silly fools of Europe—and then
hich you are grasping with so much
ut of the question. Look you,
ifths of my life have been spent
et a man's life at the value of a
person learns, in such cases,
; and whoever strikes me
I have always a brace
ut youth and age on a
ped, and pray, at the

same time, suppose yourself shot.
The same exertion of imagination will serve for
purposes."

So saying, he exhibited a very handsome, highly-finished, and richly-mounted pair of pistols.

"Catch me without my tools," said he, significantly buttoning his coat over the arms, which were concealed in a side-pocket, ingeniously contrived for that purpose, "I see you do not know what to make of me," he continued, in a familiar and confidential tone; "but to tell you the truth, everybody that has meddled in this St. Ronan's business is a little off the hooks—something of a *tête exaltée*, in plain words, a little crazy, or so; and I do not affect to be much wiser than other people."

"Sir," said Jekyl, "your manners and discourse are so unprecedented that I must ask your meaning plainly and decidedly—Do you mean to insult me, or no?"

"No insult at all, young gentleman—all fair meaning, and above board—I only wished to let you know what the world may say, that is all."

"Sir," said Jekyl, hastily, "the world may tell what lies it pleases; but I was not present at the rencontre between Etherington and Mr. Tyrrel—I was some hundred miles off."

"There now," said Touchwood, "there *was* a rencontre between them—the very thing I wanted to know."

"Sir," said Jekyl, aware too late that, in his haste to vindicate himself, he had committed his friend, "I desire you will found nothing on an expression hastily used to vindicate myself from a false aspersion—I only meant to say, if there was an affair such as you talk of, I knew nothing of it."

"Never mind—never mind—I shall make no bad use of what I have learned," said Touchwood. "Were ye

ords with the best fish sauce, I have got all
ion from them I wanted."
e strangely pertinacious, sir," replied Jekyl.
rock, a piece of flint for that—What I have
have learned, but I will make no bad use of it
ye, Captain, I have no malice against your
perhaps the contrary—but he is in a bad course,
s kept a false reckoning, for as deep as he thinks
if; and I tell you so, because I hold you (your
y out of the question) to be, as Hamlet says, in-
rent honest; but, if you were not, why necessity is
essity; and a man will take a Bedouin for his guide
the desert, whom he would not trust with an asper in
ne cultivated field; so I think of reposing some confi-
dence in you—have not made up my mind yet, though."

"On my word, sir, I am greatly flattered both by your intentions and your hesitation," said Captain Jekyl. "You were pleased to say just now, that every one concerned with these matters was something particular."

"Ay, ay—something crazy—a little mad, or so. That was what I said, and I can prove it."

"I should be glad to hear the proof," said Jekyl—"I hope you do not except yourself."

"Oh! by no means," answered Touchwood; "I am one of the maddest old boys ever slept out of straw, or went loose. But you can put fishing questions in your turn, Captain, I see that—you would fain know how much, or how little, I am in all these secrets. Well, that is as hereafter may be. In the meantime, here are my proofs.—Old Scrogie Mowbray was mad, to like the sound of Mowbray better than that of Scrogie; young Scrogie was mad, not to like it as well. The old Earl of Etherington was not sane when he married a French *wife in secret*, and devilish mad indeed when he married *an English one* in public. Then, for the good folk here, *Mowbray* of St. Ronan's is cracked, when he wishes to

give his sister to he knows not precisely whom ; she is a fool not to take him, because she *does* know who he is, and what has been between them ; and your friend is maddest of all, who seeks her under so heavy a penalty ; —and you and I, Captain, go mad gratis, for company's sake, when we mix ourselves with such a mess of folly and frenzy."

"Really, sir, all that you have said is an absolute riddle to me," replied the embarrassed Jekyl.

"Riddles may be read," said Touchwood, nodding; "if you have any desire to read mine, pray take notice, that this being our first interview, I have exerted myself *faire les frais de la conversation*, as Jack Frenchman says ; if you want another, you may come to Mrs. Dods's at the Cleikum Inn, any day before Saturday, at four precisely, when you will find none of your half-starved, long-limbed bundles of bones, which you call poultry at the table-d'hôte, but a right Chitty-gong fowl —I got Mrs. Dods the breed from old Ben Vandewash, the Dutch broker—stewed to a minute, with rice and mushrooms.—If you can eat without a silver fork, and your appetite serves you, you shall be welcome—that's all.—So, good morning to you, good master lieutenant, for a Captain of the Guards is but a lieutenant after all."

So saying, and ere Jekyl could make any answer, the old gentleman turned short off into a path which led to the healing fountain, branching away from that which conducted to the Hotel.

Uncertain with whom he had been holding a conversation so strange, Jekyl remained looking after him, until his attention was roused by a little boy, who crept out from an adjoining thicket, with a switch in his hand, *which he had been* just cutting,—probably against regulations to the contrary effect made and provided, for he *held himself* ready to take cover in the copse again, in *case any one* were in sight who might be interested.



delinquency. Captain
one of that hopeful clas
us livelihood about plac
ands, brushing shoes,
n's work in the stable
s, and so forth, for abo
pending the rest in ga
otherwise qualifying th
n of thieves and pickp
onjunction with those
. The little outcast ha
s, and about half a ja
e naked arm, he went
r bare ; a third part of
his hair, bleached whit
rown as a berry, was ill
ı, for spying out either
those of the hawk.—I
of the Shaws dramatic
her, ye unhanged whel
know the old gentlema
now—yonder he is, still
Naboab," said the boy
ng all the backs at the
you call a Nabob, you
b—a Naboab?" answer
s ane comes frae forci
s pouches can haud, an
-they are as yellow as
heir ain gate."
ıt is this Naboab's name
kyl.
e is Touchwood," said
at the Waal every mor
seen him at the ordi
nswered the boy ; "



he disna frequent wi' other folk, but lives upby at the Cleikum.—He gave me half-a-crown yince, and forbade me to play it awa' at pitch and toss."

"And you disobeyed him, of course?"

"Na, I didna dis-obeyed him—I played it awa' at neevie-neevie-nick-nack."

"Well, there is sixpence for thee; lose it to the devil in any way thou think'st proper."

So saying, he gave the little galopin his donative, and a slight rap on the pate at the same time, which sent him scouring from his presence. He himself hastened to Lord Etherington's apartments, and, as luck would have it, found the Earl alone.

CHAP. XXXI.

I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys—none are for me
That look into me with suspicious eyes.
RICHARD III.

NOW now, Jekyl!" said Lord Etherington eagerly; "what news from the enemy?—Have you seen him?"

"I have," replied Jekyl.

"And in what humour did you find him?—In none that was very favourable, I dare say, for you have a baffled and perplexed look, that confesses a losing game—I have often warned you how your hang-dog look betrays you at brag—And, then, when you would fain brush up your courage, and put a good face on a bad game, your bold looks always remind me of a standard hoisted only half-mast high, and betraying melancholy and dejection, instead of triumph and defiance."

"*I am only holding* the cards for your lordship at present," *answered Jekyl*; "and I wish to Heaven there may be no one looking over the hand."

...Jekyl; "excep
r much more of your affairs than
aware of. He smoked the truth
at Tyrrel and you, and what is worse
ess the truth—he contrived to wring
onfirmation of his suspicions."
"'Slife! wert thou mad?" said Lor
rning pale! "his is the very tongue to
hrough the whole country—Hal, you ha
"I hope not," said Jekyl; "I trust in
not!—His knowledge is quite general—c
was some scuffle between you—Do not loc
bout it, or I will e'en go back and cut
ecure his secrecy."
"Cursed indiscretion!" answered the
ould you let him fix on you at all?"
"I cannot tell," said Jekyl—"he has po
yond ten of the dullest of all possible d
e a limpet to a rock—a perfect double of
the Sea, whom I

WELL.

y no means listen to your
ill not consent that Miss
: placed in your lordship's
t his approbation a bit the
e acknowledgement of the
f the ceremony, attended by
iich I thought I might venture

, does he refuse so reasonable
l Lord Etherington—" Does he
l himself : "
the circumstances of the cas
replied his confidant.
uld play the dog in the manger
?—He shall find himself mistak
dog, Jekyl, since I saw you ; a
ier, that I may break her pride,
vith the agony of seeing it."
hold !" said Jekyl ; ' perhaps I
n his part that may be a better
ou could have by teasing him.
e what he calls Miss Mowbray
ense of his resignation of his c
ours and estate ; and he surpr
lord, by showing me this list
am afraid, makes his success
ere really are such proofs in
;ton took the paper, and seem
ention, while Jekyl proceeded
ocure these evidences from the
re deposited."
ll see what like they are when
Etherington.—" They come by

I may be immediately expec
is my brother on one side



ord Etherington ; "and I should not much
him lagged for forgery, which, I suppose,
id of his bolstering up an unsubstantial plea
documents—I should like to see these same
ks of."

lord," replied Jekyl, "Tyrrel's allegation is
r seen them ; and that copies, at least, were
you, and are in your possession—such is his

answered Lord Etherington, "so far as he
ow of such papers. I consider the whole
—foam—fudge, or whatever is most unsub-
will prove such when the papers appear, if
ver will appear. The whole is a bully from
end ; and I wonder at thee, Jekyl, for being
r syllabub, that you can swallow such whipt
stuff amounts to. No, no—I know my ad-
shall use it so as to make all their hearts
or these papers, I recollect now that my
of copies of some manuscripts having been
t the originals were not then forthcoming ;
the long odds that they never are—mere
-if I thought otherwise, would I not tell

, I hope you would, my lord," said Jekyl ;
chance of my being useful to you, unless I
our to enjoy your confidence."
-you do, my friend," said Etherington,
by the hand ; "and since I must consider
negotiation as failed, I must devise some
of settling with this mad and troublesome

ice, my lord," said Jekyl, once more, and
phasis.
ne—none, by Heaven!—Why, thou
, must I swear to quell your scruples?
E. E.

On the contrary, it shall not be my fault if we are not on decent terms."

"It would be infinitely to the advantage of both your characters if you could bring that to pass," answered Jekyll; "and if you are serious in wishing it, I will endeavour to prepare Tyrrel. He comes to the Well or to the ordinary to-day, and it would be highly ridiculous to make a scene."

"True, true; find him out, my dear Jekyl, and persuade him how foolish it will be to bring our family quarrels out before strangers, and for their amusement. They shall see the two bears can meet without biting.—Go—go—I will follow you instantly—go, and remember you have my full and exclusive confidence.—Go, half-bred startling fool!" he continued, the instant Jekyl had left the room, "with just spirits enough to ensure your own ruin, by hurrying you into what you are not up to. —But he has character in the world—is brave—and one of those whose countenance gives a fair face to a doubtful business. He is my creature, too—I have bought and paid for him, and it would be idle extravagance not to make use of him—But as to confidence—no confidence, honest Hal, beyond that which cannot be avoided. If I wanted a confidant, here comes a better than thou by half—Solmes has no scruples—he will always give me money's worth of zeal and secrecy *for* money."

His lordship's valet at this moment entered the apartment, a grave, civil-looking man, past the middle age, with a sallow complexion, a dark thoughtful eye, slow, and sparing of speech, and sedulously attentive to all the duties of his situation.

"Solmes," said Lord Etherington, and then stopped short.

"*My lord,*"—There was a pause: and when Lord *Etherington had* again said, "Solmes!" and his valet *had answered,* "Your lordship," there was a second



ıll the Earl, as if recollecting himself, "Oh! ɪ what I wished to say—it was about the post here. It is not very regular, I believe?"

ılar enough, my lord, so far as concerns this ne people in the Aultoun do not get their letters se."

ıd why not, Solmes?" said his lordship.

.he old woman who keeps the little inn there, my is on bad terms with the post-mistress—the one will send for the letters, and the other will not despatch ı to the village; so, betwixt them, they are some- s lost, or mislaid, or returned to the General Post- e."

I wish that may not be the case of a packet which I ct in a few days—it should have been here already, perhaps, it may arrive in the beginning of the week is from that formal ass, Trueman the Quaker, who esses me by my Christian and family name, Francis el. He is like enough to mistake the inn, too, and ould be sorry it fell into Monsieur Martigny's hands ıuppose you know he is in that neighbourhood?— ɛ after its safety, Solmes—quietly, you understand; use people might put odd constructions, as if I were ing a letter which was not my own."

I understand perfectly, my lord," said Solmes, with- xhibiting the slightest change in his sallow counten- , though entirely comprehending the nature of the ce required.

And here is a note will pay for postage," said the , putting into his valet's hand a bank-bill of con- able value, "and you may keep the balance for sional expenses."

ıis was also fully understood; and Solmes, too ic and cautious even to look intelligence, or acknow- *gratitude*, made only a bow of acquiescence he note into his pocket-book, and assured y



lordship that his commands should be punctually attended to.

"There goes the agent for my money, and for my purpose," said Lord Etherington, exultingly; "no extorting of confidence, no demanding of explanations, no tearing off the veil with which a delicate manœuvre is *gazé*—all excuses are received as *argent comptant*, provided only, that the best excuse of all, the *argent comptant* itself, come to recommend them.—Yet I will trust no one—I will out, like a skilful general, and reconnoitre in person."

With this resolution, Lord Etherington put on his surtout and cap, and sallying from his apartments, took the way to the bookseller's shop, which also served as post-office and circulating library; and being in the very centre of the parade (for so is termed the broad terrace-walk which leads from the inn to the Well), it formed a convenient lounging-place for newsmongers and idlers of every description.

The Earl's appearance created, as usual, a sensation upon the public promenade; but whether it was the suggestion of his own alarmed conscience, or that there was some real cause for the remark, he could not help thinking his reception was of a more doubtful character than usual. His fine figure and easy manners produced their usual effect, and all whom he spoke to received his attention as an honour; but none offered, as usual, to unite themselves to him, or to induce him to join their party. He seemed to be looked on rather as an object of observation and attention, than as making one of the company; and to escape from a distant gaze, which *became* rather embarrassing, he turned into the little *emporium of news* and literature.

He entered unobserved, just as Lady Penelope had *finished reading* some verses, and was commenting upon *them with all* the alacrity of a *femme savante*, in posses-



sthing which no one is to hear repeated once.

o indeed!" these were the snatches which l Etherington's ear, from the group of which formed the centre—"honour bright—I ray poor Chatterly—besides, his lordship is and a person of rank, you know—so one You have not got the book, Mr. Pott?—you t Statius?—you never have anything one

ry, my lady—quite out of copies at present me in my next monthly parcel."

ck, Mr. Pott, that is your never-failing l Lady Penelope; "I believe if I were to the last new edition of the Alkoran, you : it was coming down in your next monthly

y, my lady, really," answered Mr. Pott; en the work advertised yet; but I have no s likely to take, there will be copies in my parcel."

t's supplies are always in the *paullo post* e," said Mr. Chatterly, who was just enter-

. Chatterly, are you there?" said Lady 'I lay my death at your door—I cannot baid, where Polynices and his brother"——

y lady!—hush, for Heaven's sake!" said ivine, and looked towards Lord Etherington. e took the hint, and was silent; but she gh to call up the traveller Touchwood, who d from the newspaper which he was study- out addressing his discourse to any one in *culated*, as if in scorn of Lady Penelope's

?—*Polly Peachum.*—There is no s

place in the Thebais—the Thebais is in Egypt—the mummies come from the Thebais—I have been in the catacombs—caves very curious indeed—we were lapidated by the natives—pebbled to some purpose, I give you my word. My janizary thrashed a whole village by way of retaliation."

While he was thus proceeding, Lord Etherington, as if in a listless mood, was looking at the letters which stood ranged on the chimney-piece, and carrying on a languid dialogue with Mrs. Pott, whose person and manners were not ill adapted to her situation, for she was good-looking, and vastly fine and affected.

"Number of letters here which don't seem to find owners, Mrs. Pott?"

"Great number, indeed, my lord—it is a great vexation, for we are obliged to return them to the post-office, and the postage is charged against us if they are lost; and how can one keep sight of them all?"

"Any love-letters among them, Mrs. Pott?" said his lordship, lowering his tone.

"Oh, fie! my lord, how should I know?" answered Mrs. Pott, dropping her voice to the same cadence.

"Oh! every one can tell a love-letter—that has ever received one, that is—one knows them without opening—they are always folded hurriedly and sealed carefully—and the direction manifests a kind of tremulous agitation, that marks the state of the writer's nerves—that now,"—pointing with his switch to a letter upon the chimney-piece, that *must* be a love-letter."

"He, he, he!" giggled Mrs. Pott. "I beg pardon for laughing, my lord—but—he, he, he!—that is a letter *from* one Bindloose, the banker body, to the old woman *Luckie Dods, as they* call her, at the change-house in *the Aultoun.*"

"*Depend* upon it, then, Mrs. Pott, that your neighbour, Mrs. *Dods*, has got a lover in Mr. Bindloose—



the banker has been shaking hands with the palsy. do you not forward her letter?—you are very cruel ep it in durance here."

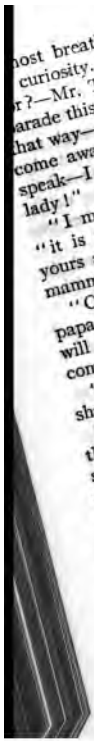
Me forward!" answered Mrs. Pott; "the caperty, old, girning alewife, may wait long enough or I ward it—She'll not loose the letters that come to her the King's post, and she must go on troking wi' the carrier, as if there was no post-house in the neighurhood. But the solicitor will be about wi' her one these days."

"Oh! you are too cruel—you really should send the love-letter; consider, the older she is, the poor soul has the less time to lose."

But this was a topic on which Mrs. Pott understood no jesting. She was well aware of our matron's inveteracy against her and her establishment, and she resented it as a placeman resents the efforts of a radical. She answered, something sulkily, "That they that loosed letters should have letters; and neither Luckie Dods, nor any of her lodgers, should ever see the scrape of a pen from the St. Ronan's office, that they did not call for and pay for."

It is probable that this declaration contained the essence of the information which Lord Etherington had designed to extract by his momentary flirtation with Mrs. Pott, for when, retreating as it were from this sore subject, she asked him, in a pretty mincing tone, to try his skill in pointing out another love-letter, he only answered, carelessly, "that in order to do that he must write her one;" and leaving his confidential station by her little throne, he lounged through the narrow shop, bowed slightly to Lady Penelope as he passed, and issued forth upon the parade, where he saw a spectacle *which might have* appalled a man of less self-possession *than himself.*

Just as he left the shop, little Miss Digges entered



host breathless, with the end
curiosity. "Oh la! my lady, what
r?—Mr. Tyrrel has just entered the other end
parade this moment, and Lord Etherington is walking
that way—they must meet each other.—O Lord! come,
come away, and see them meet!—I wonder if they'll
speak—I hope they won't fight—Oh la! do come, my
lady!"

"I must go with you, I find," said Lady Penelope;
"it is the strangest thing, my love, that curiosity of
yours about other folk's matters—I wonder what your
mamma will say to it."

"Oh! never mind mamma—nobody minds her—
papa, nor nobody—Do come, dearest Lady Pen, or I
will run away by myself.—Mr. Chatterly, do make her
come!"

"I must come, it seems," said Lady Penelope, "or I
shall have a pretty account of you."

But, notwithstanding this rebuke, and forgetting, at
the same time, that people of quality ought never to
seem in a hurry, Lady Penelope, with such of her
satellites as she could hastily collect around her, tripped
along the parade with unusual haste, in sympathy,
doubtless, with Miss Digges's curiosity, as her ladyship
declared she had none of her own.

Our friend, the traveller, had also caught up Miss
Digges's information; and, breaking off abruptly an
account of the Great Pyramid, which had been naturally
introduced by the mention of the Thebais, and echoing
the fair alarmist's words, "hope they won't fight," he
rushed upon the parade, and bustled along as he
as his sturdy supporters could carry him. If
gravity of the traveller, and the delicacy of Lady Pe
lope, were surprised into unwonted haste from
eagerness to witness the meeting of Tyrrel and
ington, it may be well supposed that the d

f the company was a slender restraint on
y, and that they hurried to be present at
scene, with the alacrity of gentlemen of the
ing to a set-to.

, though the meeting afforded little sport to
expected dire conclusions, it was, nevertheless,
y interesting to those spectators who are ac-
d to read the language of suppressed passion,
ig itself at the moment when the parties are most
is to conceal it.

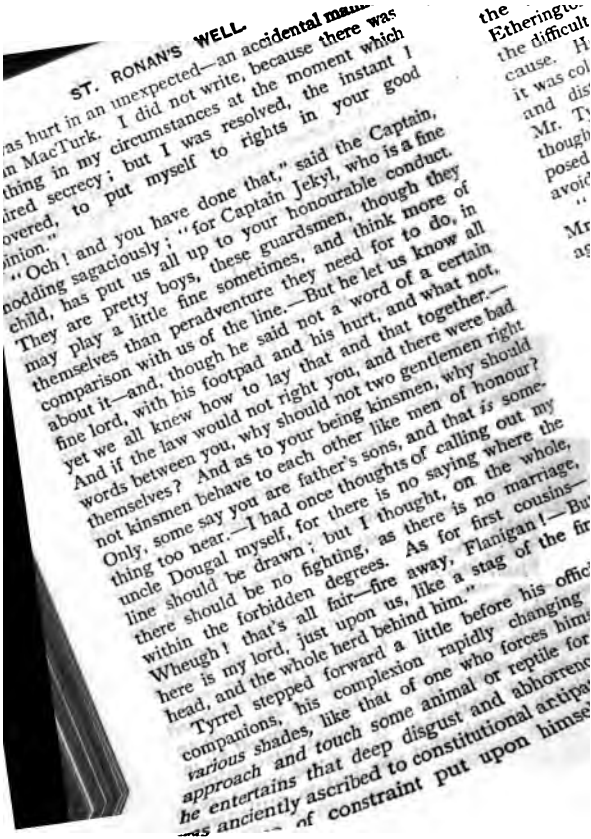
rel had been followed by several loiterers so soon
e entered the public walk; and their number was
so much reinforced that he saw himself with pain
d displeasure the centre of a sort of crowd, who
atched his motions. Sir Bingo and Captain MacTurk
were the first to bustle through it, and to address him
with as much politeness as they could command.

"Servant, sir," mumbled Sir Bingo, extending the right hand of fellowship and reconciliation, ungloved. "Servant—sorry that anything should have happened between us—very sorry, on my word."

"No more need be said, sir," replied Tyrrel; "the whole is forgotten."

"Very handsome, indeed—quite the civil thing—hope to meet you often, sir."—And here the knight was silent.

Meanwhile the more verbose Captain proceeded, "Och, py Cot, and it was an awfu' mistake, and I could draw the penknife across my finger for having written the word. By my sowl, and I scratched it till I scratched a hole in the paper.—Och! that I should live to do an uncivil thing by a gentleman that had got himself hit in an honourable affair! But you should have written, *my dear; for how* the devil could we guess you were so *well provided in* quarrels, that you had to settle two in *one day?*"



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

as hurt in an unexpected—an accidental mat... there was
n MacTurk. I did not write, because
thing in my circumstances at the moment which
ired secrecy; but I was resolved, the instant I
overed, to put myself to rights in your good
inion."

"Och! and you have done that," said the Captain,
nodding sagaciously; "for Captain Jekyl, who is a fine
child, has put us all up to your honourable conduct.
They are pretty boys, these guardsmen, though they
may play a little fine sometimes, and think more of
themselves than peradventure they need for to do, in
comparison with us of the line.—But he let us know all
about it—and, though he said not a word of a certain
fine lord, with his footpad and his hurt, and what not,
yet we all knew how to lay that and that together.—
And if the law would not right you, and there were bad
words between you, why should not two gentlemen right
themselves? And as to your being kinsmen, why should
not kinsmen behave to each other like men of honour?
Only, some say you are father's sons, and that *is* some-
thing too near.—I had once thoughts of calling out my
uncle Dougal myself, for there is no saying where the
line should be drawn; but I thought, on the whole,
there should be no fighting, as there is no marriage,
within the forbidden degrees. As for first cousins—
Wheugh! that's all fair—fire away, Flanigan!—But
here is my lord, just upon us, like a stag of the first
head, and the whole herd behind him."

Tyrrel stepped forward a little before his officious
companions, his complexion rapidly changing
various shades, like that of one who forces himself
approach and touch some animal or reptile for
he entertains that deep disgust and abhorrence
was anciently ascribed to constitutional antipathy
... of constraint put upon himself

the
Etherington
the difficult
cause. H
it was col
and dis
Mr. Ty
though
posed
avoid
"
Mr
ag

ch it produced on his face, was calculated to
im somewhat in the opinion of the spec-
n compared with the steady, stately, yet, at
time, easy demeanour of the Earl of
on, who was equal to any man in England in
lt art of putting a good countenance on a bad
He met Tyrrel with an air as unembarrassed as
old; and, while he paid the courtesy of a formal
listant salutation, he said aloud, "I presume,
Tyrrel de Martigny, that, since you have not
ght fit to avoid this awkward meeting, you are dis-
ed to remember our family connection so far as to
oid making sport for the good company?"

"You have nothing to apprehend from my passion, Mr. Bulmer," replied Tyrrel, "if you can assure yourself against the consequences of your own."

"I am glad of that," said the Earl, with the same composure, but sinking his voice so as only to be heard by Tyrrel; "and, as we may not again in a hurry hold any communication together, I take the freedom to remind you, that I sent you a proposal of accommodation by my friend, Mr. Jekyl."

"It was inadmissible," said Tyrrel—"altogether inadmissible—both from reasons which you may guess, and others which it is needless to detail.—I sent you a proposition, think of it well."

"I will," replied Lord Etherington, "when I shall see it supported by those alleged proofs, which I do not believe ever had existence."

"Your conscience holds another language from your tongue," said Tyrrel; "but I disclaim reproaches, and decline altercation. I will let Captain Jekyl know when I have received the papers, which, you say, are essential to your forming an opinion on my proposal. In the meanwhile, do not think to deceive me. I am here for the very purpose of watching and defeating your

machinations; and, while I live, be assured they shall never succeed. And now, sir—or my lord—for the titles are in your choice—fare you well."

"Hold a little," said Lord Etherington. "Since we are condemned to shock each other's eyes, it is fit the good company should know what they are to think of us. You are a philosopher, and do not value the opinion of the public—a poor worldling like me is desirous to stand fair with it. Gentlemen," he continued, raising his voice, "Mr. Winterblossom, Captain MacTurk, Mr.—what is his name, Jekyl?—Ay, Micklehen—You have, I believe, all some notion, that this gentleman, my near relation, and I, have some undecided claims on each other, which prevent our living upon good terms. We do not mean, however, to disturb you with our family quarrels; and, for my own part, while this gentleman, Mr. Tyrrel, or whatever he may please to call himself, remains a member of this company, my behaviour to him will be the same as to any stranger who may have that advantage.—Good morrow to you, sir—Good morning, gentlemen—we all meet at dinner, as usual.—Come, Jekyl."

So saying, he took Jekyl by the arm, and, gently extricating himself from the sort of crowd, walked off, leaving most of the company prepossessed in his favour, by the ease and apparent reasonableness of his demeanour. Sounds of depreciation, forming themselves indistinctly into something like the words, "My eye, and Betty Martin," did issue from the neckcloth of Sir Bingo, but they were not much attended to; for it had not escaped the observation of the quicksighted gentry at the Well, that the Baronet's feelings towards the noble Earl were in the inverse ratio of those displayed by Lady Binks, and that, though ashamed to testify, or perhaps incapable of feeling, any anxious degree of jealousy, his temper had been for some time considerably

circumstance concerning which his fair
not think it necessary to give herself any

e the Earl of Etherington walked onward
onfidant, in the full triumph of successful

see," he said, "Jekyl, that I can turn a
with any man in England. It was a proper
t of yours, that you must extricate the fellow
the mist which accident had flung around him—
might as well have published the story of our
ontre at once, for every one can guess it, by laying
e, place, and circumstance together; but never
uble your brains for a justification. You marked
ow I assumed my natural superiority over him—
owered up in the full pride of legitimacy—silenced
him, even where the good company most do congregate. This will go to Mowbray through his agent, and will put him still madder on my alliance. I know he looks jealously on my flirtation with a certain lady—the dasher yonder—nothing makes a man sensible of the value of an opportunity but the chance of losing it."

"I wish to Heaven you would give up thoughts of Miss Mowbray!" said Jekyl; "and take Tyrrel's offer, if he has the means of making it good."

"Ay, if—if. But I am quite sure he has no such rights as he pretends to, and that his papers are all a deception.—Why do you put your eye upon me as fixed as if you were searching out some wonderful secret?"

"I wish I knew what to think of your real *bona fide* belief respecting these documents," said Jekyl, not a little puzzled by the steady and unembarrassed air of his *friend.*

"*Why, thou* most suspicious of coxcombs," said *Etherington,* "what the devil would you have me say

to you?—Can I, as the lawyers say, prove a negative? or, is it not very possible, that such things may exist, though I have never seen or heard of them? All I can say is, that of all men I am the most interested to deny the existence of such documents; and, therefore, certainly will not admit of it, unless I am compelled to do so by their being produced; nor then either, unless I am at the same time well assured of their authenticity."

"I cannot blame you for your being hard of faith, my lord," said Jekyl; "but still I think if you can cut out with your earldom, and your noble hereditary estate, I would, in your case, pitch Nettlewood to the devil."

"Yes, as you pitched your own patrimony, Jekyl; but you took care to have the spending of it first. What would *you* give for such an opportunity of piecing your fortunes by marriage?—Confess the truth."

"I might be tempted, perhaps," said Jekyl, "in my present circumstances; but if they were what they have been, I should despise an estate that was to be held by petticoat tenure, especially when the lady of the manor was a sickly fantastic girl, that hated me, as this Miss Mowbray has the bad taste to hate you."

"Umph—sickly?—no, no, she is not sickly—she is as healthy as any one in constitution—and, on my word, I think her paleness only renders her more interesting. The last time I saw her, I thought she might have rivalled one of Canova's finest statues."

"Yes; but she is indifferent to you—you do not love her," said Jekyl.

"She is anything but indifferent to me," said the Earl; "she becomes daily more interesting—for her dislike piques me; and besides, she has the insolence openly *to defy and contemn* me before her brother, and in the *eyes of all the world.* I have a kind of loving hatred—*a sort of hating love* for her; in short, thinking upon her



o read a riddle, and makes one make quite
ders, and talk just as much nonsense. If
e opportunity, I will make her pay for all

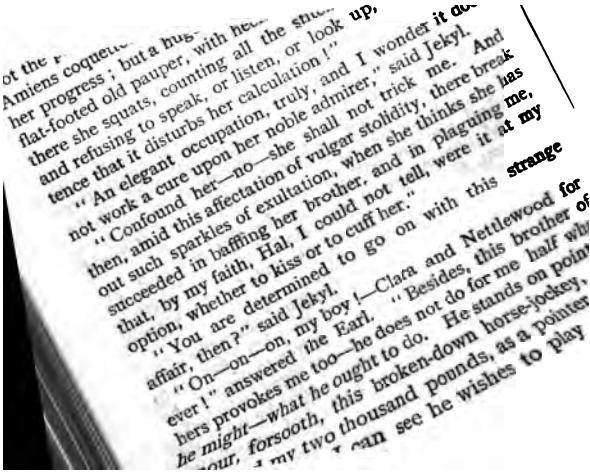
ns?" said Jekyl.

e devil may describe them, for I cannot; but,
e—Since her brother has insisted on her re-
, or I should rather say on her appearing when
ws Castle, one would think her invention has
liscovering different ways of showing want of
me, and dislike to my presence. Instead of
ierself as a lady should, especially on such
she chooses some fantastic, or old-fashioned,
at bedizening, which makes her at least look
cannot make her ridiculous—such triple tiaras
coloured gauze on her head—such pieces of old
I think, instead of shawls and pelisses—such
l shoes—such tan-leather gloves—mercy upon
he very sight of her equipment would drive
ole conclave of milliners! Then her postures
ange—she does so stoop and lollop, as the
ll it, so cross her legs and square her arms—
oddess of grace to look down on her, it would
flight for ever!"

you are willing to make this awkward, ill-
nmannered dowdy, your Countess, Ethering-
for whose critical eye half the town dress
s?" said Jekyl.

ll a trick, Hal—all an assumed character to get
to disgust me, to baffle me; but I am not to
easily. The brother is driven to despair—he
nails, winks, coughs, makes signs, which she
es up at cross-purpose. I hope he beats her
away; there would be a touch of consolation,
ut certain of that."

charitable hope, truly, and your prese



me suspicions, like you, Hal, upon the
y right to my father's titles and estate,
e tithe of the Nettlewood property alone,
be too good a match for one of his
ily. He must scheme, forsooth, this half-
ch cake!—He must hold off and on, and
s, and wait the result, and try conclusions
this lump of oatmeal dough!—I am much
o make an example of him in the course of my
ngs."

ay, this is vengeance horrible and dire," said
" yet I give up the brother to you; he is a con-
coxcomb, and deserves a lesson. But I would
intercede for the sister."

We shall see," replied the Earl; and then suddenly,
tell you what it is, Hal; her caprices are so divert-
g, that I sometimes think out of mere contradiction, I
lmost love her; at least, if she would but clear old
scores, and forget one unlucky prank of mine, it should be
her own fault if I did not make her a happy woman."

CHAP. XXXII.

It comes—It wrings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre!—OLD PLAY.

THE general expectation of the company had been disappointed by the pacific termination of the meeting betwixt the Earl of Etherington and Tyrrel, the anticipation of which had created so deep a sensation. It had been expected that some appalling scene would have taken place; instead of which, each party seemed to acquiesce in a sullen neutrality, and leave *the war to be* carried on by their lawyers. It was gene*rally understood* that the cause was removed out of the

F F

ona into that of Themis; and although the
tinued to inhabit the same neighbourhood,
twice met at the public walks or public table,
no notice of each other, farther than by
ag on such occasions a grave and distant bow.
course of two or three days people ceased to
erest in a feud so coldly conducted: and if they
at of it at all, it was but to wonder that both the
es should persevere in residing near the Spa, and
hilling, with their unsocial behaviour, a party met
ether for the purposes of health and amusement.
But the brothers, as the reader is aware, however
inful their occasional meetings might be, had the
rongest reasons to remain in each other's neighbour-
ood—Lord Etherington to conduct his design upon
Miss Mowbray, Tyrrel to disconcert his plan if possible,
and both to await the answer which should be returned
by the house in London, who were depositaries of the
papers left by the late Earl.

Jekyl, anxious to assist his friend as much as possibl
made in the meantime a visit to old Touchwood at
Aultoun, expecting to find him as communicative as
had formerly been on the subject of the quarrel bet
the brothers, and trusting to discover, by dint of add
whence he had derived his information concernin
affairs of the noble house of Etherington. But t
fidence which he had been induced to expect on
of the old traveller was not reposed. Ferdinand
Pinto, as the Earl called him, had changed his
was not in the vein of communication. The
of his confidence worth mentioning, was hi
to the young officer a valuable receipt fo
curry-powder.

Jekyl was therefore reduced to believe th
who appeared all his life to have been a
other people's matters, had puzzled or



peared to possess of Lord I
gh some of those obscure so
nt secrets do frequently, to the
n of those whom they concern,
thought this the more likely, as
eans critically nice in his soci
onverse as readily with a gentle
the gentleman to whom he b
s attendant, as with the lady
op to this sort of society, wh
t the same time disposed to p
gratification of his curiosity,
specting its accuracy, may alwa
ntity of private anecdote. C
ugh concluded, that this busy
degree master of other peopl
ondences as these; and he c
to his success in cross-examir
prised into an avowal of the r
others, by an insidious obser
ood. He reported, therefore,
erview, that, on the whole, h
n to fear much on the subject of
he had become acquainted, by
some leading facts of his ren
ossessed them in a broken, c
nner, insomuch, that he seem
arties in the expected lawsuit
ad appeared totally ignorant of
to be founded.

next day after this *éclaircisse*
uchwood, that Lord Ethering
the bookseller's shop, got his
eye over the shelf on which
oned letters, destined for th
heart the smart post-mistre

them, with an air of sovereign contempt, a pretty large packet, addressed to Francis Tyrrel, Esq., etc. He withdrew his eyes, as if conscious that even to have looked on this important parcel might engender some suspicion of his purpose, or intimate the deep interest which he took in the contents of the missive which was so slightly treated by his friend Mrs. Pott. At this moment the door of the shop opened, and Lady Penelope Penfeather entered, with her eternal *pendante*, the little Miss Digges.

"Have you seen Mr. Mowbray?—Has Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's been down this morning?—Do you know anything of Mr. Mowbray, Mrs. Pott?" were questions which the lettered lady eagerly huddled on the back of each other, scarcely giving time to the lady of letters to return a decided negative to all and each of them.

"Mr. Mowbray was not about—was not coming there this morning—his servant had just called for letters and papers, and announced as much."

"Good Heaven! how unfortunate!" said Lady Penelope, with a deep sigh, and sinking down on one of the little sofas in an attitude of shocking desolation, which called the instant attention of Mr. Pott and his good woman, the first uncorking a small phial of salts, for he was a pharmacopolist as well as a vendor of literature and transmitter of letters, and the other hastening for a glass of water. A strong temptation thrilled from Lord Etherington's eyes to his finger-ends. Two steps might have brought him within arm's-length of the unwatched packet, on the contents of which, in all probability, rested the hope and claims of his rival in honour and fortune; and, in the general confusion, was it impossible to possess himself of it unobserved? But no—no—no—*the attempt was* too dreadfully dangerous to be risked; *and, passing* from one extreme to another, he felt as if *he was incurring* suspicion by suffering Lady Penelope to

... he had intended
itely obliged to his lordship—
r in general not to permit hers
umstances; but something h
e, so embarrassing, so melanchol
d quite overcome her—notwithsta
imes piqued herself on supporting h
ter than she was able to suppress
ewing those of others.

"Could he be of any use?" Lord Et
She had inquired for Mr. Mowbray of
rvant was at her ladyship's service, if sl
command his attendance."

"Oh! no, no!" said Lady Penelope
r dear lord, you will answer the purpo
ter than Mr. Mowbray—that is, prov
tice of Peace."

'A Justice of Peace!" said Lord Ethe
prised; "I am in the commission "
not for any Scotch

I have heard of a sheep-stealer who had rendered his dog so skilful an accomplice in his nefarious traffic, that he used to send him out to commit acts of felony by himself, and had even contrived to impress on the poor cur the caution that he should not, on such occasions, seem even to recognise his master, if they met accidentally. Apparently, Lord Etherington conducted himself upon a similar principle ; for he had no sooner a glimpse of his agent, than he seemed to feel the necessity of leaving the stage free for his machinations.

"My servant," he said, with as much indifference as he could assume, "will call for my letters—I must attend Lady Penelope ;" and instantly proffering his services as Justice of the Peace, or in whatever other quality she chose to employ them, he hastily presented his arm, and scarce gave her ladyship time to recover from her state of languor to the necessary degree of activity, ere he hurried her from the shop ; and, with her thin hatchet-face chattering close to his ear, her yellow and scarlet feathers crossing his nose, her lean right honourable arm hooking his elbow, he braved the suppressed titters and sneers of all the younger women whom he met as they traversed the parade. One glance of intelligence, though shot at a distance, passed betwixt his lordship and Solmes, as the former left the public walk under the guidance of Lady Penelope, his limbs indeed obeying her pleasure, and his ears dinned with her attempts to explain the business in question, but his mind totally indifferent where he was going, or ignorant on what purpose, and exclusively occupied with the packet in Mrs. Pott's heap of postponed letters, and its probable fate.

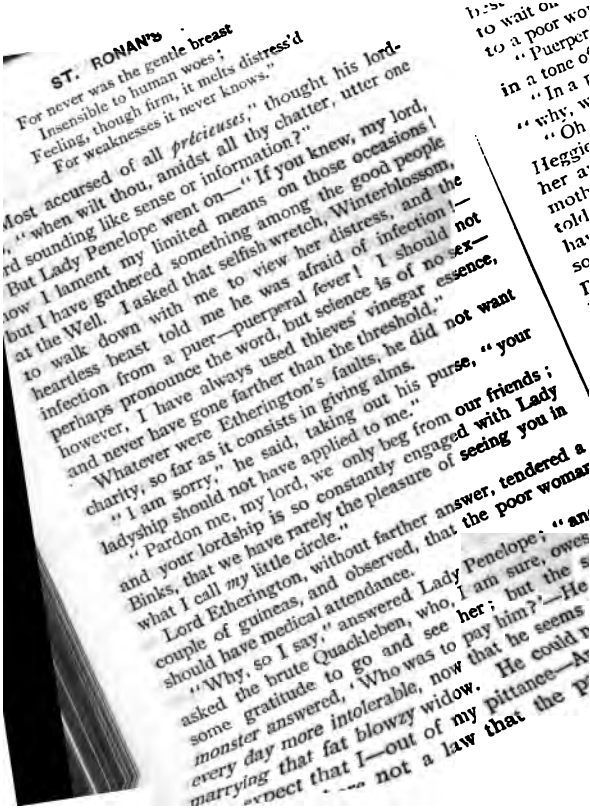
At length, an effort of recollection made Lord Etherington sensible that his abstraction must seem strange, and, as his conscience told him, even suspicious, in the eyes of his companion ; putting, therefore, the necessary

own heart, which are apt to be so deceitful."

On the watch to get at something explanatory, yet afraid, by demanding it directly, to show that the previous tide of narrative and pathos had been lost on an inattentive ear, Lord Etherington could only say, that Lady Penelope could not err in acting according to the dictates of her own judgment.

Still the compliment had not sauce enough for the lady's sated palate ; so, like a true glutton of praise, she began to help herself with the soup-ladle.

"Ah ! judgment !—how is it you men know us so little, that you think we can pause to weigh sentiment in the balance of judgment ?—that is expecting rather too much from us poor victims of our feelings. So that you must really hold me excused if I forgot the errors of this guilty and unhappy creature, when I looked upon her wretchedness—Not that I would have my little friend, Miss Digges, or your lordship, suppose that I am *capable of palliating* the fault, while I pity the poor *miserable sinner*. Oh, no—Walpole's verses express *beautifully* what one ought to feel on such occasions—



ST. RONAN'S

For never was the gentle breast
Insensible to human woes;
Feeling, though firm, it melts distress'd
For weaknesses it never knows."

Most accursed of all *précieuses*," thought his lord-
"when wilt thou, amidst all thy chatter, utter one
rd sounding like sense or information?"
But Lady Penelope went on—"If you knew, my lord,
ow I lament my limited means on those occasions!
but I have gathered something among the good people
at the Well. I asked that selfish wretch, Winterblossom,
to walk down with me to view her distress, and the
heartless beast told me he was afraid of infection!—
infection from a puer—puerperal fever! I should not
perhaps pronounce the word, but science is of no sex—
however, I have always used thieves' vinegar essence,
and never have gone farther than the threshold."
Whatever were Etherington's faults, he did not want
charity, so far as it consists in giving alms.
"I am sorry," he said, taking out his purse, "your
ladyship should not have applied to me."
"Pardon me, my lord, we only beg from our friends;
and your lordship is so constantly engaged with Lady
Binks, that we have rarely the pleasure of seeing you in
what I call *my* little circle."
Lord Etherington, without farther answer, tendered a
couple of guineas, and observed, that the poor woman
should have medical attendance.
"Why, so I say," answered Lady Penelope; "an
asked the brute Quackleben, who, I am sure, owes
some gratitude to go and see her; but the s
monster answered, 'Who was to pay him?'—He
every day more intolerable, now that he seems
marrying that fat blowzy widow. He could n
xpect that I—out of my pittance—A
not a law that the p

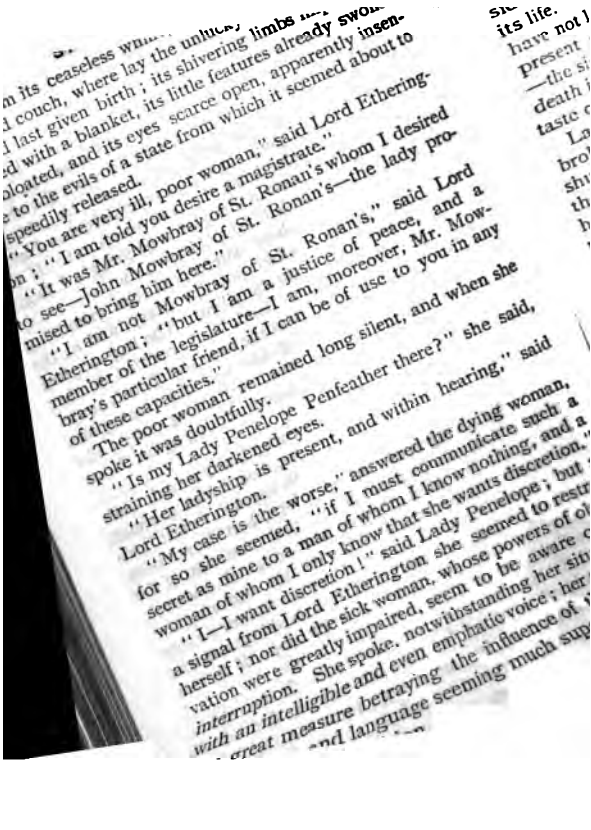
told you of—and some people think the minister should have sent her to her own parish ; but he is a strange, soft-headed, sleepy sort of man, not over active in his parochial duties. However, there she settled, and there was something about her quite beyond the style of a common pauper, my lord—not at all the disgusting sort of person that you give a sixpence to while you look another way—but some one that seemed to have seen better days—one that, as Shakespeare says, could a tale unfold—though, indeed, I have never thoroughly learned her history—only, that to-day, as I called to know how she was, and sent my maid into her hut with some trifle, not worth mentioning, I find there is something hangs about her mind concerning the Mowbray family here of St. Ronan's—and my woman says the poor creature is dying, and is raving either for Mr. Mowbray or for some magistrate to receive a declaration ; and so I have given you the trouble to come with me, that we may get out of the poor creature, if possible, whatever she has got to say.—I hope it is not murder—I hope not—though young St. Ronan's has been a strange, wild, daring, thoughtless

creature—*sgherro insigne*, as the Italian says.—But here is the hut, my lord—pray, walk in."

The mention of the St. Ronan's family, and of a secret relating to them, banished the thoughts which Lord Etherington began to entertain of leaving Lady Penelope to execute her works of devoted charity without his assistance. It was now with an interest equal to her own, that he stood before a most miserable hut, where the unfortunate female, her distresses not greatly relieved by Lady Penelope's ostentatious bounty, had resided both previous to her confinement, and since that event had taken place, with an old woman, one of the parish poor, whose miserable dole the minister had augmented, that she might have some means of assisting the stranger.

Lady Penelope lifted the latch, and entered, after a momentary hesitation, which proceeded from a struggle betwixt her fear of infection, and her eager curiosity to know something, she could not guess what, that might affect the Mowbrays in their honour or fortunes. The latter soon prevailed, and she entered, followed by Lord Etherington. The lady, like other comforters of the cabins of the poor, proceeded to rebuke the grumbling old woman, for want of order and cleanliness—censured the food which was provided for the patient, and inquired particularly after the wine which she had left to make caudle with. The crone was not so dazzled with Lady Penelope's dignity or bounty as to endure her reprimand with patience. "They that had their bread to won wi' ae arm," she said, for the other hung powerless by her side, "had mair to do than to soop hooses; if her leddyship wad let her ain idle quean of a lass take the *besom*, she might make the house as clean as she liked; and madam wad be a' the better of the exercise, and wad hae done, at least, ae turn o' wark at the week's end."

no wi' your sug... ...
had ne'er kend the sour smack o't. ...
ina glen me a drap of usquebaugh, I m
ed of your leddyship's liquor, for"——
:therington here interrupted the grumt
asting some silver into her grasp, and a
: begging her to be silent. The hag wei
n-piece in her hand, and crawled to
corner, muttering as she went,—"This is s
:—this is something like—no like rinnin
: and out of the house, and geeing order
and mair, and then a puir shilling again
en."
ing, she sat down to her wheel, and seized
, her jet-black cutty pipe, from which sh
clouds of vile mundungus vapour as mu
... Penelope had she n





i not the abject creature which I seem," she
at least, I was not born to be so. I wish I
t utter abject! I wish I were a wretched pauper
lowest class—a starving vagabond—a wifeless
-ignorance and insensibility would make me bear
ke the outcast animal that dies patiently on the
he common, where it has been half-starved during
But I—but I—born and bred to better things,
t lost the memory of them, and they make my
condition—my shame—my poverty—my infamy
ght of my dying babes—the sense that my own
coming fast on—they make these things a fore-
hell!"

Penelope's self-conceit and affectation were
down by this fearful exordium. She sobbed,
ed, and for once perhaps in her life, felt
l, not the assumed, necessity of putting her
chief to her eyes. Lord Etherington also was

id woman," he said, "as far as relieving your
. wants can mitigate your distress, I will see that
y performed, and that your poor children are
l to."

r God bless you!" said the poor woman, with a
at the wretched forms beside her; "and may
ie added, after a momentary pause, "deserve the
; of God, for it is bestowed in vain on those who
orthy of it."

Etherington felt, perhaps, a twinge of con-
; for he said, something hastily, "Pray go on,
oman, if you really have anything to communi-
me as a magistrate—it is time your condition was
iat mended, and I will cause you to be cared for
"

) yet a moment," she said; "let me unload r
e before I go hence, for no earthly relief

to p… nature, are … these follies together, … romanc… Clara's … were—… selves a little world of adventures. … was … for a maze of adventures. The fiend, always … as pure as those of angels; mine were … necessary to tell them. presented a tempter at the moment when it was … dangerous."

She paused here, as if she found difficulty in expressing herself; and Lord Etherington, turning, with great appearance of interest, to Lady Penelope, began to inquire, "Whether it were quite agreeable to her ladyship to remain any longer an ear-witness of this unfortunate's confession?—it seems to be verging on some things —things that it might be unpleasant for your ladyship to hear."

"I was just forming the same opinion, my lord, and *to say truth, was about to propose to your lordship* withdraw, and leave me alone with the poor wo… sex, will make her necessary communicatio… in your lordship's absence."

but then I am called here in my
rate."

Lady Penelope; "she speaks."

y woman that yields, makes herself a
ducer; but I sold my liberty not to a man;
! He made me serve him in his vile schemes
riend and patroness—and oh! he found in
gent too willing, from mere envy, to destroy the
hich I had lost myself. Do not listen to me any
Go, and leave me to my fate; I am the most
able wretch that ever lived—detestable to myself
: of all, because even in my penitence there is a secret
sper that tells me, that were I as I have been, I would
in act over all the wickedness I have done, and much
orse. Oh! for Heaven's assistance, to crush the
ricked thought!"

She closed her eyes, folded her emaciated hands, and held them upwards in the attitude of one who prays internally; presently the hands separated, and fell gently down on the miserable couch; but her eyes did not open, nor was there the slightest sign of motion in the features. Lady Penelope shrieked faintly, hid her eyes, and hurried back from the bed, while Lord Etherington, his looks darkening with a complication of feelings, remained gazing on the poor woman, as if eager to discern whether the spark of life was totally extinct. Her grim old assistant hurried to the bedside, with some spirits in a broken glass.

"Have ye no had pennyworths for your charity?" she said, in spiteful scorn. "Ye buy the very life o' us wi' your shillings and sixpences, your groats and your boddles—ye hae garr'd the puir wretch speak till she swarfs, and now ye stand as if ye never saw a woman in a dwam *before*. Let me till her wi' the dram—*mony words mickle* drought, ye ken—Stand out o' m *gate, my leddy,* if sae be that ye are a leddy; there

little use of the like of you when there is death in the pot."

Lady Penelope, half affronted, but still more frightened by the manners of the old hag, now gladly embraced Lord Etherington's renewed offer to escort her from the hut. He left it not, however, without bestowing an additional gratuity on the old woman, who received it with a whining benediction.

"The Almighty guide your course through the troubles of this wicked warld—and the muckle deevil blaw wind in your sails," she added, in her natural tone, as the guests vanished from her miserable threshold—"A wheen cork-headed, barmy-brained gowks! that wunna let puir folk sae muckle as die in quiet, wi' their sossings and their soopings."

"This poor creature's declaration," said Lord Etherington to Lady Penelope, "seems to refer to matters which the law has nothing to do with, and which, perhaps, as they seem to implicate the peace of a family of respectability, and the character of a young lady, we ought to inquire no farther after."

"I differ from your lordship," said Lady Penelope; "I differ extremely—I suppose you guess whom her discourse touched upon?"

"Indeed; your ladyship does my acuteness far too much honour."

"Did she not mention a Christian name?" said Lady Penelope; "your lordship is strangely dull this morning?"

"A Christian name?—No, none that I heard—yet she said something about—a Catherine, I think it was

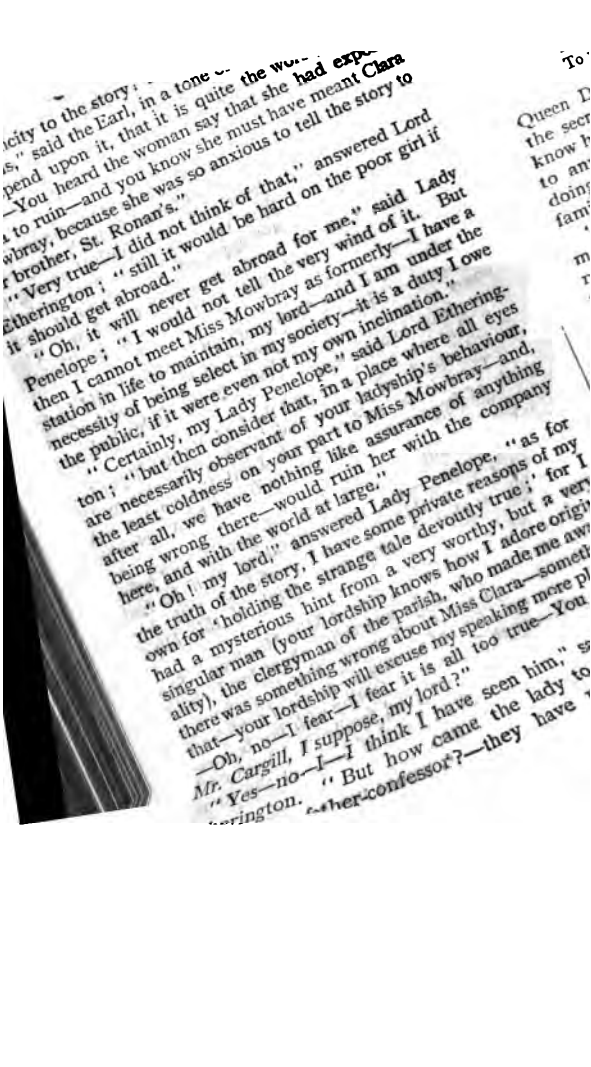
"Catherine!" answered the lady; "no, my lord was *Clara*—rather a rare name in this country, and *longing, I think, to a young* lady of whom your lord *should know something*, unless your evening flirt *with Lady Binks* have blotted entirely out of

erington ; "you surround yourself ev
ll that is clever and accomplished ar
ere, and then you ridicule a poor
who dare not approach your charm
e seeks for some amusement elsewhe
rannise and not to reign — it is
n !"

my lord, I know you well, my lord,"
—"Sorry would your lordship be, ha
render yourself welcome to any circle
ase to approach."

t is to say," answered the lord, "you w
ntrude on your ladyship's coterie this
ere is no society which Lord Etheri
f frequenting, where he will not be

ill plead, then, at once my pardon
s evening—And now" (speaking as
some confidence



for presuming to differ in opinion."

Lady Penelope seemed determined not to take this view of the case.

"No, no—no, I tell you," she replied; "she cannot be married, for if she were married, how could the poor wretch say that she was ruined?—You know there is a difference betwixt ruin and marriage."

"Some people are said to have found them synonymous, Lady Penelope," answered the Earl.

"You are smart on me, my lord; but still, in common parlance, when we say a woman is ruined, we mean quite the contrary of her being married—it is impossible for me to be more explicit upon such a topic, my lord."

"I defer to your ladyship's better judgment," said Lord Etherington. "I only entreat you to observe a little caution in this business—I will make the strictest inquiries of this woman, and acquaint you with the result; and I hope, out of regard to the respectab

answered the lady,

time, I must say, the Mowbrays have ...
... for forbearance. I am sure I was the first perso
...ng this Spa into fashion, which has been a matt
...ch consequence to their estate; and yet Mr. Mow
set himself against me, my lord, in every possib
of way, and encouraged the under-bred people abo
to behave very strangely.—There was the busine
uilding the Belvidere, which he would not permit
lone out of the stock-purse of the company, becau
id given the workmen the plan and the orders—a
n, about the tea-room—and the hour for beginni
icing—and about the subscription for Mr. Rymor
N Tale of Chivalry—in short, I owe no considerat
Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's."

"But the poor young lady," said Lord Etherington
"Oh! the poor young lady?—the poor young l
n be as saucy as a rich young lady, I promise yo
... was a business in which she used me scandalou
... about a very trifling matte

insufficient to protect some fair critics against the
equences of too frank and liberal animadversion
the characters of their friends. So pray, remember,
as yet we know very little on this subject."

Lady Penelope loved money, and feared the law; and
's hint, fortified by her acquaintance with Mowbray's
e of his sister, and his irritable and revengeful dis-
osition, brought her in a moment much nearer the
emper in which Lord Etherington wished to leave her.
She protested that no one could be more tender than
she of the fame of the unfortunate, even supposing their
guilt was fully proved—promised caution on the subject
of the pauper's declaration, and hoped Lord Etherington
would join her tea-party early in the evening, as she
wished to make him acquainted with one or two of her
protegés, whom, she was sure, his lordship would find
deserving of his advice and countenance. Being by this
time at the door of her own apartment, her ladyship took
leave of the Earl with a most gracious smile.



gate from his quality, even by exhibiting all the mo and gentlemanlike solemnity of Master Stephen. Lord Etherington was at liberty to carry on his ref tions, without attracting observation.—"I have pu stopper into the mouth of that old vinegar-cruet quality, but the acidity of her temper will soon diss the charm—And what to do?"

As he looked round him, he saw his trusty v Solmes, who, touching his hat with due respect, said he passed him, "Your lordship's letters are in y private despatch-box."

Simple as these words were, and indifferent the t in which they were spoken, their import made L Etherington's heart bound as if his fate had depen on the accents. He intimated no farther interest in communication, however, than to desire Solmes tc below, in case he should ring: and with these wc entered his apartment, and barred and bolted the dc even before he looked on the table where his despat box was placed.

Lord Etherington had, as is usual, one key to the which held his letters, his confidential servant being trusted with the other; so that, under the protectio a patent lock, his despatches escaped all risk of be tampered with—a precaution not altogether unneces on the part of those who frequent hotels and lodgi houses.

"By your leave, Mr. Bramah," said the Earl, as applied the key, jesting, as it were, with his own ag tion, as he would have done with that of a third pa The lid was raised, and displayed the packet, the pearance and superscription of which had attracted observation but a short while before in the post-off Then he would have given much to be possessed of opportunity which was now in his power: but n use on the brink of a crime, who have contemp

of no composition.

Lord Etherington, under the influence of these recollections, stood for a few minutes suspended—But the devil always finds logic to convince his followers. He recollected the wrong done to his mother, and to himself, her offspring, to whom his father had, in the face of the whole world, imparted the hereditary rights, of which he was now, by a posthumous deed, endeavouring to deprive the memory of the one, and the expectations of the other. Surely, the right being his own, he had a full title, by the most effectual means, whatever such means might be, to repel all attacks on that right, and even destroy, if necessary, the documents by which his enemies were prosecuting their unjust plans against his honour and interest.

This reasoning prevailed, and Lord Etherington again held the devoted packet above the flames; when it occurred to him, that, his resolution being taken, he

ought to carry it into execution as effectually as possible and to do so, it was necessary to know that the packe actually contained the papers which he was desirous t destroy.

Never did a doubt arise in juster time ; for no soone had the seal burst and the envelope rustled under hi fingers, than he perceived, to his utter consternation, tha he held in his hand only the copies of the deeds for whicl Francis Tyrrel had written, the originals of which he hac too sanguinely concluded would be forwarded according to his requisition. A letter from a partner of the house with which they were deposited stated that they had no felt themselves at liberty, in the absence of the head o their firm, to whom these papers had been committed to part with them even to Mr. Tyrrel, though they hac proceeded so far as to open the parcel, and now trans mitted to him formal copies of the papers contained in it, which they presumed would serve Mr. Tyrrel's pur pose for consulting counsel or the like. They themselves in a case of so much delicacy, and in the absence of thei principal partner, were determined to retain the originals unless called to produce them in a court of justice.

With a solemn imprecation on the formality and ab surdity of the writer, Lord Etherington let the letter o advice drop from his hand into the fire, and, throwing himself into a chair, passed his hand across his eyes, a if their very power of sight had been blighted by wha he had read. His title and his paternal fortune, whicl he thought but an instant before might be rendered unchallengeable by a single movement of his hand seemed now on the verge of being lost for ever. Hi rapid recollection failed not to remind him of what wa less known to the world, that his early and profuse ex penditure had greatly dilapidated his maternal fortune and that the estate of Nettlewood, which five minute ago he only coveted as a wealthy man desires increa

execution.

. The bell summoned Solmes to his lordship's apartment, when the Earl, as coolly as if he had hoped to dupe his experienced valet by such an assertion, said, "You have brought me a packet designed for some man at the Aultoun—let it be sent to him—Stay, I will re-seal it first."

He accordingly re-sealed the packet, containing all the writings, excepting the letter of advice (which he had burnt), and gave it to the valet, with the caution, "I wish you would not make such blunders in future."

"I beg your lordship's pardon—I will take better care again—*thought it* was addressed to your lordship."

So answered Solmes, too knowing to give the least look *of intelligence*, far less to remind the Earl that his or

directions had occasioned the mistake of which he complained.

"Solmes," continued the Earl, "you need not mention your blunder at the post-office; it would only occasion tattle in this idle place—but be sure that the gentleman has his letter. And, Solmes, I see Mr. Mowbray walk across—ask him to dine with me to-day at five. I have a headache, and cannot face the clamour of the savages who feed at the public table. And—let me see—make my compliments to Lady Penelope Penfeather—I will certainly have the honour of waiting on her ladyship this evening to tea, agreeably to her very boring invitation received—write her a proper card, and word it your own way. Bespeak dinner for two, and see you have some of that batch of Burgundy."

The servant was retiring, when his master added, "Stay a moment—I have a more important business than I have yet mentioned. Solmes, you have managed devilish ill about the woman Irwin!"

"I, my lord?" answered Solmes.

"Yes, you, sir—did you not tell me she had gone to the West Indies with a friend of yours, and did not I give them a couple of hundred pounds for passage-money?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the valet.

"Ay, but now it proves *no*, my lord," said Lord Etherington; for she has found her way back to this country in miserable plight—half-starved, and, no doubt, willing to do or say anything for a livelihood—How has this happened?"

"Biddulph must have taken her cash and turned her loose, my lord," answered Solmes, as if he had been speaking of the most commonplace transaction in the *world; "but I know* the woman's nature so well, and *am so much master* of her history, that I can carry her *to the country in* twenty-four hours, and place her

ver think of returning, provided your
me so long."
ctly—but I can tell you, that you will
in a very penitential humour, and very
o boot."
are of my game," answered Solmes; "with
to your lordship, I think if death and her
el had hold of one of that woman's arms, the
d I could make a shift to lead her away by the

way, and about it, then," said Etherington. "But,
e, Solmes, be kind to her, and see all her wants re-
d. I have done her mischief enough—though nature
the devil had done half the work to my hand."

Solmes at length was permitted to withdraw to exe-
ute his various commissions, with an assurance that his services would not be wanted for the next twenty-four hours.

"Soh!" said the Earl, as his agent withdrew, "there is a spring put in motion which, well oiled, will move the whole machine—And here, in lucky time, comes Harry Jekyl—I hear his whistle on the stairs. There is a silly lightness of heart about that fellow, which I envy while I despise it; but he is welcome now, for I want him."

Jekyl entered accordingly, and broke out with "I am glad to see one of your fellows laying a cloth for two in your parlour, Etherington—I was afraid you were going down among these confounded bores again to day."

"*You* are not to be one of the two, Hal," answered Lord Etherington.

"No?"—then I may be a third, I hope, if not second?"

"*Neither first*, second, nor third, Captain. The truth *is I want a tête-à-tête* with Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's," *replied the* Earl; "and, besides, I have to beg the very

particular favour of you to go again to that fellow Martigny. It is time that he should produce his papers, if he has any—of which for one I do not believe a word. He has had ample time to hear from London; and I think I have delayed long enough in an important matter upon his bare assertion."

"I cannot blame your impatience," said Jekyl, "and I will go on your errand instantly. As you waited on my advice, I am bound to find an end to your suspense. At the same time, if the man is not possessed of such papers as he spoke of, I must own he is happy in a command of consummate assurance which might set up the whole roll of attorneys."

"You will be soon able to judge of that," said Lord Etherington; "and now, off with you—Why do you look at me so anxiously?"

"I cannot tell—I have strange forebodings about this *tête-à-tête* with Mowbray. You should spare him, Etherington—he is not your match—wants both judgment and temper."

"Tell him so, Jekyl," answered the Earl, "and h proud Scotch stomach will be up in an instant, and will pay you with a shot for your pains.—Why, he thi himself cock of the walk, this strutting bantam, withstanding the lesson I gave him before.—And do you think?—he has the impudence to talk abo attentions to Lady Binks as inconsistent with the cution of my suit to his sister? Yes, Hal—thi ward Scotch laird, that has scarce tact enough t love to a ewe-milker, or, at best, to some dagg soubrette, has the assurance to start himself rival!"

"*Then, good night to St. Ronan's!—this fatal dinner to him.*—Etherington, I know by *you are bent on mischief—I have a great m him a hint.*"

Jekyl, though his experience must needs be so much superior to mine."

"In that case, sir," said Jekyl, bowing coldly, "I have no more to say, and I hope there is no harm done.—Conceited coxcomb!" he added, mentally, as they parted, "how truly did Etherington judge of him, and what an ass was I to intermeddle!—I hope Etherington will strip him of every feather."

He pursued his walk in quest of Tyrrel, and Mowbray proceeded to the apartments of the Earl, in a temper of mind well suited to the purposes of the latter, who judged of his disposition accurately when he permitted Jekyl to give his well-meant warning. To be supposed, by a man of acknowledged fashion, so decidedly inferior to his antagonist—to be considered as an object of compassion, and made the subject of a good-boy warn-

was gall and bitterness to his proud spirit, wh
more that he felt a conscious inferiority in the a
they all cultivated, struggled the more to pr
footing of at least apparent equality.

Since the first memorable party at piquet
had never hazarded his luck with Lord F
except for trifling stakes; but his conceit
suppose that he now fully understood hi
agreeably to the practice of those who ha
themselves to gambling, he had every now
a yearning to try for his revenge. He wi
out of Lord Etherington's debt, feeling
sense of pecuniary obligation, which hin
ing his mind to him fully upon the suf
tion with Lady Binks, which he justly
insult to his family, considering the fo
Earl seemed desirous to stand with
From these obligations a favourable
him, and Mowbray was, in fact, in
dream to this purpose, when Je
The untimely warning only excited
tion, and a determination to show
he was qualified to judge of h
humour, his ruin, which was
afternoon, was far from seemin
or even the voluntary, intent
ington.

On the contrary, the vic
propose play—deep play—
Etherington, on the ot
diminish their game, or
always with an affect
stimulated Mowbray
risks; and, at last, wh
an overwhelming amo
the Earl threw down

much—more th
you to pay."
ray gnashed his teeth, in spite
ain an exterior, at least, of firn
u can take your time, you know,
te of hand will suit me as well as
No, by G—!" answered Mowbray
aken in a second time—I had better
the devil than to your lordship—I hav
n man since."
"These are not very kind expressio
d the Earl; "you *would* play, and the
st expect sometimes to lose"——
'And they who win will expect to
wbray, breaking in. "I know that a
lord, and you shall be paid—I will p
you, by G—! Do you make any do
you, my lord?"
You look as if you thought of
" said Lord E

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fatal dinner to him.—Etherington, I know by that
you are bent on mischief—I have a great mind
in a hint."

Thus let us welcome peaceful evening in.
COWPER'S Task.

THE approach of the cold and rainy season had now so far thinned the company at the Well, that, in order to secure the necessary degree of crowd upon her tea-nights, Lady Penelope was obliged to employ some coaxing towards those whom she had considered as much under par in society. Even the Doctor and Mrs. Blower were graciously smiled upon—for their marriage was now an arranged affair; and the event was of a nature likely to spread the reputation of the Spa among wealthy widows, and medical gentlemen of more skill than practice. So in they came, the Doctor smirking, gallanting, and performing all the bustling parade of settled *and arranged* courtship, with much of that grace *wherewith a turkey*-cock goes through the same ceremony. *Old Touchwood* had also attended her ladyship's sum-

matter; but you will find it otherwise.—Your lordship may keep a harem if you will, but my sister shall not enter it."

"You are angry, and therefore you are unjust," said Etherington; "you know well enough it is your sister's fault that there is any delay. I am most willing—most desirous, to call her Lady Etherington—nothing but her unlucky prejudices against me have retarded a union which I have so many reasons for desiring."

"Well," replied Mowbray, "that shall be my business. I know no reason she can pretend to decline a marriage so honourable to her house, and which is approved of by me, that house's head. That matter shall be arranged in twenty-four hours."

"It will do me the most sensible pleasure," said Lord Etherington; "you shall soon see how sincerely I desire your alliance; and as for the trifle you have lost"——

"It is no trifle to me, my lord—it is my ruin—but it shall be paid—and let me tell your lordship, you may thank your good luck for it more than your good play."

"We will say no more of it at present, if you please," said Lord Etherington, "to-morrow is a new day; and if you will take my advice you will not be too harsh with your sister. A little firmness is seldom amiss with young women, but severity"——

"I will pray your lordship to spare me your advice on this subject. However valuable it may be in other respects, I can, I take it, speak to my own sister in my own way."

"Since you are so caustically disposed, Mowbray answered the Earl, "I presume you will not honour I ladyship's tea-table to-night, though I believe it will *the last of* the season?"

"*And why* should you think so, my lord?" answe *Mowbray, whose* losses had rendered him testy and *indictory upon* every subject that was started.



the controversialist. "I tell you, sir, eing forbidden, both by law and gospel, nd totally absurd practice, that of duel- st savage has more sense than to practise s bow or his gun, as the thing may be, and my from behind a bush. And a very good u see there can, in that case, be only one ain between them."

of my body, sir," said the Captain, "gin ye gate sic doctrines amang the good company, it's ief you will bring somebody to the gallows."

hank ye, Captain, with all my heart; but I stir up uarrels—I leave war to them that live by it. I only , that, except our old, stupid ancestors in the north- st here, I know no country so silly as to harbour this stom of duelling. It is unknown in Africa, among the egroes—in America."

"Don't tell me that," said the Captain; "a Yankee will fight with muskets and buck-shot, rather than sit still with an affront. I should know Jonathan, I think."

"Altogether unknown among the thousand tribes of

"A small list of casualties, after all," said the Captain; one killed on the spot, one died of his wounds—two wounded severely—three ditto slightly and little Duncan Macphail reported missing. We were out of practice, after such long confinement. So you see how we manage matters in India, my dear friend."

"You are to understand," replied Touchwood, "that I spoke only of the heathen natives, who, heathen as they are, live in the light of their own moral reason, and among whom ye shall therefore see better examples of practical morality than among such as yourselves; who, though calling yourselves Christians, have no more knowledge of the true acceptation and meaning of your religion than if you had left your Christianity at the Cape of Good Hope, as they say of you, and forgot to take it up when you came back again."

"Py Cot! and I can tell you, sir," said the Captain, elevating at once his voice and indignant visage, "that the air with a truculent and indignant meaning will not permit you or any man to throw any such scandal on my character. I thank Cot, I can bring good witness that I am as good a Christian as another, for a poor sinner, as the best of us are; and I am ready to justify my religion with my sword—Cot tamn!—and pare my own self with a parcel of black heathen natives, that were never in the inner side of a church whilst they lived, but go about worshipping stones, and swinging themselves upon bamboos, like peasts, as they are!"

An indignant growling in his throat, which, like the acquiescence of his inward man in the proposition which his external organs had concluded this haughty speech, which, not the least impression on Touchwood, looks as little for angry tones and looks as if it is likely a c speeches. So that it is likely



and the peacemaker might have oc-
asement of the company, had not the
, but particularly that of Touchwood,
om the topic of debate by the entrance
rington and Mowbray.

er was, as usual, all grace, smiles, and
ss. Yet, contrary to his wonted custom, which was, after a few general compliments, to attach
particularly to Lady Binks, the Earl, on the pre-
ccasion, avoided the side of the room on which beautiful but sullen idol held her station, and at-
ed himself exclusively to Lady Penelope Penfeather,
uring, without flinching, the strange variety of con-
ted *bavardage*, which that lady's natural parts and
cquired information enabled her to pour forth with unparalleled profusion.

An honest heathen, one of Plutarch's heroes if I mistake not, dreamed once upon a night, that the figure of Proserpina, whom he had long worshipped, visited his slumbers with an angry and vindictive countenance, and

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An indignant growling in his throat, which sounded like the acquiescence of his inward man in the indignant proposition which his external organs thus expressed, concluded this haughty speech, which, however, made not the least impression on Touchwood, who cared as little for angry tones and looks as he did for fine speeches. So that it is likely a quarrel between the

[illegible] a few general compliments, to attach particularly to Lady Binks, the Earl, on the pre- possession, avoided the side of the room on which beautiful but sullen idol held her station, and at- d himself exclusively to Lady Penelope Penfeather, ring, without flinching, the strange variety of con- l *bavardage*, which that lady's natural parts and ired information enabled her to pour forth with un- leled profusion.

honest heathen, one of Plutarch's heroes if I mis- not, dreamed once upon a night, that the figure of erpina, whom he had long worshipped, visited his bers with an angry and vindictive countenance, and ıced him with vengeance, in resentment of his having cted her altars, with the usual fickleness of a Poly- t, for those of some more fashionable divinity. Not goddess of the infernal regions herself could assume

Lady Binks. The former was a case of the most u necessity—the latter, if he was at all anxious o subject, might, he perhaps thought, be trusted to Had the ladies continued on a tolerable footing toge he might have endeavoured to conciliate both. Bu bitterness of their long-suppressed feud had great creased, now that it was probable the end of the s was to separate them, in all likelihood for ever ; so Lady Penelope had no longer any motive for co nancing Lady Binks, or the lady of Sir Bingo for de Lady Penelope's countenance. The wealth and l expense of the one was no longer to render more trious the suit of her right honourable friend, no the society of Lady Penelope likely to be soon useful or necessary to Lady Binks. So that neither any longer desirous to suppress symptoms of the m contempt and dislike which they had long nourishe each other ; and whoever should, in this decisive take part with one, had little henceforward to e from her rival. What farther and more private re Lady Binks might have to resent the defection of Etherington, have never come with certainty to knowledge ; but it was said there had been high w between them on the floating report that his lords visits to Shaws Castle were dictated by the wish to a bride there.

Women's wits are said to be quick in spying the s means of avenging a real or supposed slight. biting her pretty lips, and revolving in her mind readiest means of vengeance, fate threw in her way y Mowbray of St. Ronan's. She looked at him, an deavoured to fix his attention with a nod and gra smile, such as in an ordinary mood would have inst drawn him to her side. On receiving in answer vacant glance and a bow, she was led to obser more attentively, and was induced to believe, t

...s it from you,
...wood, who, upon Mowl
n off his discourse with MacI
ttle chance of his learning i
son."

"What is the matter?" said Mo
essing Chatterly and Winterblosse
hrunk nervously from the question,
ed had not been precisely attending
ssing among the ladies, and Winte
t of the scrape with quiet and cauti
Ie really had not given particular at
passing—I was negotiating with M
itional lump of sugar to my coffee.
ult a piece of diplomacy," he ad
, "that I have an idea he
India produce

of the night, I am not at all disposed to be answerable for the turn of the conversation."

Mowbray, in no humour to bear jesting, yet afraid to expose himself by farther inquiry in a company so public, darted a fierce look at Lady Penelope, then in close conversation with Lord Etherington,—advanced a step or two towards them,—then, as if checking himself, turned on his heel and left the room. A few minutes afterwards, and when certain satirical nods and winks were circulating among the assembly, a waiter slid a piece of paper into Mrs. Jones's hand, who, on looking at the contents, seemed about to leave the room.

"Jones—Jones!" exclaimed Lady Penelope, in surprise and displeasure.

"Only the key of the tea-caddie, your ladyship," answered Jones; "I will be back in an instant."

"Jones—Jones!" again exclaimed her mistress, "here is enough"—of tea, she would have said; but Lord Etherington was so near her, that she was ashamed to complete the sentence, and had only hope in Jones's quickness of apprehension, and the prospect that she would be unable to find the key which she went in search of.

Jones, meanwhile, tripped off to a sort of housekeeper's apartment, of which she was *locum tenens* for the evening, for the more ready supply of whatever might be wanted on Lady Penelope's night, as it was called. Here she found Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, whom she instantly began to assail with, "La! now, Mr. Mowbray, you are such another gentleman!—I am sure you will make me lose my place—I'll swear you *will*—what can you have to say, that you could not as *well put off for an hour?*"

"*I want to know, Jones,*" answered Mowbray, in a *different tone, perhaps, from* what the damsel expected, "*what your lady was just now saying about my family.*"

...y should I
...ear some one coming
.d speaking with me here—indeed,
.oming!"

"The devil may come, if he will! but we do not part, pretty mistress what I wish to know."

"Lord, sir, you frighten me!" answe. ll the room heard it as well as I—it Mowbray—and that my lady would be any hereafter—for that she was—she wa

"For that my sister was *what?*" s rcely, seizing her arm.

"Lord, sir, you terrify me," said Jones, ; "at any rate, it was not I that said it elope."

'And what was it the old, adder-tongue d to say of Clara Mowbray?—Speak o tly, or, by Heaven, I'll make you!"

Hold, sir—hold, for God's

belief that they had been watched, for, as he went to the door of the apartment, he was met by Mr. Touchwood.

"What has brought you here, sir?" said Mowbray, sternly.

"Hoitie, toitie," answered the traveller, "why, how came *you* here, if you go to that, squire?—Egad, Lady Penelope is trembling for her souchong, so I just took a step here to save her ladyship the trouble of looking after Mrs. Jones in person, which, I think, might have been a worse interruption than mine, Mr. Mowbray."

"Pshaw, sir, you talk nonsense," said Mowbray; "the tea-room is so infernally hot, that I had sat down here a moment to draw breath, when the young woman came in."

"And you are going to run away, now the old gentleman is come in," said Touchwood—"Come, sir, I am more your friend than you may think."

"Sir, you are intrusive—I want nothing that you can give me," said Mowbray.

"That is a mistake," answered the senior; "for I can supply you with what most young men want—money and wisdom."

"You will do well to keep both till they are wanted," said Mowbray.

"Why, so I would, squire, only that I have taken something of a fancy for your family; and they are supposed to have wanted cash and good counsel for two generations, if not for three."

"Sir," said Mowbray, angrily, "you are too old either to play the buffoon or to get buffoon's payment."

"*Which is like monkey's* allowance, I suppose," said *the traveller, "more kicks* than halfpence.—Well—*at least I am not young enough* to quarrel with boys for *bullying. I'll convince you,* however, Mr. Mowbray

natter of very little consequence comp
r falsehood, Mr. Mowbray," answere
an.
t of the last importance to me, sir,"
"In a word, had you such informa
a means of Lord Etherington?—Answ
question, and then I shall know bett
on the subject."
pon my honour," said Touchwood,
y information from Lord Etherington
tly. I say thus much to give you
now expect you will hear me with patie
rgive me, sir," interrupted Mowl
r question. I understand something
agement of my sister just as I ente
."



ELL.

ng was the constant
who, in tones alter-
:pt on a string of ex-

ls with you—Mr. Mow-
s a night to ride in, Mr.
ou would but have five

nuttered in the throat of
only reply, until his horse
ıg no farther question, he
: poor horse paid for the
l to his charge. Mowbray
ırs as soon as he was in his
ed, bolted, and sprung for-
and stone, the nearest road
as a rough one—to Shaws
instinct by which horses per-
: riders, and are furious and
ggish, as if to correspond with
steed seemed on this occasion
ıis master's internal ferment,
l with the spur. The ostler
of the hoofs succeeding each
ıllop, until they died away in

home this night, with his nec'
ellow, " the devil must have

the traveller, " he rides lik
desert there are neither tr
ughs, nor lins, nor floods,
› work myself, or this gear
mend.—Here you, ostle
›f horses instantly to

Castle, sir?" said the man with some

ou not know such a place?"
sir, sae few company go there, except on
ll day, that we have had time to forget the
but St. Ronan's was here even now, sir."
.at of that?—he has ridden on to get supper
, turn out, without loss of time."
/our pleasure, sir," said the fellow, and called to
.ilion accordingly.

CHAP. XXXV.

Sedet post equitem atra cura——
Still though the headlong cavalier,
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind;
His sad companion,—ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
Care—*keeps her seat behind.*—HORACE.

WELL was it that night for Mowbray, that he had always piqued himself on his horses, and that the animal on which he was then mounted was as sure-footed and sagacious as he was mettled and fiery. For those who observed next day the print of the hoofs on the broken and rugged track through which the creature had been driven at full speed by his furious master, might easily see, that in more than a dozen of places the horse and rider had been within a few inches of destruction. One bough of a gnarled and stunted oak-tree, which stretched across the road, seemed in particular to have opposed an almost fatal barrier to the horseman's career. In striking his head against this impediment, the force of the blow had been broken in some measure by a high-crowned hat, yet the violence of the

shock was sufficient to shiver the branch to pieces. Fortunately it was already decayed ; but, even in that state, it was subject of astonishment to every one that no fatal damage had been sustained in so formidable an encounter. Mowbray himself was unconscious of the accident.

Scarcely aware that he had been riding at an unusual rate, scarce sensible that he had ridden faster perhaps than ever he followed the hounds, Mowbray alighted at his stable door, and flung the bridle to his groom, who held up his hands in astonishment when he beheld the condition of the favourite horse ; but, concluding that his master must be intoxicated, he prudently forbore to make any observations.

No sooner did the unfortunate traveller suspend that rapid motion, by which he seemed to wish to annihilate, as far as possible, time and space, in order to reach the place he had now attained, than it seemed to him as if he would have given the world that seas and deserts had lain between him and the house of his fathers, as well as that only sister with whom he was now about to have a decisive interview.

"But the place and the hour are arrived," he said, biting his lip with anguish ; "this explanation must be decisive ; and whatever evils may attend it, suspense must be ended now, at once and for ever."

He entered the Castle, and took the light from the old domestic, who, hearing the clatter of his horse's feet, had opened the door to receive him.

"Is my sister in her parlour?" he asked, but in so hollow a voice, that the old man only answered the question by another, "Was his honour well?"

"Quite well, Patrick—never better in my life," said Mowbray ; and turning his back on the old man, as if to prevent his observing whether his countenance and his words corresponded, he pursued his way to his sister's apartment. The sound of his step upon the passage

.e dead hare, and he had chased him as far as
ld—the shepherd had carried him to the shieling,
one should claim him."
ould he had hanged him with all my heart!" said
.ay.
.ow?—hang Trimmer?—your favourite Trimmer,
as beat the whole country?—and it was only this
ng you were half crying because he was amissing,
ke to murder man and mother's son?"
he better I like any living thing," answered Mow-
" the more reason I have for wishing it dead and
; for neither I nor anything that I love, will ever
ppy more."
ou cannot frighten me, John, with these flights,"
red Clara, trembling, although she endeavoured
k unconcerned—" You have used me to them too
"
is well for you then; you will be ruined without
ock of surprise."
) much the better—We have been," said Clara,

" So constantly in poortith's sight,
The thoughts on't gie us little fright.'

' I with honest Robert Burns."
—n Burns and his trash!" said Mowbray, with the
ence of a man determined to be angry with every-
ut himself, who was the real source of the evil.
d *why* damn poor Burns?" said Clara composedly
ot his fault if you have not risen a winner, for I
se, *is* the cause of all this uproar."

"Would it not make anyone lose patience," said Mowbray, "to hear her quoting the rhapsodies of a hob-nailed peasant, when a man is speaking of the downfall of an ancient house? Your ploughman, I suppose, becoming one degree poorer than he was born to be, would only go without his dinner, or without his usual potation of ale. His comrades would cry 'poor fellow!' and let him eat out of their kit, and drink out of their bicker without scruple, till his own was full again. But the poor gentleman—the downfallen man of rank—the degraded man of birth—the disabled and disarmed man of power!—it is he that is to be pitied, who loses not merely drink and dinner, but honour, situation, credit, character, and name itself!"

"You are declaiming in this manner in order to terrify me," said Clara; "but, friend John, I know you and your ways, and I have made up my mind upon all contingencies that can take place. I will tell you more—I have stood on this tottering pinnacle of rank and fashion, if our situation can be termed such, till my head is dizzy with the instability of my eminence; and I feel that strange desire of tossing myself down, which the devil is said to put into folk's heads when they stand on the top of steeples—at least, I had rather the plunge were over."

"Be satisfied, then; if that will satisfy you—the plunge *is* over, and we are—what they used to call it in Scotland—gentle beggars, creatures to whom our second, and third, and fourth, and fifth cousins may, if they please, give a place at the side-table, and a seat in the carriage with the lady's-maid, if driving backwards will not make us sick."

"They may give it to those who will take it," said *Clara; "but I am* determined to eat bread of my own *buying—I can do twenty things*, and I am sure some one *or other of them will bring* me all the little money I will *need. I have been trying*, John, for several months, how



: upon, and yc
/e brought the
. difference, Cl
l poverty—the
hen we please,

brother," replie
'ou to set me a
ns into effect,
ıt would you ha
ion, or rough-ri
g else that my
or—and then s
say, give me a
ntance sake."
ıt the way, Joh
erious misfort
t believe that t
ake it."
ıe very worst
not believe bad
ı house, nor a f
:hat you will nc
ohn, you have
. tidings deser
ı young lady w
vbray bitterly.
ession, if I wer
to stop all this
nmating my o
not make me
."
ı expect I am a
courtship?—'
ıat day of gra
l of it, with

"may it take with it all that we can quarrel about
But till this instant, I thought it was for this very pc
that this long voyage was bound, and that you were
deavouring to persuade me of the reality of the dange
the storm, in order to reconcile me to the harbour."

"You are mad, I think, in earnest," said Mowbr
"can you really be so absurd as to rejoice that you h
no way left to relieve yourself and me from ruin, w
and shame?"

"From shame, brother?" said Clara. "No sha
in honest poverty, I hope."

"That is according as folks have used their prosper
Clara—I must speak to the point.—There are stra
reports going below—By Heaven! they are enough
disturb the ashes of the dead! Were I to mention th
I should expect our poor mother to enter the room—C
Mowbray, can you guess what I mean?"

It was with the utmost exertion, yet in a faltering vo
that she was able, after an ineffectual effort, to utter
monosyllable, "*No!*"

"By Heaven! I am ashamed—I am even *afraid*
express my own meaning!—Clara, what is there wh
makes you so obstinately reject every proposal of n
riage?—Is it that you feel yourself unworthy to be
wife of an honest man?—Speak out!—Evil Fame
been busy with your reputation—speak out!—Give
the right to cram their lies down the throats of the
ventors, and when I go among them to-morrow, I s
know how to treat those who cast reflections on y
The fortunes of our house are ruined, but no ton
shall slander its honour.—Speak—speak, wretched g
why are you silent?"

"*Stay* at home, brother," said Clara; "stay at ho
if you regard our house's honour—murder cannot m
misery—*Stay at* home, and let them talk of me as
will—they can scarcely say worse of me than I deser

ody death, brother, nor by your hand!"

e held him close by the knees as she spoke, and ex-ssed in her looks and accents the utmost terror. It s not, indeed, without reason; for the extreme solitude f the place, the violent and inflamed passions of her rother, and the desperate circumstances to which he had reduced himself, seemed all to concur to render some horrid act of violence not an improbable termination of this strange interview.

Mowbray folded his arms, without unclenching his hands, or raising his head, while his sister continued on the floor, clasping him round the knees with all her strength, and begging piteously for her life and for mercy.

"Fool!" he said at last, "let me go!—Who cares for thy worthless life?—who cares if thou live or die? Live, if thou canst—and be the hate and scorn of every one else, as much as thou art mine!"

He grasped her by the shoulder, with one hand pushed her from him, and as she arose from the floor, and again pressed to throw her arms around his neck, he repulsed her with his arm and hand, with a push—or blow—it might be termed either one or the other—violent enough, in her weak state, to have again extended her on the ground, had not a chair received her as she fell. He

ted at her with ferocity, grappled a moment in his ket; then ran to the window, and throwing the sash lently up, thrust himself as far as he could without ling into the open air. Terrified, and yet her feelings his unkindness predominating even above her fears, lara continued to exclaim,

"Oh, brother, say you did not mean this!—Oh, say ou did not mean to strike me!—Oh, whatever I have leserved, be not you the executioner!—It is not manly —it is not natural—there are but two of us in the world!"

He returned no answer; and, observing that he continued to stretch himself from the window, which was in the second storey of the building, and overlooked the court, a new cause of apprehension mingled, in some measure, with her personal fears. Timidly, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, she approached her angry brother, and fearfully yet firmly seized the skirt of his coat, as if anxious to preserve him from the effects of that despair, which so lately seemed turned against her, and now against himself.

He felt the pressure of her hold, and drawing himself angrily back, asked her sternly, what she wanted.

"Nothing," she said, quitting her hold of his coat; "but what—what did he look after so anxiously?"

"After the devil!" he answered, fiercely; then drawing in his head, and taking her hand, "By my soul, Clara—it is true, if ever there was truth in such a tale!—He stood by me just now, and urged me to murder thee!—What else could have put my hunting-knife into my thought?—Ay, by God, and into my very hand—at such a moment?—Yonder I could almost fancy I see him fly, *the wood, and* the rock, and the water, gleaming back *the dark-red furnace-light*, that is shed on them by his *dragon wings!* By my soul, I can hardly suppose a *fancy!—I can* hardly think but that I was under the in



ɔe of an evil spirit—under ɛ
ɔn! But gone as he is, gone
ready implement of evil, be t
: drew from his pocket his rigl
s time held his hunting-knife, ar
ɔ the courtyard as he spoke;
ietness and solemnity of mar
ıd led his sister by the hand to
er tottering steps scarce enabled
ne said, after a pause of mourı
think what is to be done, without
there may be something for us in
not throw away our game. A bl
is hit—dishonour concealed is n
respects.—Dost thou attend to m
said, suddenly and sternly raising
" Yes, brother—yes indeed, br
plied, terrified even by delay again
and ungovernable temper.
" Thus it must be then," he sai
this Etherington—there is no h
cannot complain of what your o
rendered inevitable."
" But, brother "—said the treml
" Be silent. I know all that yo
him not, you would say. I love h
you. Nay, what is more, he love
might scruple to give you to him,
have owned yourself. But you
hate, Clara—or for the interest
what reason you will—But wed hir
" Brother—dearest brother—on
" Not of refusal or expostulat
by," *said Mowbray.* " When I b
I thought thee this morning, I r
ould not compel. But since th

ıas been disgraced by your means, it is but just, that, if ɔossible, its disgrace should be hidden ; and it shall,—ay, f selling you for a slave would tend to conceal it !"

"You do worse—you do worse by me ! A slave in ın open market may be bought by a kind master—you lo not give me that chance—you wed me to one vho"——

"Fear him not, nor the worst that he can do, Clara," aid her brother. "I know on what terms he marries; ınd, being once more your brother, as your obedience in his matter will make me, he had better tear his flesh rom his bones with his own teeth, than do thee any dis-ɔleasure ! By Heaven, I hate him so much—for he has ıutreached me every way—that methinks it is some con-ɔolation that he will not receive in thee the excellent ɔreature I thought thee !—Fallen as thou art, thou art ɔtill too good for him."

Encouraged by the more gentle and almost affectionate one in which her brother spoke, Clara could not help ɜaying, although almost in a whisper, "I trust it will ıot be so—I trust he will consider his own condition, ıonour, and happiness, better than to share it with ne."

"Let him utter such a scruple if he dares," said Mowbray. "But he dares not hesitate—he knows that he instant he recedes from addressing you, he signs his ɔwn death-warrant or mine, or perhaps that of both ; ınd his views, too, are of a kind that will not be relin-ɔuished on a point of scrupulous delicacy merely. Therefore, Clara, nourish no such thought in your heart ıs that there is the least possibility of your escaping this *ɜarriage !—The match* is booked—Swear you will not *ɜitate."*

"I will not," she said, almost breathlessly, terrified *he was about to start* once more into the fit of un-*d fury which had before seized on him.*



'en whisper or hint an objec
ıte, for it is inevitable."
ıubmit "—answered Clara,
ɔent.
he said, "will spare you—at l
be for ever—all inquiry into t
fessed. Rumours there were
d my ears even in England ;
1 them that looked on you
ate course of life?—On this s
ent—perhaps may not again
ı do nothing to thwart my
e which circumstances rende
t is late—retire, Clara, to yc
ave said as what necessity h
ɛlfish pleasure."
ıt his hand, and she placed, t
ror, her trembling palm in
with a sort of mournful solen
attendance upon a funeral,
h a gallery hung with old fan
hich was Clara's bed-chambe
moment looked out through
clouds that had long been bo
st descendants of that ancient
in hand, more like the ghosts
ng persons, through the hal
of their forefathers. The
breast of both, but neither at
st a flitting glance on the pall
ns, "How little did these
f their house!" At the do
ray quitted his sister's ha
should to-night thank God
danger, and me from a de
e answered—"I will." A

had been anew excited by this allusion to what had passed, she bid her brother hastily good-night, and was no sooner within her apartment, than he heard her turn the key in the lock, and draw two bolts besides.

"I understand you, Clara," muttered Mowbray between his teeth, as he heard one bar drawn after another. "But if you could earth yourself under Ben Nevis, you could not escape what fate has destined for you.—Yes!" he said to himself, as he walked with slow and moody pace through the moonlit gallery, uncertain whether to return to the parlour, or to retire to his solitary chamber, when his attention was roused by a noise in the court-yard.

The night was not indeed very far advanced, but it was so long since Shaws Castle received a guest, that, had Mowbray not heard the rolling of wheels in the courtyard, he might have thought rather of house-breakers than of visitors. But, as the sound of a carriage and horses was distinctly heard, it instantly occurred to him, that the guest must be Lord Etherington, come, even at this late hour, to speak with him on the reports which were current to his sister's prejudice, and perhaps to declare his addresses to her were at an end. Eager to know the worst, and to bring matters to a decision, he re-entered the apartment he had just left, where the lights were still burning, and, calling loudly to Patrick, whom he heard in communing with the postilion, commanded him to show the visitor to Miss Mowbray's parlour. It was not the light step of the young nobleman which came tramping, or rather stamping, through the long passage, and up the two or three steps at the end of it. Neither was it Lord Etherington's graceful figure which was seen when the door opened, but the stout square substance of Mr. Peregrine Touchwood.

CHAP. XXXVI

Claim'd kindred there, and had h.

L

STARTING at the unexpec
apparition which presented it
described at the end of the h
ay yet felt, at the same time, a kind
eeting with Lord Etherington, pai
at meeting must be, was for a time s
s with a mixture of peevishness and
n that he demanded what had pr
nour of a visit from Mr. Touchwood
'Necessity that makes the old wife
chwood; "no choice of mine, I ass
Mowbray, I would rather have
ard than run the risk I have
ling through your breakneck roads i
lbarrow. On my word, I belie
lesome to your butler for a draugh
n as thirsty as a coal-heaver that is
You have porter, I suppose, or g
ny?"
a secret exec-



I prefer it, and so does everybody, except Frenchmen and dandies. No offence, Mr. Mowbray, but you should order a hogshead from Meux—the brown-stout, wired down for exportation to the colonies, keeps for any length of time, and in every climate—I have drunk it where it must have cost a guinea a quart, if interest had been counted."

"When I *expect* the honour of a visit from you, Mr. Touchwood, I will endeavour to be better provided," answered Mowbray; "at present your arrival has been without notice, and I would be glad to know if it has any particular object."

"This is what I call coming to the point," said Mr. Touchwood, thrusting out his stout legs, accoutred as they were with the ancient defences, called boot-hose, so as to rest his heels upon the fender. "Upon my life, the fire turns the best flower in the garden at this season of the year—I'll take the freedom to throw on a log.—Is it not a strange thing, by the by, that one never sees a fagot in Scotland? You have much small wood, Mr. Mowbray, I wonder you do not get some fellow from the midland counties to teach your people how to make a fagot."

"Did you come all the way to Shaws Castle," asked Mowbray, rather testily, "to instruct me in the mystery of fagot-making?"

"Not exactly—not exactly," answered the undaunted Touchwood; "but there is a right and a wrong way in everything—a word by the way, on any useful subject, can never fall amiss.—As for my immediate and more pressing business, I can assure you that it is of a nature sufficiently urgent, since it brings me to a house in which I am much surprised to find myself."

"The surprise is mutual, sir," said Mowbray, gravely, observing that his guest made a pause; "it is full time you should explain it."

," replied Touchwood, "I must first ask
you have never heard of a certain old
alled Scrogie, who took it into what he
ad, poor man, to be ashamed of the name
ough owned by many honest and respectable
chose to join it to your surname of Mowbray,
a more chivalrous Norman sounding, and, in
a gentleman-like twang with it?"

ave heard of such a person, though only lately,"
lowbray. "Reginald Scrogie Mowbray was his
. I have reason to consider his alliance with my
y as undoubted, though you seem to mention it
a sneer, sir. I believe Mr. S. Mowbray regulated
family settlements very much upon the idea that his
ir was to intermarry with our house."

"True, true, Mr. Mowbray," answered Touchwood; "and certainly it is not your business to lay the axe to the root of the genealogical tree, that is like to bear golden apples for you—Ha!"

"Well, well, sir—proceed—proceed," answered Mowbray.

"You may also have heard that this old gentleman had a son, who would willingly have cut up the said family tree into fagots; who thought Scrogie sounded as well as Mowbray, and had no fancy for an imaginary gentility which was to be attained by the change of one's natural name, and the disowning, as it were, of one's actual relations?"

"I think I have heard from Lord Etherington," answered Mowbray, "to whose communications I owe most of my knowledge about these Scrogie people, that old Mr. Scrogie Mowbray was unfortunate in a son, who thwarted his father on every occasion,—would *embrace no* opportunity which fortunate chances hel *out, of raising* and distinguishing the family—had *bibed low tastes*, wandering habits, and singular ob

pursuit,—on account of which his father disinherited
."

"It is very true, Mr. Mowbray," proceeded Touchod, "that this person did happen to fall under his her's displeasure, because he scorned forms and mmery,—loved better to make money as an honest erchant, than to throw it away as an idle gentleman,—ever called a coach when walking on foot would serve ie turn,—and liked the Royal Exchange better than St. ames's Park. In short, his father disinherited him, ecause he had the qualities for doubling the estate, rather than those for squandering it."

"All this may be quite correct, Mr. Touchwood," replied Mowbray; "but, pray, what has this Mr. Scrogie junior to do with you or me?"

"Do with you or me!" said Touchwood, as if surprised at the question; "he has a great deal to do with me at least, since I am the very man myself."

"The devil you are," said Mowbray, opening wide his eyes in turn; "Why,—your name is Touchwood—P. Touchwood—Paul, I suppose, or Peter—I read it so in the subscription book at the Well."

"Peregrine, sir, Peregrine—my mother would have me so christened, because Peregrine Pickle came out during her confinement; and my poor foolish father acquiesced, because he thought it genteel, and derived from the Willoughbies. I don't like it, and I always write P. short, and you might have remarked an S. also before the surname—I use at present P. S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the city who loved his jest—he always called me Postscript Touchwood."

"Then, sir," said Mowbray, "if you are really Mr. *Scrogie, tout court*, I must suppose the name of Touchwood is assumed?"

"*What* the devil!" replied Mr. P. S. Touchwood, "do you suppose there is no name in the English nation



up legitimately wi
ept your own, M
he name of Touch
ong with it, from a
irit in sticking by c
r, every one has his
etter to enjoy a her
s name of Mowbr
ssuming a strange
ld you Mr. Touch
he traveller; "for
o the duties of a so
o made such a foo
nan in his old a
tner in the grea
l Co.—Let me tell
n house as in field-
brothers, and a hea
st cousin."
t no offence wha

Touchwood, if you
ranch first, for it r
hwood—ha, ha, ha
ar old fellow this,'
speaks in all the
to him, till I ca
e facetious, Mr.
l. "I was only gc
alue upon your cc
forget that such a
id you heartily wel
ye, thank ye, Mr.
e *thing* right. To
ed much to com
nd cousinship, a

ight you would be more tractable in your adversit
n was your father in his prosperity."

'Did you know my father, sir?" said Mowbray.

"Ay, ay—I came once down here, and was introduc
him—saw your sister and you when you were childr
-had thoughts of making my will then, and should ha
lapped you both in before I set out to double Ca
Horn! But, gad, I wish my poor father had seen t
reception I got! I did not let the old gentleman, M
Mowbray of St. Ronan's that was then, smoke my mone
bags—that might have made him more tractable—not b
that we went on indifferent well for a day or two, till
got a hint that my room was wanted, for that the Du
of Devil-knows-what was expected, and my bed was
serve his valet-de-chambre.—'Oh, damn all gen
cousins!' said I, and off I set on the pad round t
world again, and thought no more of the Mowbrays t
a year or so ago."

"And pray, what recalled us to your recollection?'

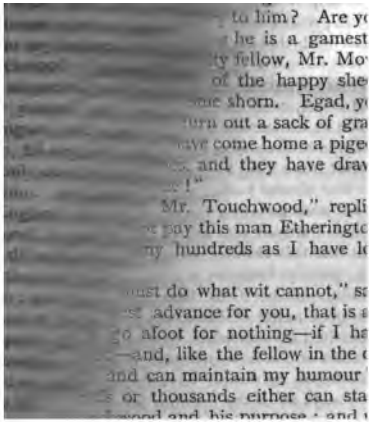
"Why," said Touchwood, "I was settled for s
time at Smyrna (for I turn the penny go where I wil
have done a little business even since I came here);
being at Smyrna, as I said, I became acquainted
Francis Tyrrel."

"The natural brother of Lord Etherington,"
Mowbray.

"Ay, so called," answered Touchwood; "but I
by he is more likely to prove the Earl of Ethe
himself, and t'other fine fellow the bastard."

"The devil he is!—You surprise me, Mr.
wood."

"I thought I should—I thought I should—
am sometimes surprised myself at the turn thing
this world. But the thing is not the less cer
proofs are lying in the strong chest of our
London, deposited there by the old Earl, w


to him? Are y
he is a gamest
y fellow, Mr. Mo
of the happy she
shorn. Egad, y
urn out a sack of gra
ve come home a pige
and they have dra
!"
Mr. Touchwood," repli
pay this man Etheringt
ny hundreds as I have l
ust do what wit cannot," s
advance for you, that is
o afoot for nothing—if I h
—and, like the fellow in the
nd can maintain my humour
or thousands either can sta
wood and his purpose ' and

"More than you are aware of," answered Touchwood "for, though I thought this Bulmer, even when declared illegitimate, might be a reasonable good match for your sister, considering the estate which was to accompany the union of their hands; yet, now I have discovered him to be a scoundrel—every way a scoundrel—I would not wish any decent girl to marry him, were they to get all Yorkshire, instead of Nettlewood. So I have come to put you right."

The strangeness of the news which Touchwood so bluntly communicated, made Mowbray's head turn round like that of a man who grows dizzy at finding himself on the verge of a precipice. Touchwood observed his consternation, which he willingly construed into an acknowledgment of his own brilliant genius.

"Take a glass of wine, Mr. Mowbray," he said, complacently; "take a glass of old sherry—nothing like it for clearing the ideas—and do not be afraid of me though I come thus suddenly upon you, with such surprising tidings—you will find me a plain, simple, ordinary man, that have my faults and my blunders, like other people. I acknowledge that much travel and experience have made me sometimes play the busybody because I find I can do things better than other people, and I love to see folk stare—it's a way I have got. after all, I am *un bon diable*, as the Frenchman says, and here I have come four or five hundred miles to set quiet among you all, and put all your little matters rights, just when you think they are most desperate."

"I thank you for your good intentions," said Mowbray; "but I must needs say that they would have been more effectual had you been less cunning in my affairs, and frankly told me what you knew of Lord Etherington; as it is, the matter has gone fearfully far. I have promised him my sister—I have laid myself under personal obligations to him—and there are other



I must keep my wor

" exclaimed Touchw
ster to a worthless ra
: post-office, and of
: have lost a trifle of n
o off triumphantly be
ı cheat?—You are a
Ronan's—you are o
for wool, and come h
elf a millstone, and
abroad a hawk, and h
led at the Philistines
eth with a vengeance
; all very witty, Mı
" but wit will not pa
r he is, so many h

hen, wealth must dc
vood; "I must adv
ir, I do not go afoot
have reaped—and, l
ve enough, and can
ew hundreds or thou
P. S. Touchwood ar
pose is to make yo
free man of the fore
g man?—Why, I tru
hink your dignity ofl
ie comes to the assist
ıse of Mowbray?"
ıdeed not such a foc
s still bent on the g
omes to me like a ro
: *a circumstance*"—
s of wine—"a circ

most painful to me to allude—but you seem my friend—and I cannot intimate to you more strongly my belief in your professions of regard than by saying, that the language held by Lady Penelope Penfeather on my sister's account, renders it highly proper that she were settled in life; and I cannot but fear, that the breaking off the affair with this man might be of great prejudice to her at this moment. They will have Nettlewood, and they may live separate—he has offered to make settlements to that effect, even on the very day of marriage. Her condition as a married woman will put her above scandal, and above necessity, from which, I am sorry to say, I cannot hope long to preserve her."

"For shame!—for shame!—for shame!" said Touchwood, accumulating his words thicker than usual on each other; "would you sell your own flesh and blood to a man like this Bulmer, whose character is now laid before you, merely because a disappointed old maid speaks scandal of her? A fine veneration you pay to the honoured name of Mowbray! If my poor, old, simple father had known what the owners of these two grand syllables could have stooped to do for merely ensuring subsistence, he would have thought as little of the noble Mowbrays as of the humble Scrogies. And, I dare say, the young lady is just such another—eager to get married—no matter to whom."

"Excuse me, Mr. Touchwood," answered Mowbray; "my sister entertains sentiments so very different from what you ascribe to her, that she and I parted on the most unpleasant terms, in consequence of my pressing this man's suit upon her. God knows, that I only did so, because I saw no other outlet from this most unpleasant dilemma. But, since you are willing to interfere, sir, and aid me to disentangle these complicated matters, which have, I own, been made worse by my own rashness, I am ready to throw the matter quite

ks with this family. You would
he continued, in a confidential
were so desirous a while ago shou
ıe sense actually happened, and t
ny has really passed betwixt you
ed Lord Etherington?"
, sir!" said Mowbray fiercely; "
ur—this is no place, time, or sub
ng."
bread, I am serious," said Touch
ɪrformed the ceremony; and th
ıses who heard them say the wor
Francis,' or whatever the Scottish
that mystical formula."
sible," said Mowbray; "Cargill
such a thing—a clandestine proc

believed him at the time to be another person—to be, i
a word, Francis Tyrrel, who is actually what the othe
pretends to be, a nobleman of fortune.'

"I cannot understand one word of all this," sai
Mowbray. "I must to my sister instantly, and deman
of her if there be any real foundation for these wonderfu
averments."

"Do not go," said Touchwood, detaining him, "yo
shall have a full explanation from me; and to comfo
you under your perplexity, I can assure you that Cargill'
consent to celebrate the nuptials was only obtained b
an aspersion thrown on your sister's character, which in
duced him to believe that speedy marriage would be th
sole means of saving her reputation; and I am con
vinced in my own mind it is only the revival of this repo
which has furnished the foundation of Lady Penelope'
chattering."

"If I could think so,"—said Mowbray, "if I cou
but think this is truth—and it seems to explain, in so
degree, my sister's mysterious conduct—if I could
think it true, I should fall down and worship you as
angel from heaven!"

"A proper sort of angel," said Touchwood, loo
modestly down on his short, sturdy supporters—"
you ever hear of an angel in boot-hose? Or, do
suppose angels are sent to wait on broken-down
jockeys?"

"Call me what you will, Mr. Touchwood," sa
young man; "only make out your story true, a
sister innocent!"

"Very well spoken, sir," answered the senior,
well spoken! But then I understand you are
guided by my prudence and experience? None
G— damme doings, sir—your duels or your dr
Let me manage the affair for you, and I will
through with a flowing sail."



"Sir, I must feel as a gentlem
"Feel as a fool," said Touch
rue case. Nothing would please
o fight through his rogueries—
e who can slit a pistol-ball on
will always preserve some sort c
scoundrelism—but I shall take
Sit down—be a man of sense, a
this strange story."

Mowbray sat down according
his own way, and with many cha
remarks, gave him an account o
and Tyrrel—of the reasons wh
first to encourage their corresp
his brother would, by a clandest
ruin himself with his father—of
place in his views when he pe
annexed by the old Earl to the
with his apparent heir—of the de
he endeavoured to play off, by s
room of his brother—and all t
it is unnecessary to resume here
length by the perpetrator himse
with Captain Jekyl.

When the whole communicati
almost stupified by the wonders
for some time in a sort of reve
started to ask what evidence cou
so strange.

"The evidence," answered T
was a deep agent in all these ma
as complete a rogue, I believe, a
this difference, that our mortal f
do evil for the sake of evil, but
which attends it. How far this
court of conscience, I cannot



was so far akin to humanity, that I have always found my old acquaintance as ready to do good as harm, providing he had the same *agio* upon the transaction."

"On my soul," said Mowbray, "you must mean Solmes! whom I have long suspected to be a deep villain—and now he proves traitor to boot. How the devil could you get into his intimacy, Mr. Touchwood?"

"The case was particular," said Touchwood. "Mr. Solmes, too active a member of the community to be satisfied with managing the affairs which his master entrusted to him, adventured in a little business on his own account; and thinking, I suppose, that the late Earl of Etherington had forgotten fully to acknowledge his services, as valet to his son, he supplied that defect by a small cheque on our house for £100, in name, and bearing the apparent signature, of the deceased. This small mistake being detected, Mr. Solmes, *porteur* of the little billet, would have been consigned to the custody of a Bow Street officer, but that I found means to relieve him, on condition of his making known to me the points of private history which I have just been communicating to you. What I had known of Tyrrel at Smyrna had given me much interest in him, and you may guess it was not lessened by the distresses which he had sustained through his brother's treachery. By this fellow's means, I have counterplotted all his master's fine schemes. For example, as soon as I learned Bulmer was coming down here, I contrived to give Tyrrel an anonymous hint, well knowing he would set off like the devil to thwart him, and so I should have the whole dramatis personæ together, and play them all off against each other, after my own pleasure."

"*In* that case," said Mr. Mowbray, "your expedient *brought about the* rencontre between the two brothers, *when both might* have fallen."

"*Can't deny it*—can't deny it," answered Scrogie, a



countenanced—"a mere accident—no one can very point.—Egad, but I had like to have been again, for Bulmer sent the lad Jekyl, who is not a black sheep neither but what there are some hairs about him, upon a treaty with Tyrrel, that secret agent was not admitted to. Gad, but I discovered the whole—you will scarce guess how."

'Probably not easily, indeed, sir," answered Mowbray; "for your sources of intelligence are not the most obvious, any more than your mode of acting the most simple or most comprehensible."

"I would not have it so," said Touchwood; "simple men perish in their simplicity—I carry my eye-teeth about me.—And for my source of information—why, I played the eavesdropper, sir—listened—knew my landlady's cupboard with the double door—got into it as she has done many a time.—Such a fine gentleman as you would rather cut a man's throat, I suppose, than listen at a cupboard door, though the object were to prevent murder."

"I cannot say I should have thought of the expedient, certainly, sir," said Mowbray.

"I did though," said Scrogie, "and learned enough of what was going on, to give Jekyl a hint that sickened him of his commission, I believe—so the game is all in my own hands. Bulmer has no one to trust to but Solmes, and Solmes tells me everything."

Here Mowbray could not suppress a movement of impatience.

"I wish to God, sir, that since you were so kind as to interest yourself in affairs so intimately concerning my family, you had been pleased to act with a little more openness towards me. Here have I been for weeks the intimate of a damned scoundrel, whose throat I ought to have cut for his scandalous conduct to my sister. *Here have I* been rendering her and myself miserable *and getting* myself cheated every night by a swindl

whom you, if it had been your pleasure, could have unmasked by a single word. I do all justice to your intentions, sir; but, upon my soul, I cannot help wishing you had conducted yourself with more frankness and less mystery; and I am truly afraid your love of dexterity has been too much for your ingenuity, and that you have suffered matters to run into such a skein of confusion, as you yourself will find difficulty in unravelling."

Touchwood smiled, and shook his head in all the conscious pride of superior understanding. "Young man," he said, "when you have seen a little of the world, and especially beyond the bounds of this narrow island, you will find much more art and dexterity necessary in conducting these businesses to an issue, than occurs to a blind John Bull, or a raw Scotchman. You will be then no stranger to the policy of life, which deals in mining and countermining,—now in making feints, now in thrusting with forthright passes. I look upon you, Mr. Mowbray, as a young man spoiled by staying at home, and keeping bad company; and will make it my business, if you submit yourself to my guidance, to inform your understanding, so as to retrieve your estate.—Don't—don't answer me, sir! because I know too well, by experience, how young men answer on these subjects—they are conceited, sir, as conceited as if they had been in all the four quarters of the world. I hate to be answered, sir, I hate it. And, to tell you the truth, it is because Tyrrel has a fancy of answering me, that I rather make you my confidant on this occasion, than him. I would have had him throw himself into my arms, and under my directions; but he hesitated—he *hesitated, Mr.* Mowbray—and I despise hesitation. If *he thinks he has wit* enough to manage his own *matters, let him try it*—let him try it. Not but I will do *all that I can for him in* fitting time and place; but I



rell in his perplexities and uncertainties for a
ıger. And so, Mr. Mowbray, you see what
ı fellow I am, and you can satisfy me at
you mean to come into my measures—only
ınce, sir, for I abhor hesitation."
:hwood thus spoke, Mowbray was forming
internally. He was not so inexperienced
supposed; at least, he could plainly see
ı do with an obstinate, capricious old man,
best intentions in the world, chose to have
his own way; and, like most petty poli-
disposed to throw intrigue and mystery
which had much better be prosecuted
ıldly. But he perceived, at the same time,
ıod, as a sort of relation, wealthy, childless,
to become his friend, was a person to be
ıe rather that the traveller himself had
d that it was Francis Tyrrel's want of
'ards him, which had forfeited, or at least
vour. Mowbray recollected, also, that the
under which he himself stood did not permit
with returning gleams of good fortune.
:refore, the haughtiness of temper proper to
ıly son and heir, he answered respectfully,
ındition, the advice and assistance of Mr.
hwood were too important, not to be pur-
: price of submitting his own judgment to
ıerienced and sagacious friend.
, Mr. Mowbray," replied the senior, "well
: once have the management of your affairs,
'ush them up for you without loss of time.—
ıged to you for a bed for the night, however
'k as a wolf's mouth; and if you will give
ep the poor devil of a postilion, and his
ıy I will be the more obliged to you."
ıplied himself to the bell. Patrick a

ered the call, and was much surprised, when the ol
ntleman, taking the word out of his entertainer'
outh, desired a bed to be got ready, with a little fire i
ie grate; "for I take it, friend," he went on, "yo
ave not guests here very often.—And see that m
sheets be not damp, and bid the housemaid take car
not to make the bed upon an exact level, but let it slop
from the pillow to the footposts, at a declivity of abou
eighteen inches.—And hark ye—get me a jug of barley
water, to place by my bedside, with the squeeze of
lemon—or stay, you will make it as sour as Beelzebub—
bring the lemon on a saucer, and I will mix it myself."

Patrick listened like one of sense forlorn, his hea
turning like a mandarin, alternately from the speake
to his master, as if to ask the latter whether this was a
reality. The instant that Touchwood stopped, Mowbra
added his fiat.

"Let everything be done to make Mr. Touchwoo
comfortable, in the way he wishes."

"Aweel, sir," said Patrick, "I shall tell Mally, to
sure, and we maun do our best, and—but it's ur
late"——

"And therefore," said Touchwood, "the sooner
get to bed the better, my old friend. I, for one, n
be stirring early—I have business of life and death
concerns you too, Mr. Mowbray—but no more of
till to-morrow.—And let the lad put up his horses,
get him a bed somewhere."

Patrick here thought he had gotten upon firm g
for resistance, for which, displeased with the dict
manner of the stranger, he felt considerably inclin

"Ye may catch us at that, if ye can," said P
"*there's nae* post cattle come into our stables—W
we ken, but that they may be glandered as the
says?"

"*We must* take the risk to-night, Patrick," s



ay, reluctantly enough—"unless Mr. Touchwood will rmit the horses to come back early next morning?"

"Not I, indeed," said Touchwood; "safe bind safe id—it may be once away and aye away, and we shall ave enough to do to-morrow morning. Moreover, the oor carrion are tired, and the merciful man is merciful s his beast—and, in a word, if the horses go back to t. Ronan's Well to-night, I go there for company."

It often happens, owing, I suppose, to the perversity f human nature, that subserviency in trifles is more ifficult to a proud mind, than compliance in matters of iore importance. Mowbray, like other young gentlemen f his class, was finically rigid in his stable discipline, nd even Lord Etherington's horses had not been ad- itted into that *sanctum sanctorum*, into which he now aw himself obliged to induct two wretched post-hacks. ut he submitted with the best grace he could; and atrick, while he left their presence with lifted-up hands nd eyes, to execute the orders he had received, could carcely help thinking that the old man must be the devil disguise, since he could thus suddenly control his ery master, even in the points which he had hitherto eemed to consider as of most vital importance.

"The Lord in his mercy haud a grip of this puir umily! for I, that was born in it, am like to see the end f it." Thus ejaculated Patrick.

CHAP. XXXVII.

'Tis a naughty night to swim in.—KING LEAR.

THERE was a wild uncertainty about Mowbray's ideas, after he started from a feverish sleep on the morning succeeding this memorable interview, *that his sister*, whom he really loved as much as he was capable of loving anything, had dishonoured

and her name ; and the horrid recollection of their last interview was the first idea which his waking imagination was thrilled with. Then came Touchwood's tale of exculpation—and he persuaded himself, or strove to do so, that Clara must have understood the charge he had brought against her as referring to her attachment to Tyrrel, and its fatal consequences. Again, still he doubted how that could be—still feared that there must be more behind than her reluctance to confess the fraud which had been practised on her by Bulmer ; and then, again, he strengthened himself in the first and more pleasing opinion by recollecting that, averse as she was to espouse the person he proposed to her, it must have appeared to her the completion of ruin, if he, Mowbray, should obtain knowledge of the clandestine marriage.

"Yes—O yes," he said to himself, "she would think that this story would render me more eager in the rascal's interest, as the best way of hushing up such a discreditable affair—faith, and she would have judged right too; for, had he actually been Lord Etherington, I do not see what else she could have done. But, not being Lord Etherington, and an anointed scoundrel into the bargain, I will content myself with cudgelling him to death as soon as I can get out of the guardianship of this old, meddling, obstinate, self-willed busy-body.—Then, what is to be done for Clara?—This mock marriage was a mere bubble, and both parties must draw stakes. She likes this grave Don, who proves to be the stick of the right tree, after all—so do not I, though there be something lord-like about him. I was sure a strolling painter could not have carried it off so. She may marry him, I suppose, if the law is not against it—then she has the earldom, and the Oaklands, and Nettlewood, all at *once.—Gad, we should come* in winners, after all—and, *I dare say, this old boy* Touchwood is as rich as a Jew—*worth a hundred thousand* at least—He is too peremptory

for sixpence under a hundred thousand.—
s of putting me to rights—I must not wince
ıd still to be curried a little—Only I wish the
ermit Clara's being married to this other earl.
ın cannot marry two brothers, that is certain;
, if she is not married to the one of them in
ad lawful form, there can be no bar to her
ıg the other, I should think—I hope the lawyers
ılk no nonsense about it—I hope Clara will have
olish scruples.—But, by my word, the first thing I
to hope is, that the thing is true, for it comes
ıgh but a suspicious channel. I'll away to Clara
ntly—get the truth out of her—and consider what is
e done."

Thus partly thought and partly spoke the young Laird St. Ronan's, hastily dressing himself, in order to inquire into the strange chaos of events which perplexed his imagination.

When he came down to the parlour where they had supped last night, and where breakfast was prepared this morning, he sent for a girl who acted as his sister's immediate attendant, and asked "if Miss Mowbray was yet stirring?"

The girl answered, "she had not rung her bell."

"It is past her usual hour," said Mowbray, "but she was disturbed last night. Go, Martha, tell her to get up instantly—say I have excellent good news for her—or, if her head aches, I will come and tell them to her before she rises—go like lightning."

Martha went, and returned in a minute or two. "I cannot make my mistress hear, sir, knock as loud as I will. I wish," she added, with that love of evil presage which is common in the lower ranks, "that Miss Clara may be *well, for I* never knew her sleep so sound."

Mowbray jumped from the chair into which he had *thrown himself*, ran through the gallery, and knocked

artly at his sister's door; there was no answer. Clara, dear Clara!—Answer me but one word—say it you are well. I frightened you last night—I had been inking wine—I was violent—forgive me!—Come, do ot be sulky—speak but a single word—say but you are ell."

He made the pauses longer betwixt every branch of his address, knocked sharper and louder, listened more anxiously for an answer; at length he attempted to open the door, but found it locked, or otherwise secured. "Does Miss Mowbray always lock her door?" he asked the girl.

"Never knew her do it before, sir; she leaves it open that I may call her, and open the window shutters."

She had too good reason for precaution last night, thought her brother, and then remembered having heard her bar the door,

"Come, Clara," he continued, greatly agitated, "do not be silly; if you will not open the door, I must force it, that's all; for how can I tell but that you are sick and unable to answer?—if you are only sullen, say so.—She returns no answer," he said, turning to the domesti who was now joined by Touchwood.

Mowbray's anxiety was so great, that it prevented taking any notice of his guest, and he proceeded to s without regarding his presence, "What is to be do —she may be sick—she may be asleep—she may h swooned; if I force the door, it may terrify her to d in the present weak state of her nerves.—Clara, Clara! do but speak a single word, and you shall re in your own room as long as you please."

There was no answer. Miss Mowbray's *hitherto too much* fluttered and alarmed to have *presence of mind*, now recollected a back-stair *communicated with* her mistress's room fr *arden, and suggested* she might have gone out



"Gone out," said Mowbray, in great anxiety, and
king at the heavy fog, or rather small rain, which
tted the November morning,—"Gone out, and in
ather like this!—But we may get into her room from
: back-stair."

So saying, and leaving his guest to follow or remain
he thought proper, he flew rather than walked to the
rden, and found the private door which led into it
m the bottom of the back-stair above mentioned was
le open. Full of vague but fearful apprehensions, he
ished up to the door of his sister's apartment, which
ened from her dressing-room to the landing-place of
: stair; it was ajar, and that which communicated be-
ixt the bed-room and dressing-room was half open.
Clara, Clara!" exclaimed Mowbray, invoking her
me rather in an agony of apprehension, than as any
iger hoping for a reply. And his apprehension was but
) prophetic.

Miss Mowbray was not in that apartment; and
m the order in which it was found, it was plain she
i neither undressed on the preceding night, nor
upied the bed. Mowbray struck his forehead in an
ony of remorse and fear. "I have terrified her to
ith," he said; "she has fled into the woods and
ished there!"

Under the influence of this apprehension, Mowbray,
er another hasty glance around the apartment, as if to
ure himself that Clara was not there, rushed again
o the dressing-room, almost overturning the traveller,
o, in civility, had not ventured to enter the inner apart-
nt. "You are as mad as a *Hamako*," said the tra-
ler; "let us consult together, and I am sure I can
ıtrive"——

"Oh, *d—n your* contrivance!" said Mowbray, for-
ing all proposed respect in his natural impatience,
nvated by his alarm; "if you had behaved straight

forward, and like a man of common sense, this would not have happened!"

"God forgive you, young man, if your reflections are unjust," said the traveller, quitting the hold he had laid upon Mowbray's coat; "and God forgive me too, if I have done wrong while endeavouring to do for the best! —But may not Miss Mowbray have gone down to the Well? I will order my horses, and set off instantly."

"Do, do," said Mowbray, recklessly; "I thank you, I thank you;" and hastily traversing the garden, as if to get rid at once of his visitor and his own thoughts, he took the shortest road to a little postern-gate, which led into the extensive copsewood, through some part of which Clara had caused a walk to be cut to a little summer-house built of rough shingles, covered with creeping shrubs.

As Mowbray hastened through the garden he met the old man by whom it was kept, a native of the south country, and an old dependant on the family. "Have you seen my sister?" said Mowbray, hurrying his words on each other with the eagerness of terror.

"What's your wull, St. Ronan's?" answered the old man, at once dull of hearing and slow of apprehension.

"Have you seen Miss Clara?" shouted Mowbray, and muttered an oath or two at the gardener's stupidity.

"In troth have I," replied the gardener, deliberately; "what suld ail me to see Miss Clara, St. Ronan's?"

"When, and where?" eagerly demanded the querist.

"Ou, just yestreen, after tey-time—afore ye cam hame yoursell galloping sae fast," said old Joseph.

"I am as stupid as he, to put off my time in speaking to such an old cabbage-stock," said Mowbray, and hastened on to the postern-gate already mentioned, leading from the garden to what was usually called Miss Clara's walk. Two or three domestics, whispering to e



d with countenances that show
cion, followed their master, desi
ret afraid to force their services
an.

little postern he found some tr
The pass-key of Clara was left in
plain that she must have passed th
hour, or for what purpose, Mowbra
e. The path, after running a q
nore through an open grove of oak
tained the verge of the large brook, a
p and rocky, difficult to the infirm, a
nervous; after approaching the brink
ledge of rock, which in this place over
some places brawling and foaming
nd in others seeming to slumber in d
dies. The temptations which this da
have offered an excited and desperat
owbray like the blight of the Simoom,
ment to gather breath and overcom
cipations, ere he was able to proceed
lt the same apprehension. "Puir
Oh, God send she may not have b
lod send she may have been upho
d by Patrick to the maidens, and b

ent the old gardener was heard
"Master—St. Ronan's—Master—
nd"——
nind my sister?" exclaimed the b
nxiety.
id not answer till he came up, an
ownes of delivery, he replied
inquiries, "Na, I haena fo
id something ye wad be wa
knife."

He put the implement into the hand of its owner, who, recollecting the circumstances under which he had flung it from him last night, and the now too probable consequences of that interview, bestowed on it a deep imprecation, and again hurled it from him into the brook. The domestics looked at each other, and recollecting each at the same time that the knife was a favourite tool of their master, who was rather curious in such articles, had little doubt that his mind was affected, in a temporary way at least, by his anxiety on his sister's account. He saw their confused and inquisitive looks, and assuming as much composure and presence of mind as he could command, directed Martha and her female companions to return and search the walks on the other side of Shaws Castle; and finally, ordered Patrick back to ring the bell, "which," he said, assuming a confidence that he was far from entertaining, "might call Miss Mowbray home from some of her long walks." He farther desired his groom and horses might meet him at the Clattering Brig, so called from a noisy cascade which was formed by the brook, above which was stretched a small foot-bridge of planks. Having thus shaken off his attendants, he proceeded himself with all the speed he was capable of exerting, to follow out the path in which he was at present engaged, which, being a favourite walk with his sister, she might perhaps have adopted from mere habit, when in a state of mind which, he had too much reason to fear, must have put choice out of the question.

He soon reached the summer-house, which was merely a seat covered overhead and on the sides, open in front, and neatly paved with pebbles. This little bower was perched, like a hawk's nest, almost upon the edge of a projecting crag, the highest point of the line of rock which we have noticed; and had been selected by poor Clara on account of the prospect which it commanded down



alley. One of her gloves lay on the small rustic table
e summer-house. Mowbray caught it eagerly up.
was drenched with wet—the preceding day had been
so that, had she forgot it there in the morning, or
e course of the day, it could not have been in that
She had certainly been there during the night,
it rained heavily.
owbray, thus assured that Clara had been in this
while her passions and fears were so much afloat
ey must have been at her flight from her father's
e, cast a hurried and terrified glance from the brow
e precipice into the deep stream that eddied below.
emed to him that, in the sullen roar of the water, he
l the last groans of his sister—the foam-flakes
ht his eye, as if they were a part of her garments.
closer examination showed that there was no ap-
ance of such a catastrophe. Descending the path
e other side of the bower, he observed a footprint
place where the clay was moist and tenacious, which,
the small size and the shape of the shoe, it appeared
m must be a trace of her whom he sought. He
ed forward, therefore, with as much speed as yet
itted him to look out keenly for similar impressions,
ich it seemed to him he remarked several, although
erfect than the former, being much obliterated by
uantity of rain that had since fallen—a circumstance
ing to prove that several hours had elapsed since
erson had passed.
length, through the various turnings and windings
long and romantic path, Mowbray found himself,
ut having received any satisfactory intelligence, by
ide of the brook, called St. Ronan's Burn, at the
where it was crossed by foot-passengers, by the
ering Brig, and by horsemen through a ford a little
At this point the fugitive might have either con
her wanderings through her paternal woods
L L 2

path which, after winding about a mile, returned tc
iaws Castle, or she might have crossed the bridge, and
itered a broken horseway, common to the public, lead-
ig to the Aultoun of St. Ronan's.

Mowbray, after a moment's consideration, concluded
hat the last was her most probable option. He mounted
nis horse, which the groom had brought down according
to order, and commanding the man to return by the
footpath, which he himself could not examine, he pro
ceeded to ride towards the ford. The brook was swollen
during the night, and the groom could not forbear intl
mating to his master that there was considerable danger
in attempting to cross it. But Mowbray's mind and
feelings were too high-strung to permit him to listen tc
cautious counsel. He spurred the snorting and reluctan
horse into the torrent, though the water, rising high on
the upper side, broke both over the pommel and the
croupe of his saddle. It was by exertion of great strengt
and sagacity, that the good horse kept the ford-way. Hi
the stream forced him down among the rocks, which
below the crossing-place, the consequences must ha
been fatal. Mowbray, however, reached the oppo
side in safety, to the joy and admiration of the serv
who stood staring at him during the adventure. He
rode hastily towards the Aultoun, determined, if he c
not hear tidings of his sister in that village, that he w
spread the alarm, and institute a general search afte
since her elopement from Shaws Castle could, in that
no longer be concealed. We must leave him, ho
in his present state of uncertainty, in order to ac
our readers with the reality of those evils, wh
foreboding mind and disturbed conscience cou
anticipate.



CHAP. XXXVIII.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the storm?
For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sorrows.—OLD PLAY.

GRIEF, shame, confusion, and terror, had contributed to overwhelm the unfortunate Clara Mowbray, at the moment when she parted with her brother, after the stormy and dangerous interview which it was our task to record in a former chapter. For years, her life, her whole tenor of thought, had been haunted by the terrible apprehension of a discovery, and now the thing which she feared had come upon her. The extreme violence of her brother, which went so far as to menace her personal safety, had united with the previous conflict of passions to produce a rapture of fear, which probably left her no other free agency, than that which she derived from the blind instinct which urges flight, as the readiest resource in danger.

We have no means of exactly tracing the course of this unhappy young woman. It is probable she fled from Shaws Castle on hearing the arrival of Mr. Touchwood's carriage, which she might mistake for that of Lord Etherington; and thus, while Mowbray was looking forward to the happier prospects which the traveller's narrative seemed to open, his sister was contending with rain and darkness, amidst the difficulties and dangers of the mountain path which we have described. These were so great, that a young woman more delicately brought up, must either have lain down exhausted, or have been compelled to turn her steps back to the residence she had abandoned. But the solitary wanderings of Clara had inured her to fatigue and to night-walks; and the deeper causes of terror which urged her to flight, rendered her insensible to the perils of her way. She h

ssed the bower, as was evident from her glove remain
g there, and had crossed the foot-bridge ; although
as almost wonderful, that, in so dark a night, she shoul
ave followed with such accuracy a track, where th
nissing a single turn by a cubit's length might hav
precipitated her into eternity.

It is probable that Clara's spirits and strength bega
in some degree to fail her after she had proceeded a litt
way on the road to the Aultoun ; for she had stopped a
the solitary cottage inhabited by the old female paupe
who had been for a time the hostess of the penitent an
dying Hannah Irwin. Here, as the inmate of the cottag
acknowledged, she had made some knocking, and sh
owned she had heard her moan bitterly, as she entreate
for admission. The old hag was one of those whos
hearts adversity turns to very stone, and obstinately kep
her door shut, impelled more probably by general hatre
to the human race, than by the superstitious fears whi
seized her ; although she perversely argued that she w
startled at the supernatural melody and sweetness
tone, with which the benighted wanderer made h
supplication. She admitted, that when she heard
poor petitioner turn from the door, her heart was s
cned, and she did intend to open with the purpos
offering her at least a shelter ; but that before she c
"hirple to the door, and get the bar taken down,'
unfortunate supplicant was not to be seen ; w
strengthened the old woman's opinion that the v
was a delusion of Satan.

It is conjectured that the repulsed wanderer ma
other attempt to awaken pity or obtain shelter un
came to Mr. Cargill's Manse, in the upper room of
a light was still burning, owing to a cause which r
some explanation.

The reader is aware of the reasons which
Bulmer, or the titular Lord Etherington, to

...ve enectually st
Solmes, had received a commis:
:member, to effect her removal wi
ıd reported to his master that his
al.
Solmes, since he had fallen under
wood, was constantly employed
ıemes which he seemed most activ
he traveller enjoyed (to him an
the amusement of countermining
ıine, and had in prospect the pleas
ing up the pioneer with his ow
pose, as soon as Touchwood l
as to be applied to for the origin
y the deceased Earl of Etherington
directing that only the copies s
rendered ...

tious, or to have made any of those other previous investigations which are sometimes clogs upon the bounty or hospitality of more prudent philanthropists. But, to interest him yet farther, Mr. Touchwood informed him by letter that the patient (not otherwise unknown to him) was possessed of certain most material information affecting a family of honour and consequence, and that he himself, with Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's in the quality of a magistrate, intended to be at the Manse that evening, to take her declaration upon this important subject. Such, indeed, was the traveller's purpose, which might have been carried into effect, but for his own self-important love of manœuvring on the one part, and the fiery impatience of Mowbray on the other, which, as the reader knows, sent the one at full gallop to Shaws Castle, and obliged the other to follow him post-haste. This necessity he intimated to the clergyman by a note, which he despatched express as he himself was in the act of stepping into the chaise.

He requested that the most particular attention should be paid to the invalid—promised to be at the Manse with Mr. Mowbray early on the morrow—and, with the lingering and inveterate self-conceit which always induced him to conduct every thing with his own hand, directed his friend, Mr. Cargill, not to proceed to take the sick woman's declaration or confession until he arrived, unless in case of extremity.

It had been an easy matter for Solmes to transfer the invalid from the wretched cottage to the clergyman's Manse. The first appearance of the associate of much of her guilt had indeed terrified her; but he scrupled not to assure her, that his penitence was equal to her own, *and that* he was conveying her where their joint deposition *would be formally* received, in order that they might, so *far as possible*, atone for the evil of which they had been *jointly guilty*. He also promised her kind usage for her-



self, and support for her children; and she willingly accompanied him to the clergyman's residence, he himself resolving to abide in concealment the issue of the mystery, without again facing his master, whose star, as he well discerned, was about to shoot speedily from its exalted sphere.

The clergyman visited the unfortunate patient, as he had done frequently during her residence in his vicinity, and desired that she might be carefully attended. During the whole day, she seemed better; but, whether the means of supporting her exhausted frame had been too liberally administered, or whether the thoughts which gnawed her conscience had returned with double severity when she was released from the pressure of immediate want, it is certain that, about midnight, the fever began to gain ground, and the person placed in attendance on her came to inform the clergyman, then deeply engaged with the siege of Ptolemais, that she doubted if the woman would live till morning, and that she had something lay heavy at her heart, which she wished, as the emissary expressed it, "to make a clean breast of" before she died, or lost possession of her senses.

Awakened by such a crisis, Mr. Cargill at once became a man of this world, clear in his apprehension, and cool in his resolution, as he always was when the path of duty lay before him. Comprehending from the various hints of his friend Touchwood, that the matter was of the last consequence, his own humanity, as well as inexperience, dictated his sending for skilful assistance. His man-servant was accordingly despatched on horseback to the Well for Dr. Quackleben; while, upon the suggestion of one of his maids, "that Mrs. Dods was an uncommon skeely body about a sick-bed," the wench was dismissed to supplicate the assistance of the gudewife of *the Cleikum, which* she was not, indeed, wont *whenever it could* be useful. The male emis

in Scottish phrase, a "corbie messenger;" for either he did not find the doctor, or he found him better engaged than to attend the sick-bed of a pauper, at a request which promised such slight remuneration as that of a parish minister. But the female ambassador was more successful; for, though she found our friend Luckie Dods preparing for bed at an hour unusually late, in consequence of some anxiety on account of Mr. Touchwood's unexpected absence, the good old dame only growled a little about the minister's fancies in taking puir bodies into his own house; and then, instantly donning cloak, hood, and pattens, marched down the gate with all the speed of the good Samaritan, one maid bearing the lamp before her, while the other remained to keep the house, and to attend to the wants of Mr. Tyrrel, who engaged willingly to sit up to receive Mr. Touchwood.

But ere Dame Dods had arrived at the Manse, the patient had summoned Mr. Cargill to her presence, and required him to write her confession while she had life and breath to make it.

"For I believe," she added, raising herself in the bed, and rolling her eyes wildly around, "that, were I to confess my guilt to one of a less sacred character, the Evil Spirit, whose servant I have been, would carry away his prey, both body and soul, before they had severed from each other, however short the space that they must remain in partnership!"

Mr. Cargill would have spoken some ghostly consolation, but she answered with pettish impatience, "Waste not words—waste not words!—Let me speak that which I must tell, and sign it with my hand: and do you, as the more immediate servant of God, and therefore bound *to bear witness* to the truth, take heed you write that *which I tell you*, and nothing else. I desired to have *told this to St. Ronan's*—I have even made some progress *telling it to* others—but I am glad I broke short off



-for I know you, Josiah Cargill, though you have orgotten me."

"It may be so," said Cargill. "I indeed have n ollection of you."

"You once knew Hannah Irwin, though," saic ick woman; "who was companion and relation to :lara Mowbray, and who was present with her on inful night, when she was wedded in the kirk o tonan's."

"Do you mean to say that you are that person?" :argill, holding the candle so as to throw some ligl ie face of the sick woman. "I cannot believe it."

"No?" replied the penitent; "there is indeed a erence between wickedness in the act of carrying thr s successful machinations, and wickedness surrou y all the horrors of a death-bed!"

"Do not yet despair," said Cargill. "Grace is c otent—to doubt this is in itself a great crime."

"Be it so!—I cannot help it—my heart is hard(Ir. Cargill; and there is something here," she pr er bosom, "which tells me, that, with prolonged lif(enewed health, even my present agonies would b otten, and I should become the same I have efore. I have rejected the offer of grace, Mr. Ca nd not through ignorance, for I have sinned wit yes open. Care not for me, then, who am a mere ast." He again endeavoured to interrupt her, bu ontinued, "Or if you really wish my welfare, let m eve my bosom of that which presses it, and it may b shall then be better able to listen to you. You say emember me not—but if I tell you how often you re: o perform in secret the office which was required o —how much you urged that it was against your cano ules—if I name the argument to which you yie nd remind you of your purpose, to acknowled ngression to your brethren in the church

plead your excuse, and submit to their censure, which you said could not be a light one—you will be then aware, that, in the voice of the miserable pauper, you hear the words of the once artful, gay, and specious Hannah Irwin."

"I allow it—I allow it!" said Mr. Cargill; "I admit the tokens, and believe you to be indeed her whose name you assume."

"Then one painful step is over," said she; "for I would ere now have lightened my conscience by confession, saving for the cursed pride of spirit, which was ashamed of poverty, though it had not shrunk from guilt.—Well—In these arguments, which were urged to you by a youth best known to you by the name of Francis Tyrrel, though more properly entitled to that of Valentine Bulmer, we practised on you a base and gross deception.—Did you not hear some one sigh?—I hope there is no one in the room.—I trust I shall die when my confession is signed and sealed, without my name being dragged through the public—I hope ye bring not in your menials to gaze on my abject misery—I cannot brook that."

She paused and listened; for the ear, usually deafened by pain, is sometimes, on the contrary, rendered morbidly acute. Mr. Cargill assured her, there was no one present but himself. "But, O, most unhappy woman!" he said, "what does your introduction prepare me to expect?"

"Your expectation, be it ever so ominous, shall be fully satisfied.—I was the guilty confident of the false Francis Tyrrel.—Clara loved the true one.—When the fatal ceremony passed, the bride and the clergyman were deceived alike—and I was the wretch—the fiend—who, aiding another yet blacker, if blacker could be—mainly helped to accomplish this cureless misery!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the clergyman, "and had u not then done enough?—Why did you expose



the betrothed of one brother to become the wife of another?"

"I acted," said the sick woman, "only as Bulmer instructed me; but I had to do with the master of the game. He contrived by his agent Solmes, to match me with a husband, imposed on me by his devices as a man of fortune—a wretch, who maltreated me—plundered me—sold me.—Oh, if fiends laugh, as I have heard they can, what a jubilee of scorn will there be, when Bulmer and I enter their place of torture!—Hark!—I am sure of it—some one draws breath as if shuddering!"

"You will distract yourself if you give way to these fancies. Be calm—speak on—but ho! at last, and for once, speak the truth!"

"I will, for it will best gratify my hatred against him, who, having first robbed me of my virtue, made me a sport and a plunder to the basest of the species. For that I wandered here to unmask him. I had heard he again stirred his suit to Clara, and I came here to tell young Mowbray the whole.—But do you wonder that I shrunk from doing so till this last decisive moment?—I thought of my conduct to Clara, and how could I face her brother?—And yet I hated her not after I learned her utter wretchedness—her deep misery, verging even upon madness—I hated her not then. I was sorry that she was not to fall to the lot of a better man than Bulmer;—and I pitied her after she was rescued by Tyrrel, and you may remember it was I who prevailed on you to conceal her marriage."

"I remember it," answered Cargill, "and that you alleged, as a reason for secrecy, danger from her family. I did conceal it, until reports that she was again to be married reached my ears."

"Well, then," said the sick woman, "Clara Mowbray ought to forgive me—since what ill I have done her was inevitable, while the good I did was volunt

—I must see her, Master Cargill—I must see her before I die—I shall never pray till I see her—I shall never profit by word of godliness till I see her! If I cannot obtain the pardon of a worm like myself, how can I hope for that of"——

She started at these words with a faint scream; for slowly, and with a feeble hand, the curtains of the bed opposite to the side at which Cargill sat were opened, and the figure of Clara Mowbray, her clothes and long hair, drenched and dripping with rain, stood in the opening by the bedside. The dying woman sat upright, her eyes starting from their sockets, her lips quivering, her face pale, her emaciated hands grasping the bed-clothes, as if to support herself, and looking as much aghast as if her confession had called up the apparition of her betrayed friend.

"Hannah Irwin," said Clara, with her usual sweetness of tone, "my early friend—my unprovoked enemy!—Betake thee to Him who hath pardon for us all, and betake thee with confidence—for I pardon you as freely as if you had never wronged me—as freely as I desire my own pardon.—Farewell—Farewell!"

She retired from the room ere the clergyman could convince himself that it was more than a phantom which he beheld. He ran down stairs—he summoned assistants, but no one could attend his call; for the deep ruckling groans of the patient satisfied every one that she was breathing her last; and Mrs. Dods, with the maid servant, ran into the bed-room to witness the death of Hannah Irwin, which shortly after took place.

That event had scarcely occurred, when the maid-servant who had been left in the inn, came down in great terror to acquaint her mistress, that a lady had entered the house like a ghost, and was dying in Mr. Tyrrel's room. The truth of the story we must tell our own way In the irregular state of Miss Mowbray's mind, a



lent impulse than that which she had received from r brother's arbitrary violence, added to the fatigues, ngers, and terrors of her night-walk, might have ex- usted the powers of her body, and alienated those of r mind. We have before said that the lights in the rgyman's house had probably attracted her attention, d in the temporary confusion of a family, never re- arkable for its regularity, she easily mounted the stairs, d entered the sick chamber undiscovered, and thus erheard Hannah Irwin's confession, a tale sufficient to ve greatly aggravated her mental malady.

We have no means of knowing whether she actually ught Tyrrel, or whether it was, as in the former case, e circumstance of a light still burning where all around is dark, that attracted her; but her next apparition is close by the side of her unfortunate lover, then eply engaged in writing, when something suddenly amed on a large old-fashioned mirror, which hung on e wall opposite. He looked up, and saw the figure of ara, holding a light (which she had taken from the ssage) in her extended hand. He stood for an instant th his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round on the substance which was thus reflected. hen he did so, the fixed and pallid countenance almost pressed him with the belief that he saw a vision, and shuddered when, stooping beside him, she took his nd. "Come away?" she said in a hurried voice— Come away, my brother follows to kill us both. Come, rrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him. Hannah vin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, I will have more fighting—you must promise me that we shall t—we have had but too much of that—but you will be se in future."

"Clara Mowbray!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "Alas! is it s?—*Stay*—do not go," for she turned to make he pe—"*stay*—stay—sit down."

"I must go," she replied, "I must go—I am called—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all, and I must follow. Will you not let me go?—Nay, if you will hold me by force, I know I must sit down—But you will not be able to keep me for all that."

A convulsion fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey. The maid, who at length answered Tyrrel's earnest and repeated summons, fled terrified at the scene she witnessed, and carried to the Manse the alarm which we before mentioned.

The old landlady was compelled to exchange one scene of sorrow for another, wondering within herself what fatality could have marked this single night with so much misery. When she arrived at home, what was her astonishment to find there the daughter of the house, which, even in their alienation, she had never ceased to love, in a state little short of distraction, and tended by Tyrrel, whose state of mind seemed scarce more composed than that of the unhappy patient. The oddities of Mrs. Dods were merely the rust which had accumulated upon her character, but without impairing its native strength and energy; and her sympathies were not of a kind acute enough to disable her from thinking and acting as decisively as circumstances required.

"Mr. Tirl," she said, "this is nae sight for men folk—ye maun rise and gang to another room."

"I will not stir from her," said Tyrrel—"I will not remove from her either now, or as long as she or I may live."

"That will be nae lang space, Maister Tirl, if ye winna be ruled by common sense."

Tyrrel started up, as if half comprehending what she said, but remained motionless.

"Come, come," said the compassionate landlady; "do not stand looking on a sight sair eneugh to break a

than yours, hinny—your ain sense tells ye, ay here—Miss Clara shall be weel cared for, ag word to your room-door frae half-hour to now she is."

cessity of the case was undeniable, and Tyrrel himself to be led to another apartment, leaving owbray to the care of the hostess and her female nts. He counted the hours in an agony, less by atch than by the visits which Mrs. Dods, faithful r promise, made from interval to interval, to tell that Clara was not better—that she was worse—and, ast, that she did not think she could live over morn-g. It required all the deprecatory influence of the od landlady to restrain Tyrrel, who, calm and cold on mmon occasions, was proportionally fierce and im-etuous when his passions were afloat, from bursting to the room, and ascertaining, with his own eyes, the tate of the beloved patient. At length there was a long interval—an interval of hours—so, long, indeed, that Tyrrel caught from it the flattering hope that Clara slept, and that sleep might bring refreshment both to mind and body. Mrs. Dods, he concluded, was prevented from moving, for fear of disturbing her patient's slumber; and, as if actuated by the same feeling which he imputed to her, he ceased to traverse his apartment, as his agitation had hitherto dictated, and throwing himself into a chair, forbore to move even a finger, and withheld his respiration as much as possible, just as if he had been seated by the pillow of the patient. Morning was far advanced when his landlady appeared in his room with a grave and anxious countenance.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "ye are a Christian man."

"Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake!" he replied; "you will disturb Miss Mowbray."

"*Naething* will disturb her, puir thing," answe

Mrs. Dods; "they have muckle to answer for that brought her to this."

"They have—they have indeed," said Tyrrel, striking his forehead; "and I will see her avenged on every one of them!—Can I see her?"

"Better not—better not," said the good woman; but he burst from her, and rushed into the apartment.

"Is life gone?—Is every spark extinct?" he exclaimed eagerly to a country surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned from Marchthorn in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head—Tyrrel rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared was now insensible to all earthly calamity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wet it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and played for a short time the part of a distracted person. At length, on the repeated expostulation of all present, he suffered himself to be again conducted to another apartment, the surgeon following, anxious to give such sad consolation as the case admitted of.

"As you are so deeply concerned for the untimely fate of this young lady," he said, "it may be some satisfaction to you, though a melancholy one, to know, that it has been occasioned by a pressure on the brain, probably accompanied by a suffusion; and I feel authorised in stating, from the symptoms, that if life had been spared, reason would, in all probability, never have returned. In such a case, sir, the most affectionate relation must own that death, in comparison to life, is a mercy."

"Mercy!" answered Tyrrel; "but why, then, is it denied to me?—I know—I know!—My life is spared *till I revenge her.*"

He started from his seat, and hurried eagerly down *tairs. But, as he was* about to rush from the door of *e inn, he was stopped* by Touchwood, who had just

... into the house.
on as he had led or forced him.
wbray of St. Ronan's has met
our, and has killed him on the s
?—whom?" answered the bewi
tine Bulmer, the titular Earl of l
ring tidings of death to the hou
Tyrrel; "and there is nothing
should live for."

CHAP. XXXIX.

e we to our close—for that which fo
tale of dull, unvaried misery.
rs and headlong linns may court th
en haps, dark and-



whom such a pastime was
parties as well as himself.
ion afforded him, of ven-
e regarded as the author of
ıe present state of his mind,
shed ; and, setting spurs to
ıgh the copse to the little
her parties, who, despairing
egun their amusement. A
e approached.

dripping, py Cot, like a
MacTurk.

herington (we may as well
dden too fast to have steady

, my Lord Etherington, or
," said Mowbray, springing
the bridle over the bough

Mr. Mowbray?" said Ether-
, while Jekyl and Captain
er in surprise.
ıre a rascal and impostor,"
e assumed a name to which

s an insult I cannot carry
Etherington.
to do so, you should have
still harder to be borne,"

od sir ; no use in spurring a
ll have the kindness to stand

ıut nothing," said Etherington, [illegible]
Mr. Mowbray's discovering. He always l
ır played the madwoman, and he has now l
ːt, I suppose, that she has likewise in her
the——fool."
ı, crimini!" cried Captain MacTurk, "my
n, let us pe loading and measuring out—f
ul, if these sweetmeats be passing between
ıly the twa ends of a hankercher that can se
-Cot tamn!"
th such friendly intentions the ground was
l out. Each was well known as an exceller
ıe Captain offered a bet to Jekyl of a mutc
ivat that both would fall by the first fir
showed that he was nearly right, for th
[illegible] Mowbray's temple at
[illegible]

bairn," he said, taking him by the arm, "we must be ganging our ain gate, you and me, before waur comes of it. I have a bit pownie here, and you have your horse till we get to Marchthorn. Captain Jekyl, I wish you a good morning. Will you have my umbrella back to the inn, for I surmeese it is going to rain?"

Mowbray had not ridden a hundred yards with his guide and companion, when he drew bridle, and refused to proceed a step farther till he had learned what had become of Clara. The Captain began to find he had a very untractable pupil to manage, when, while they were arguing together, Touchwood drove past in his hack chaise. As soon as he recognised Mowbray, he stopped the carriage to inform him that his sister was at the Aultoun, which he had learned from finding there had been a messenger sent from thence to the Well for medical assistance, which could not be afforded, the Esculapius of the place, Dr. Quackleben, having been privately married to Mrs. Blower on that morning by Mr. Chatterly, and having set out on the usual nuptial tour.

In return for this intelligence, Captain MacTurk communicated the fate of Lord Etherington. The old man earnestly pressed instant flight, for which he supplied at the same time ample means, engaging to furnish every kind of assistance and support to the unfortunate young lady; and representing to Mowbray that if he stayed in the vicinity, a prison would soon separate them. Mowbray and his companion then departed southward upon the spur, reached London in safety, and from thence went together to the Peninsula, where the war was then at the hottest.

There remains little more to be told. Mr. Touchwood *is still alive, forming plans* which have no object, and *accumulating a fortune for* which he has apparently no *ir. The old man had* endeavoured to fix this character,

eneral patronage, upon Tyrrel, but the ermined the latter to leave the country; a since heard of, although the title and ington lie vacant for his acceptance. It on of many that he has entered into a Mora- on, for the use of which he had previously nsiderable sums.

Tyrrel's departure no one pretends to guess what achwood will do with his money. He often talks disappointments, but can never be made to under- , or at least to admit, that they were in some sure precipitated by his own talent for intrigue and œuvring. Most people think that Mowbray of St. nan's will be at last his heir. That gentleman has of te shown one quality which usually recommends men o the favour of rich relations—namely, a close and cautious care of what is already his own. Captain Mac-Turk's military ardour having revived when they came within smell of gunpowder, the old soldier contrived not only to get himself on full pay, but to induce his companion to serve for some time as a volunteer. He afterwards obtained a commission, and nothing could be more strikingly different than was the conduct of the young Laird of St. Ronan's and of Lieutenant Mowbray. The former, as we know, was gay, venturous, and prodigal; the latter lived on his pay, and even within it—denied himself comforts, and often decencies, when doing so could save a guinea, and turned pale with apprehension if, on any extraordinary occasion, he ventured sixpence a corner at whist. This meanness, or closeness of disposition, prevents his holding the high character to which his bravery and attention to his regimental duties might otherwise entitle him. The same close and accurate calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence marked his communications with his agent Meiklewham, who might otherwise have had better pick-

out of the estate of St. Ronan's, which is now at nurse, and thriving full fast, especially since some debts, of rather an usurious character, have been paid up by Mr. Touchwood, who contented himself with more moderate usage.

On the subject of this property Mr. Mowbray, generally speaking, gave such minute directions for acquiring and saving, that his old acquaintance, Mr. Winterblossom, tapping his morocco snuff-box with the sly look which intimated the coming of a good thing, was wont to say that he had reversed the usual order of transformation, and was turned into a grub after having been a butterfly. After all, this narrowness, though a more ordinary modification of the spirit of avarice, may be founded on the same desire of acquisition which, in his earlier days, sent him to the gaming-table.

But there was one remarkable instance in which Mr. Mowbray departed from the rules of economy, by which he was guided in all others. Having acquired, for a large sum of money, the ground which he had formerly feued out for the erection of the hotel, lodging-houses, shops, etc., at St. Ronan's Well, he sent positive orders for the demolition of the whole; nor would he permit the existence of any house of entertainment on his estate, except that in the Aultoun,* where Mrs. Dods reigns with undisputed sway, her temper by no means improved either by time, or her arbitrary disposition by the total absence of competition.

Why Mr. Mowbray, with his acquired habits of frugality, thus destroyed a property which might have produced a considerable income, no one could pretend to affirm. Some said that he remembered his own early *follies, and others* that he connected the buildings with *the misfortunes of his sister.* The vulgar reported that *Lord Etherington's ghost* had been seen in the ball-*room, and the learned* talked of the association of ideas

led in this, that Mr. Mowbray was inde-
ugh to please himself, and that such was
ay's pleasure.

watering-place has returned to its primitive
and lions and lionesses, with their several
lue surtouts and bluer stockings, fiddlers and
painters and amateurs, authors and critics, dis-
ike pigeons by the demolition of a dovecot, have
other scenes of amusement and rehearsal, and
deserted ST. RONAN'S WELL.



AND NOTES.

ıge of the reader, the Author's
been slightly abridged, and is
tes," of which in reality it forms

)UCTION.

is upon a plan different from any
ıs ever written, although it is per-
which relates to this kind of light

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ıanners of our own time, and paint
ı are daily passing round us, so that
ɔmpare the copies with the originals.
is style of composition was adopted
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compositions, and avoiding worn-out
han from the hope of rivalling the
ors who have already won deserve
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of observation and light satire, hav
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s therefore with a sense of temerity t
ɔn a species of composition which
ıth such distinguished success. This
rever, under the necessity of seekin
it was much to be apprehended,
is part would nauseate the long ind

:he Author's little drama of mo



ST. RONAN'S WELL.

l spring, such as are to be found in both divisions nd which are supplied with the usual materials for health, or driving away care. The invalid often . from his complaints, less from the healing virtues of tself, than because his system of ordinary life under- entire change, in his being removed from his ledger and -books—from his legal folios and progresses of title-deeds his counters and shelves—from whatever else forms the source of his constant anxiety at home, destroys his appe- mars the custom of his exercise, deranges the digestive ers, and clogs up the springs of life. Thither, too, comes saunterer, anxious to get rid of that wearisome attendant *imself;* and thither come both males and females, who, upon different principle, desire to make themselves double.

The society of such places is regulated, by their very nature, upon a scheme much more indulgent than that which rules the world of fashion, and the narrow circles of rank in the metropolis. The titles of rank, birth, and fortune, are received at a watering-place without any very strict investigation, as adequate to the purpose for which they are preferred ; and as the situation infers a certain degree of intimacy and sociability for the time, so, to whatever heights it may have been carried, it is not understood to imply any duration beyond the length of the season. No intimacy can be supposed more close for the time, and more transitory in its endurance, than that which is attached to a watering-place acquaintance. The novelist, therefore, who fixes upon such a scene for his tale, endeavours to display a species of society, where the strongest contrast of humorous characters and manners may be brought to bear on and illustrate each other, with less violation of probability than could be supposed to attend the same miscellaneous assemblage in any other situation.

In such scenes, too, are frequently mingled characters, not merely ridiculous, but dangerous and hateful. The unprincipled gamester, the heartless fortune-hunter, all those who eke out their means of subsistence by pandering to the vices and follies of the rich and gay—who drive, by their various arts, foibles into crimes, and imprudence into acts of ruinous madness, are *be found* where their victims naturally resort, with the same *inty that* eagles are gathered together at the place of slaus *y this the* Author takes a great advantage for the manu-

of his story, particularly in its darker and more melancholy passages. The impostor, the gambler, all who live loose upon the skirts of society, or, like vermin, thrive by its corruptions, are to be found at such retreats, when they easily, and as a matter of course, mingle with these dupes, who might otherwise have escaped their snares. But besides those characters who are actually dangerous to society, a well-frequented watering-place generally exhibits for the amusement of the company, and the perplexity and amazement of the more inexperienced, a sprinkling of persons, called by the newspapers eccentric characters—individuals, namely, who, either from some real derangement of their understanding, or, much more frequently, from an excess of vanity, are ambitious of distinguishing themselves by some striking peculiarity in dress or address, conversation or manners, and perhaps in all. These affectations are usually adopted, to show *they dare*,—and, I must needs say, those who profess them are more frequently to be found among the English, than among the natives of either of the other two divisions of the united kingdoms. The reason probably is, that the consciousness of wealth, and a sturdy feeling of independence, which generally pervade the English nation, are in a few individuals, perverted into absurdity, or at least peculiarity. The witty Irishman, on the contrary, adapts his general behaviour to that of the best society, or that which he thinks such; nor is it any part of the shrewd Scot's national character unnecessarily to draw upon himself public attention. These rules, however, are not without their exceptions; for we find men of every country playing the eccentric at these independent resorts of the gay and the wealthy, where every one enjoys the license of doing what is good in his own eyes.

It scarce needed these obvious remarks to justify a novelist's choice of a watering-place as the scene of a fictitious narrative. Unquestionably it affords every variety of character, mixed together in a manner which cannot, without a breach of probability, be supposed to exist elsewhere; neither can it be denied, that in the concourse which such miscellaneous collections of *persons* afford, events extremely different from those of the quiet *routine of ordinary life may, and* often do, take place.

It is not, however, sufficient that a mine be in itself rich and *easily accessible; it is necessary* that the engineer who explores *it should himself, in mining* phrase, have an accurate knowledge



ry, and possess the skill necessary to work it to ad- this respect, the Author of St. Ronan's Well could ned fortunate. His habits of life had not led him ate years at least, into its general or bustling scenes, ne mingled often in the society which enables the ob- "shoot folly as it flies." The consequence perhaps t the characters wanted that force and precision which ly be given by a writer who is familiarly acquainted with bject. The Author, however, had the satisfaction to icle his testimony against the practice of gambling, a vice h the devil has contrived to render all his own, since it is rived of whatever pleads an apology for other vices, and is nded entirely on the cold-blooded calculation of the most clusive selfishness. The character of the traveller, meddling, elf-important, and what the ladies call fussing, but yet generous and benevolent in his purposes, was partly taken from nature. The story, being entirely modern, cannot require much explanation, after what has been here given, either in the shape of notes or a more prolix introduction.

NOTES.

Inn Charges—p. 10.

This was universally the case in Scotland towards the end of the last century; and so little was charged for a domestic's living when the Author became first acquainted with the road, that a shilling or eighteenpence was sufficient board wages for a man-servant, when a crown would not now answer the purpose. It is true the cause of these reasonable charges rested upon a principle equally unjust to the landlord and inconvenient to the guest. The landlord did not expect to make anything upon the charge for eating which his bill contained; in consideration of which the guest was expected to drink more wine than might be convenient or agreeable to him, "*for the good*," as it was called, "*of the house*." The landlord, indeed, was willing and ready to assist, in this duty, every stranger who came within his gates. Other things were in proportion. A charge for lodging, fire, and candle, was long a thing unheard of in Scotland. A shilling to the housemaid settled all such considerations. I am from memorandums of 1790, that a young man, with two ho

and a serving-lad, might travel from the house of one Meg Dods to another, through most part of Scotland, for about five or six shillings a-day.

BUILDING-FEUS IN SCOTLAND—p. 11.

In Scotland a village is erected upon a species of landright, very different from the copyhold so frequent in England. Every alienation or sale of landed property must be made in the shape of a feudal conveyance, and the party who acquires it holds thereby an absolute and perfect right of property in the fief while he discharges the stipulations of the vassal, and, above all, pays the feu-duties. The vassal or tenant of the site of the smallest cottage holds his possession as absolutely as the proprietor, of whose large estate it is perhaps scarce a perceptible portion. By dint of excellent laws, the sasines or deeds of delivery of such fiefs, are placed in record in such order, that every burden affecting the property can be seen for payment of a very moderate fee; so that a person proposing to lend money upon it knows exactly the nature and extent of his security.

From the nature of these landrights being so explicit and secure, the Scottish people have been led to entertain a jealousy of building-leases, of however long duration. Not long ago, a great landed proprietor took the latter mode of disposing of some ground near a thriving town in the west country. The number of years in the lease was settled at nine hundred and ninety-nine. All was agreed to, and the deeds were ordered to be drawn. But the tenant, as he walked down the avenue, began to reflect, that the lease, though so very long as to be almost perpetual, nevertheless had a termination; and that after the lapse of a thousand years, lacking one, the connection of his family and representatives with the estate would cease. He took a qualm at the thought of the loss to be sustained by his posterity a thousand years hence; and going back to the house of the gentleman who feued the ground, he demanded, and readily obtained, the additional term of fifty years to be added to the lease.

THE DARK LADYE—p. 77.

The Dark Ladye is one of those tantalising fragments in which Mr. Coleridge has shown us what exquisite powers of poetry he has suffered to remain uncultivated. Let us be thankful for what we have received however. The unfashioned ore, drawn

MAGO-PICO—p. 216.

This satire, very popular even in Scotland, at least with one **party, was composed at the expense of a reverend Presbyterian** divine, of whom many stories are preserved, being Mr. Alexander Pyott, the Mago-Pico of the tale, minister of Dunbar in 1733-65. The work is now little known in Scotland, and not at all in England, though written with much strong and coarse humour, resembling the style of Arbuthnot. It was composed by Mr. Haliburton, a military chaplain.

MEG DODS—p. 536.

Non omnis moriar. St. Ronan's, since this veracious **history** was given to the public, has revived as a sort of *alias*, or **second** title, to the very pleasant village of Innerleithen upon **Tweed,** where there is a medicinal spring much frequented by **visitors.** Prizes for some of the manly and athletic sports, common in the pastoral district around, are competed for under the title of *St. Ronan's* **Games.** Nay, Meg Dods has produced here *late from* **obscurity as** authoress of a work on Cookery, of

justice to a lady who makes so distinguished a figure as this cellent dame, we insert the title-page :—

The Cook and Housewife's Manual : A Practical System of Modern Domestic Cookery and Family Management.

——————— *Cook, see all your sawces*
sharp and poynant in the palate, that they may
mmend you : look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,
nd what new kickshaws and delicate made things.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's."

Though it is rather unconnected with our immediate subject, cannot help adding, that Mrs. Dods has preserved the recipes certain excellent old dishes which we would be loath should l into oblivion in our day ; and in bearing this testimony we otest that we are no way biassed by the receipt of two bottles excellent sauce for cold meat, which were sent to us by e said Mrs. Dods as a mark of her respect and regard, for nich we return her our unfeigned thanks, having found them pital

Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Printers, Whitefriars.

GLOSSARY

TO THE

ICIPAL SCOTTISH WORDS SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NO\

tents, habiliments.
honest.
ne, before evening.
ehind.
perhaps.
ıur.
ırter, to direct.
ry.
y, alone.
e; a peace-offering.
nest.
gagement money.
ran, sagacious.
art horse.
a cupboard.

Biggonet, a lin
Bike, a nest.
Bink, a plate-r
Birkie, a smart
Birl, to toss.
Bittle, a woode
Bittock, a good
Blackavised, d
Blawart, a blu
Blether, nonse
Blunker, a clot
Bole, an apertu
Bonally, a part
Bonnie-wallies,
Bourd, a joke.
Bourock, a mo

GLOSSARY.

Buckie, a shell.
Buirdly, manly.
Bumbazed, stupefied.
Bunker, a cupboard.
Burnthewind, a blacksmith.

Cadie, a street porter.
Cailliach, an old woman.
Callant, a young lad.
Caller, fresh.
Callet, the head ; a cap.
Calm sough, a quiet tongue.
Camsteary, perverse.
Canny, shrewd.
Cantle, crown of the head.
Cantrips, tricks.
Canty, cheerful.
Capernoited, peevish.
Carcake, a pancake.
Carfuffle, agitation.
Carritch, catechism.
Ca'-thro', a disturbance.
Caup, a bowl.
Cavey, a hen-coop.
Chafts, the jaws.
Chancy, safe.
Chappin, a liquid measure.
Chield, a person.
Chuckie, a round pebble.
Clachan, a village.
Clanjamfray, rabble.
Clarty, dirty.
Claught, seized.
Clavers, gossip.
Cleugh, a ravine.
Cloot, a cloth ; a hoof.
Clour, a knock.
Cockernony, a head ornament.
Cod, a pillow.
Cofft, a merchant.
Cogging, empty.
Cogie, a wooden basin.
Collieshangie, a quarrel.
Corbie, a crow.
Coup, to upset.
Cr. cut short.

Crack, to converse.
Craig, the neck.
Crawstep, the groundstep.
Creagh, a foray.
Creel, a basket.
Crewels, scrofula.
Crouse, self-confident.
Cuaay, a donkey.
Cuittle, to tickle.
Curlie wurlie, twisting.
Curn, a small quantity.
Curney, round.
Cusser, a stallion.
Cutty, a worthless woman.

Daffing, fun.
Daiker, to saunter.
Dander, a cinder.
Deray, disorder.
Dern, dark, hidden.
Die, a plaything.
Dight, to wipe.
Ding, to beat.
Dink, trim, scornful.
Dirdum, a disturbance.
Dirl, to vibrate.
Dittay, an indictment.
Divot, a turf.
Doch-an-dorrach, a stirrup-cup.
Donnart, stupid.
Dorlach, a valise.
Dottrel, stupid.
Doup, the bottom.
Dour, stubborn.
Dourlach, a quiver.
Dovor, stupor.
Dow, can.
Dowed, worthless.
Downa, don't like.
Dree, to suffer.
Dreigh, dry.
Drogkling, puny.
Drouthy, thirsty.
Dub, a dirty pool.
Duds, clothes.
Dule-weeds, mourning.



GLOSSARY.

Forgather, to make acq
ance with.
Fornent, in front of.
Forpit, fourth part of a p
Foy, an entertainment.
Fozy, spongy.
Frackest, boldest.
Freit, an omen.
Fremdt, strange.
Fristed, delayed.
Fyke, to perplex.

Gab, the mouth.
Gaberlunzie, a beggar.
Gaedown, a merry-makin
Galdragon, a sorcerer.
Gallaglass, an armed ret
Galligaskins, wide trouse
Gangrel, vagrant.
Gangthereout, wandering
Gar, to compel.
Gauger, an exciseman.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gawsie, plump.
Geck, to jeer.
Gee, the pet.
Geizened, leaky.
Gey, very.
Giff-gaff, tit for tat.
Gillravaging, tumultuou
Gilpy, a boisterous person
Gin, if.
Gio, a deep ravine.
Gird, a hoop.
Girdle, round iron pla
baking cakes.
Girnel, a meal-chest.
Glaiks, deception.
Gledge, sly-looking.
Gleed, twisted.
Gleg, quick.
Gliff, immediate.
Glisk, a glimpse.
Glune-amie, a Highl
ex- *Glunsh*, gloomy-loo
Gomeral, a dunce.

GLOSSARY.

Gowk, a fool.
Gowpen, a handful.
Graddan, scorched grain.
Graith, furniture.
Greet, to weep.
Grew, to shiver.
Grewsome, frightful.
Grice, a pig.
Grieve, bailiff, or foreman.
Gripple, rapacious.
Gumple foisted, sulky.
Gumption, common sense.
Gusting, gratifying.
Gyre-carline, hobgoblin.
Gyte, foolish.

Haffits, cheeks.
Hafflin, half-grown.
Hallan, partition at the door-way.
Hallenshaker, a shabby fellow.
Hallion, a clumsy fellow.
Halse, hause, the throat.
Hamesucken, assaulting a person in his own house.
Hansel, a present.
Hantle, a quantity.
Harle, to drag.
Harns, brains.
Hattit-kit, curdled milk.
Hauld, habitation.
Havers, nonsense.
Havings, behaviour.
Heck and manger, in a liberal manner.
Heeze, to lift up.
Hempie, a roguish person.
Hership, plunder
Heuck, a sickle.
Hirdy-girdy, confusion.
Hirple, to hobble.
Hirsel, a flock of sheep.
Hoast, a cough.
Hooly, softly.
Hoof, a haunt.
Hough, the thigh.

Howdie, a midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Hurdies, the loins.
Hurleyhouse, a ruinous mansion.
Hussy, a jade.

Ilk, Ilka, each.
Ill-deedy-gett, a mischievous urchin.
Infang and outfang, the right of trying thieves.
Ingan, an onion.
Ingle, the fireside.
Ingyre, to insinuate.

Jagg, to prick.
Jalouse, suspect.
Jannock, a cake.
Jarto, dearest.
Jaugs, saddle-bags.
Jaw, a wave.
Jaw-hole, a gutter.
Jeddart-cast, trial after execution.
Jimply, sparingly.
Joctaleg, a clasp knife.
Jokul, yes, sir.
Jookery-pookery, juggling.
Jouk, to bend.

Kaim, a comb.
Kain, a tax in kind.
Kale-yard, kitchen-garden.
Kebbie, a hooked staff.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, to peep.
Keltie, quite.
Kemp, to strive.
Ken, to know.
Kenspeckle, conspicuous.
Kepp, to catch.
Kerne, a follower.
Kinrick, kingdom.

agy, a fit of temper.
'e, difficult.
', to break.
m, a stall.
oxen.
es, Highland cattle.
the, to seem.

zigh, low.
mmer, *Lamour*, amber.
ndlouper, charlatan.
angnebbit, nondescript.
apper, curdled.
Lassock, a young girl.
Lave, the rest.
Lawing, a tavern reckoning.
Leesome, pleasant.
Leuch, laughed.
Lift, the air.
Lightly, undervalue.
Lilt, to sing.
Limmer, an impudent person.
Lippen, to trust.
Lither, lazy.
Lock, a small quantity.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loon, a fellow.
Loopy, crafty.
Losen, a window.
Lound, quiet.
Loup, to jump.
Low, a flame.
Lug, the ear.
Lug and horn, neck and crop
Lum, a chimney.
Lunzie, a wallet.
Lunt, a light.
Lurdane, slow.

Mailing, a farm.
Maker, a poet.
Mask, to brew.
Mawkin, a hare.
Melder, meal.
Melter, a male herring.
Meltith, food.
Mense, sense.
Menseful, mindful.
Messan, a cur.
Midden, a dustheap.
Mim, mute.
Minnie, mother.
Mint, to aim.
Mirk, dusk.
Mirligoes, giddiness.
Misca', to malign.
Mischanter, mischief.
Miser, a miserable person.
Misguggled, mangled.
Misleared, misbehaved.
Mistryst, to doubt.
Mittans, fingerless gloves.
Mouls, the earth.
Mousted, scented.
Muckle, much.
Muirpits, young grouse.
Mull, a snuff-box.
Murgeons, mouths.
Mutch, a cap.
My-certie, good gracious.
My-lane, alone.

Napery, table linen.
Nashgabs, insolence.
Neb, the nose.
Neist, next.
Neuk, the corner.
Nicker, a horse-laugh.
Nieve, the fist.
Nifer, to bargain.
Nipperkin, a small morsel.
Noop, the elbow-joint.
Nourice, a nurse.
Nowt, black cattle.

Oe, a grandchild.
Opine, to believe.
Orra, odd.
Out-by, without.
Out-taken, except.
Owerby, over yonder.

GLOSSARY.

Oxter, the armpit.

Paiks, a drubbing.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pand, a pledge.
Pang, to cram.
Paraffle, display.
Parochine, a parish.
Partan, a crab.
Pasche, Easter.
Pawky, shrewd.
Pease-bogle, a scarecrow.
Peengh, to whine.
Peery, a pegtop.
Pegh, to pant.
Pellach, a porpoise.
Peltrie, trash.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pigs, earthenware vessels.
Pinnywinkles, the stocks.
Pirn, a reel.
Pit mirk, pitch dark.
Plack, a small coin.
Plainstanes, the pavement.
Ploy, an entertainment.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poinder, to distrain.
Poke, *Pock*, a bag.
Poortith, poverty.
Pootry, poultry.
Pouting, partridge shooting.
Pow, the head.
Powsowdie, a miscellaneous mess.
Pree, to taste.
Pretty, smart, well-made.
Prigg, to beseech.
Prin, a pin.
Propine, a present.
Pyet, pretty.
Pyot, a magpie.

Quaigh, a drinking-cup.
Queez-madam, Jargonelle pear.

Quern, a handmill.

Raily, an upper dress.
Rampauging, gesticulating.
Ramstam, precipitate.
Randy, disorderly.
Rann, a fish roe.
Rath, quick.
Rax, to stretch.
Redd, to clear up.
Rede, advice, speech.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Reek, smoke.
Reik, a disturbance.
Reird, noise.
Reise, a sapling.
Reisting, gibbing.
Reive, to plunder.
Rickle, a heap.
Rinthereout, wandering.
Ripe, to search.
Rit, a scratch.
Rotten, a rat.
Roughies, torches.
Roup, an auction.
Rouse, commendation.
Routh, plenty.
Row, a roll.
Rudas, a scold.
Rung, a staff.

Sackless, innocent.
Sair, severe.
Sair een, weak eyes.
Sap, a ninny.
Saugh, a willow.
Saulie, a mute.
Scart, a scratch.
Schellum, a worthless fellow.
Scomfished, disgusted.
Scouther, to scorch.
Screed, to tear.
Scunner, to loathe.
Seid suas, strike up.
Seip, to ooze.

Sprattle, a scramble.
Spreagh, cattle-stealing.
Spreicherie, moveables.
Spunk, a match.
Stammel, reddish.
Stang, a long pole.
Steek, to shut.
Steer, to disturb.
Stickit stibbler, a halting preacher.
Stieve, firm.
Sting and ling, by force.
Stoit, to stagger.
Stoop and roop, completely.
Stouthrief, theft with violence.
Stunkard, silent.
Sumph, a dunce.
Sune or syne, early or late.
Sunkets, delicacies.
Sunkie, a low stool.
Surcingle, a girth.
Swanking, active.
Swarf, to swoon.
Swear, reluctant.
Swither, to doubt.
Syboe, a kind of onion.
Synd, to rinse.
Syne, since.
Syver, a sewer.

Tailzie, entail.
Tait, a small quantity.
Tale-pyet, a tell-tale.
Tammie-norie, a whimsical person.
Tappit hen, about three pints of wine.
Tass, a glass.
Tatty, a potato.
Taupy, a foolish woman.
Tawse, a leathern strap.
Tent, care.
Thae, *thir*, these.
Thairm, catgut.
Thigging and sorning, beg begging.

GLOSSARY.

Thole, to endure.
Thowless, spiritless.
Thraw, to twist.
Threep, to assert.
Through-stane. a flat gravestone.
Tillyvally, trifling.
Tirrivie, a fit of temper.
Tittie, sister.
Tod, a fox.
Toom, empty.
Tout, the pet.
Tousled, rumpled.
Tow, flax.
Troke, to bargain.
Trotcosie, a riding-hood.
Tuilzie, a scuffle.
Twasome, a pair.
Tyke, a queer fellow.
Tyne, to lose.

Ulzie, oil.
Umquhile, deceased.
Unco, very.
Untenty, heedless.
Usquebae, whisky.

Visie, inspection.
Vivers, victuals.

Wabster, a weaver.
Wadsett, a mortgage.
Wae, sad.
Waff carle, a low-born person.
Wale, to choose.
Wallydraigle, a feeble person.
Wame, the belly.
Wamplsh, to toss about.
Wanchancie, dangerous.
Wanion, curse.
Wap, a stroke.
Ware, to spend.
Warstle, to struggle.
Waster, a trident.
Wee, little.
Weid, a feverish cold
Weighbawk, scales.
Weise, to direct.
Whample, a blow.
Whang, a strap.
Wheen, a few.
Whigging, jogging
Whigmaleerie, gimcrack.
Whillywha, to wheedle.
Whim whams, whimsical fancies.
Whiskie, one-horse chaise.
Whittie-whattie, shuffling.
Whommle, to upset.
Willawins, well-a-day.
Willyard, wilful.
Wimple, to meander.
Woodie, the gallows.
Worricow, a scarecrow.
Wowf, crazed.
Wud, mad.
Wyliecoat, an under vest.
Wyte, blame.

Yagger, a pedlar.
Yald, active.
Yammer, to whine.
Yanking, pushing.
Yaud, an old mare.
Yelloch, to yell.
Yestreen, last evening.
Yett, a gate.
Yill, ale.
Yon, that.
Yowl, a yell.

THE END.

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